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VERY REV. GEORGE DESHON,

Elected Superior-General of the Paulists, September 9, 1897.

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A ROMANCE OF OLD PORTSMOUTH.

BY CHARLES A. L. MORSE.

YOUNG Lettice Jaffrey was descending the broad staircase of her father's mansion in Pleasant Street, in the city of Portsmouth, of his Britannic Majesty's New England Colonies, one February afternoon, in the year 1717, when the sudden clang of a bell, buffeted by the wind into strange muffled bursts of sound, struck on her ears. She paused upon the upper landing of the stairs and listened, a finger pressed against her red lips, her blue eyes widened in anxious questioning. The alarm-bell might bear tidings of calamity on land or sea, and the young girl listened with hushed breath to count the strokes. But the wild wind so played with the bell's notes, now deadening them into silence, and again throwing them out crashingly over the roofs of the towns in one long, jangling scream, that the listening girl could make naught of their message. The great wood-panelled hall was peculiarly sombre, in the pale wintry light that filtered reluctantly through the small diamond-shaped panes of greenish-hued glass filling the narrow windows on each side of the oak entrance door, and Lettice tripped swiftly down the stairs and across the polished, gleaming floor with a little shudder. Pausing before a closed door midway of the hall, she rapped gently. No response greeted her summons.

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She pressed the heavy brass latch and opened the door. The room she entered was a long, high-ceiled apartment with broad, low windows opening towards the south. The walls were wainscoted with oak, and a huge mantel-shelf of wood stretched its carved and fretted length above the fire-place. Two sides of the room were lined with glazed book-cases full of thick volumes bound in calf-skin, while from another wall looked down the painted portraits of three generations of the house of Jaffrey. Rigid gentlemen in wigs and ruffles were those dead-and-gone Jaffreys, their painted effigies posing pompously before a dull red curtain, or seated beside an open window through which one glimpsed a view of Portsmouth harbor and ships at anchor—reminders of the India trade in which the Jaffrey wealth had been accumulated. Before the blazing logs in the fire-place, an open book upon his knees, a decanter of good old port by his side, dozed George Jaffrey the third, a thick-set, full-lipped old gentleman, with a tendency towards excessive corpulence, and the purplish red marks of a too great indulgence in the pleasures of the table upon his face. His stout legs were encased in black silk stockings and fine cloth knee-breeches. His shoe-buckles were of silver, richly chased, and the ruffles adorning his shirt-front and wrist-bands were of starched lace. On his left hand was a ponderous signet-ring of beryl, engraved with the Jaffrey crest.

Lettice closed the door and stole across the quiet, fire-lit room to her father's side. She looked down at him a moment and then laid a slim white hand upon his shoulder. Her touch aroused him and he opened his eyes sleepily, saying:

"Hey? what? Oh! it is you, child. I must have lost myself for a moment over my book. Hum!"

He shook himself together and took a swallow of the wine. It was one of Mr. Jaffrey's notions that he never fell asleep over his book of an afternoon—he might possibly "lose himself" for an instant, but that was quite a distinct thing from falling asleep. Lettice was entirely too familiar with the quick Jaffrey temper to express her doubts as to the difference between sleeping and "losing" one's self. So she only smiled a little behind his back as she answered:

"Yes. The fire makes one a bit drowsy—"

"Not drowsy, child!" interrupted her father. "I was lost in —in thought over my book."

"Ah! and that was it," replied the girl, with a saucy puckering of her lips. "I am sorry, sir, that I broke in so rudely upon your thoughts. But the town-bell tolls right loudly and I fear some evil menaces the place."

"So, so!" exclaimed the man, leaning forward in his chair and listening. "I hear nothing, Letty—your ears deceive you."

"No, father. The wind plays such mad pranks with the bell that one can hear its sound but sadly in the hall and in this room not at all."

"Is't of evil on land or water?"

"That I cannot tell, sir—the wind's so fierce."

"Well, well. Whate'er it be, we need not fret. If 'twas fire threatening my warehouse in the town, word of it would be brought quickly enough to me; and if 'tis a ship in distress off Kittery Point, 'tis none of mine." With which comforting reflection Mr. Jaffrey settled himself again in his chair and took another sip of wine.

"But, father," persisted Lettice, "others may be in dire distress even if your property is safe."

"Then let the lusty young men of Portsmouth to the rescue. I'd do no good amongst them."

"But, sir, you have lusty men in your service; and in truth 'twill look ill if our townsmen are in trouble on land or sea, and the house of Jaffrey does naught to aid them."

"God bless my soul! but you've a glib tongue in your head, child. Mayhap you're in the right, though. At any rate, 'twill not harm the lazy vagabonds who drowse in my kitchen to bestir themselves a bit. Though, in truth, I think 'tis your womanish curiosity prompts your pleading more than your love for your fellows or your concern for the good repute of the Jaffreys," cried her father, wagging his head knowingly. "However, have your will, child, and bid some of the men go learn the cause for the alarm."

With a smile and a courtesy Lettice sped to give her orders, and soon thereafter two grumbling, well-wrapped-up serving-men were shuffling through the snow to the town-house.

The short winter afternoon dragged irritatingly for Lettice. She strummed now and again upon her harpsichord (the only one of those quavering instruments in Portsmouth save that belonging to Lieutenant-governor Wentworth's daughter), and worked fitfully at her tambour-frame, and wandered repeatedly to the windows to look out upon the white, silent street. The alarm-bell ceased to toll shortly after the men's departure, but the twilight settled down upon the town and had deepened into darkness ere they returned. George Jaffrey and his daughter were at supper, with the heavy Jaffrey plate making a brave show in the mellow candle-light, when the men came back. Mr. Jaffrey had been fretting at their delay, as one of them was accustomed to wait upon his master at table, and his absence nettled the old man, as in fact did any change in the solemnly correct routine of his daily life. A great stickler for routine was George Jaffrey, as too had been his father and grandfather before him, the latter of whom was the first George of the name and one of the original settlers of old "Strawberry Bank." Orderliness had been worshipped by this worthy man and his descendants as a sort of god—a fact which had had no little to do with the steady growth of the Jaffrey fortune and the Jaffrey name in the snug little, aristocratic, royalistic colony. In the midst of her father's complainings, Lettice's quick ears caught the crunch of feet upon the snow outside, and then the house resounded with the thumping of the huge iron knocker upon the outer door. Slipping from her chair, the girl ran to the dining-room door and opened it. The sound of men's voices in eager expostulation reached her, and then she heard old Deborah, who had opened the hall door, say:

"But I tell ye, ye can't come in. Whatever would the master say? The impudence of you, to be sure! Get your big foot away and let me shut the door."

Then a voice which Lettice recognized as that of good Dr. Aldrich, the town's famous physician, answered: "Stand aside, wench, and cease your talk. I'll answer for the consequences with your master. Where is he, then?"

"Quick, father!" cried Lettice, hurrying into the hall, where she spied Dr. Aldrich in his cloak trying to force his way past the stout Deborah, who guarded the open door with a determined clutch on both jambs, while behind the doctor huddled a group of men supporting among them a muffled, tottering figure.

"For the love of heaven," called Dr. Aldrich's deep bass, as he caught sight of the girl's startled face—"for the love of heaven, Lettice, call this grim vixen away and let us come in out of the cold. In truth, we've got a precious burden here that needs warmth right sorely. Where's your father, lass?"

"Here," replied George Jaffrey, bustling out of the dining-room, napkin in hand. "By the gods, doctor, a pretty row you're raising at my door! Don't you know, man, this is a gentleman's supper hour? Get your great back out of the door, Deborah, and let me see what 'tis they have."

Thus admonished, the stubborn Deborah drew to one side and the doctor came stamping in.

"A poor fellow half-frozen by wind and brine, Master Jaffrey—that's what we have."

"Stop! stop!" shouted the master of the house. "This is no inn. Take your patient to the Sign of the Earl of Halifax, doctor. This is no vagrant's lodging-house, I tell you."

Master Jaffrey's word was law with a great number of the good people of Portsmouth, and the men halted upon the threshold.

"Hoity-toity!" quoth Dr. Aldrich. "The Earl's Inn is full; and even if 'twere not I'd not risk this poor fellow's life carrying him so far. He's near to death as 'tis, and unless you've enough of the milk of human kindness in your old veins to succor him he may die in your door-yard. A pretty thing that would be, to be sure!"

"Stuff and nonsense!" retorted Jaffrey, growing purple. "I'm not to be frightened by your old wives' tales, Aldrich. Take him away—take him to your own house if the inn's full. I'll have none of him here."

Lettice, who had been a wide-eyed spectator of this scene, stole to her father's side and clasped his arm with one hand while with the other she pointed to the wan, white face of the stranger.

"Look, father," she whispered, "surely that pale face gives truth to the doctor's words. And, too, if I know aught of such things, 'tis the face of a gentleman and no vagabond."

The old man glanced contemptuously at the muffled figure in the doorway, and shook the girl's hand from his arm.

"Gentleman or no gentleman, he doesn't cross my threshold!" he cried.

But just then, the men in their confusion having separated a little and loosened their hold upon him, the stranger swayed suddenly and then lurched forward, falling prone upon the hall floor and quite across the threshold. With a pitying cry Lettice sprang forward and knelt beside the fallen man, while even her father was frightened into acquiescence, as the men lifted the stranger from the floor to the hall settle and Deborah, at Dr. Aldrich's command, hastened to light a fire and warm the sheets in one of the bed-rooms of the house.

Two hours later the doctor descended from the second floor and entered the library, where Lettice and her father sat waiting for him. After sipping, with many an approving sigh of contentment, the steaming rum-punch which the girl had brewed, he proceeded to relate to George Jaffrey the incidents of the afternoon. It was the not uncommon story of a ship wrecked off the Isles of Shoals, and of the heroic efforts of the fishermen, aided by such of the Portsmouth men as could reach the Isles in the heavy sea that was running, to rescue the ship's men. So far as known they had rescued all of them, and they were being housed by the fishermen at Newcastle—a little settlement opposite Kittery Point, at the mouth of the Piscataqua—all, that is, save the young man who now lay in George Jaffrey's house. He being, according to Dr. Aldrich's notion, in a more exhausted condition than the others and, moreover, of evidently gentle blood and more delicate nature than they, the doctor had feared to leave him to the rough hospitality of the fishermen's cottages and had started to carry him to his—the doctor's—home in Portsmouth. But the stranger had grown weaker so rapidly that he dared not take him so far as his own home, and had stopped at the Jaffrey mansion, which was nearer the scene of the accident. "Knowing," concluded the doctor, with a sly twinkle in his deep-set eyes, "that George Jaffrey's door was quick to open to the sick and suffering, and emboldened to seek an entrance by the fact that two of the Jaffrey serving-men had arrived at the beach with the information that their master had sent them forth to offer that aid which the house of Jaffrey had ever been glad to extend to those in need."

At mention of the serving-men Mr. Jaffrey looked accusingly at his daughter, as if to say, "This is your doing!" and Lettice had smiled back the answer that she was not conscious-stricken if it was. Then, with directions for the care of the sick man and prophesying that he would be all right in a day or two, Dr. Aldrich stamped away into the night.

The doctor's prophecy, however, proved false, and for two months the stranger lay ill of a fever in George Jaffrey's house. Mr. Jaffrey, in spite of his selfishness and choler, was by birth and breeding a gentleman, and once his unwelcome guest was actually lodged under his roof, he was treated with kindest consideration—a bit grumblingly for a time, but later with pompous good will. This change in the host's temper was caused by the discovery that Dr. Aldrich and Lettice had done wisely in judging the stranger to be of gentle blood, a fact proved easily enough by sundry papers which, with a considerable amount of money and a fat little leather-covered book, had been enclosed in a stout wallet fastened to his belt. His name was Gerrard Lancaster, of the good old Lancashire family of that name long settled in Maryland. He had been the only passenger on the ship *Albatross*, sailing from Boston to England, and, driven out of its course, wrecked off Kittery Point. What the nature of his mission might be in England, and why he was travelling thither from Maryland by way of Boston, the young man refrained from stating, until one day when he was growing stronger and his host, in the course of conversation, had recited with much solemn verbosity his own political creed. Upon which Lancaster confessed that he had been involved, on the 10th of June preceding, in a demonstration at Annapolis by some hot-headed youths in favor of the exiled House of Stuart. It was the birthday of "James the Third" (as he called the Pretender), and he and his companions had gained possession of the cannon of Annapolis and fired a salute in their "rightful king's honor." Whereupon they were promptly arrested by the Maryland authorities and thrown into prison. Among his companions was a nephew of Charles Carroll, Lord Baltimore's agent, and thanks to that gentleman's authority in the colony they were released from confinement after a few months, but he, as a supposed leader in the movement, was advised to withdraw from Maryland for a time. So he had shipped from St. Mary's with the friendly captain of a coasting bark, and in due season had landed in Boston, whence he had attempted to proceed to England, with the dire consequences which his present kind host so well knew. All of which raised the young man mightily in George Jaffrey's estimation, that gentleman being a stout Jacobite and not at all, as he was fond of saying, "one of your psalm-whining Puritan hypocrites and regicides; no, by the gods, sir! the Jaffreys had always been sound Church-of-England men and loyal subjects of the legitimate King of England, and"--with a round oath—"so was George Jaffrey the third."

All of this conversation was duly reported to Lettice. A vehement little aristocrat was Miss Lettice, with extravagant ideas of loyalty and a gentle pity for persons who were obliged to struggle through life without the blessing of "family" and with the burden of vulgar Nonconformist religious views. Delighted that her instinctive opinion that Lancaster was a gentleman should have proved a correct judgment and regarding him as a martyr to the "sacred" cause of the Stuarts, the girl awaited with impatience his recovery; paying, meantime, delicate attention to his presence under her father's roof by daily inquiries at his bed-room door of the now devoted Deborah concerning her patient's health, and leaving with that grimly faithful attendant sundry dainty dishes concocted by her own deft hands, together with such stray volumes of poetry and old-fashioned romance from her father's library as she fancied might interest a sick and loyal subject of "King" James the Third.

At last, one fair April day, Dr. Aldrich pronounced his patient able to descend to the lower floor and enjoy the society of Mr. Jaffrey and his daughter for a few hours. Great, indeed, was the polishing of mirror-like floors, the scouring of already shining brass, and the keen-eyed hunting of imaginary dust-specks that went on that morning under Lettice's imperious supervision.

It was afternoon when Lancaster descended the stairs, supported carefully by the watchful Deborah, and was settled in a great hooded chair in Mr. Jaffrey's library, smiling gratefully at that gentleman's prodigious bustle of a welcome. The young man noted with keen disappointment the absence of his host's daughter, whose soft voice he had listened for right longingly at his chamber door each morning of the past month. He was asking anxiously for her when the door opened and she stood before him.

A pretty picture was Lettice, in the doorway with the dark hall looming at her back—a dainty figure in crimson padesoy, the long, pointed bodice quite too snug and stiff, I fear, for comfort, but giving its wearer a strangely trim and jaunty air, while the full, wide-distended petticoat was short enough to display two little feet encased in French shoes with preposterously high heels and glittering paste buckles. Her fair hair, piled high over a cushion, with a rebellious curl or two on either temple, was partly covered by a large hood, like a Capuchin monk's in shape, of blue cloth lined with crimson, from the loose folds of which her young face looked out brightly, with welcoming eyes and a tint of rose in her cheeks caused by the fresh spring air of the out-door world from which she was just come. In her hands she carried a bunch of trailing arbutus, and to Lancaster its tender fragrance seemed to drift about her like incense. In an instant the young man was upon his feet, bowing low, while Lettice courtesied to the ground as her father pronounced her name.

As the girl removed her hood and placed the flowers in water she studied the invalid out of the corner of her eye, and gave a little sigh of contentment when she decided he was all such a hero should be in appearance—a dark, well-made young fellow, with thick black hair rolled back over his fine head, and tied with a ribbon above his collar. He was clad in a suit of dark blue cloth, fashioned for him by a Portsmouth tailor—an up-to-date tailor who produced the latest fashions for the Portsmouth gentry only six months after their first appearance in London. The waistcoat of figured velvet reached nearly to his knees, while the square-cut skirts of his coat displayed a reckless waste of material. His lace ruffles were full and deep, and his buckles big and bright. Two points in particular Lettice noted; that his eyes, which in her hurried view the night of his arrival she had taken to be black, were in fact dark blue and as clear as a child's, and that his brown hands were the hands of a gentleman, strong and supple.

Afterwards, each afternoon found Lancaster snugly ensconced by the library hearthstone with Lettice and her father, and the latter gradually relapsed into his old habit and fell placidly asleep in his chair, lulled, perhaps, to deeper slumber by the soft murmur of the young people's voices. They talked of many things, and often the young man spoke of his Southern home on the west shore of the beautiful Chesapeake Bay, and of the neighboring planters and the gay doings of the gentry thereabout; and of his sister Hilda, who was being educated in the "old country," and whom he expected to bring home with him when he should return to Maryland from England; and of his dear old father, Humphrey Lancaster, and of his mother—of whom he spoke with hushed voice, for she had died five years before. And Lettice, bending low over her tambour-frame, listened eloquently. Once she spoke of his imprisonment, and, turning her bright eyes to his, expressed her admiration for his devotion to the "holy" cause of the Stuarts. Lancaster laughed a little at her notion that he was a hero, and had confessed quite frankly that he feared the firing of the salute had been but the silly prank of hot-headed young men a bit inflamed with wine, an act that could have done no good to the Stuarts and which had brought needless trouble and sorrow to his dear old father. And George Jaffrey, awakening just then, had loudly affirmed his belief that it was a noble thing always and under all circumstances to protest against the miserable German usurper whom a set of rascally Whigs had thrust upon the English throne; and as for him, he only wished he was young enough to offer his sword and life to his majesty, King James the Third—even though they did say that gentleman was a Papist, a sad thing to say of an English king. Upon which Lancaster glanced quickly at Lettice and her father, and then took to studying the fire with troubled eyes. Finally, one day in May, Lancaster was strong enough to venture out of doors, and, with Lettice by his side, wandered away from the old gambrel-roofed house towards the sea. They stood at length upon a little hillock and looked eastward. Sky and water were serenely blue under the pale Northern sun; far away towards the east the blanched rocks of the Isles of Shoals gleamed pearly white, and beyond was the faint, ghostlike hint of a ship's sails outward bound. They watched it with their hands shading their eyes until it dropped from sight beneath the sea's rim. Then the young man said:

"It reminds me that I too must soon be going. I have already taxed too sorely your father's hospitality. I have been very happy in your home, and I wish that I could thank you both as I desire."

"We too have been happy," replied the girl. "We wish no thanks. I—I shall be sorry when you go." Her voice trembled a little, and Lancaster stooped and looked into her face. Their eyes met for a moment, and the old story had been told once more.

That night the girl slipped away and left Lancaster and her father alone together. The young man told of his love for Lettice, and asked her hand in marriage. George Jaffrey was strenuous in declarations of astonishment and in objections, but in his talk there was, to the suitor's eager ears, an undertone of something other than displeasure.

"Of course, sir," he replied to the old gentleman's remonstrances, "my family is unknown to you, but there are many of the first quality, of both birth and station, in my own colony to vouch for me. And the Lancasters are no paupers, sir. Your child's comfort will be assured in that way. We have lands in plenty—although," he added with a sudden shadow in his frank eyes, "we have been burdened these thirty years with double taxes and divers unjust penalties."

"And why, pray?" demanded Jaffrey in amazement. "Law-abiding folk are not used to such treatment."

"Not if the laws be just men's laws, sir," said Lancaster. "But in my unhappy home, alas! there's but little justice for those of my faith."

"Your faith?" quoth the old man. "Surely, young man, you are no dissenter—you, a gentleman born, and a loyal adherent of King James the Third?"

"No, sir; I am no dissenter. My religion is the old religion of Englishmen—the religion of our rightful king."

"A Papist?" cried George Jaffrey, starting to his feet.

"A Catholic," replied Lancaster with set lips.

"And you dare ask my daughter's hand? You, a wandering vagabond of a Papist, marry a Jaffrey?" shouted the now enraged old man. "Out upon you! Marry her? No! I'd see her in perdition first."

"I am no wandering vagabond, as you well know," replied the young man, striving to speak calmly; "as for my religion—the Lancasters have been Catholics always, and with God's help I'll not be the first apostate of the race. But I promise you upon the honor of a gentleman that Lettice shall never suffer from me or mine for religion's sake."

"That she shall not; for by heaven she never will be yours!" cried Jaffrey. Then he broke forth into loud denunciations of his guest, calling him a liar and a deceiver and such like names, and ordering him forthwith to leave his house. And as Lancaster listened, with clenched hands and scornful eyes, Lettice glided suddenly between him and her father.

"Father!" she said, "you forget that he is your guest. I pray you speak less cruelly."

"Do you know, girl, what he is? A two-faced Papist, who has crawled into my house to deceive you and me!"

"I did not know it until your loud words reached me in the hall," replied the girl, growing whiter and trembling a little. "'Tis a sad thing, I know. But I think we should not judge him fiercely for it; remember, sir, he has been so bred. And he has not deceived us, for when the time came he acknowledged his religion frankly."

"Hold your wheedling woman's tongue, so quick to make excuses! Would you be pleased to marry this fine gentleman of yours? Speak up and let us know; for by the Lord, if 'tis so, then you and he go out from my roof to-night, and my curse goes with you!"

For a moment Lettice stood with her hands clasped tight upon her bosom, looking with frightened eyes from one man to the other; and then she turned toward her father, sobbing wildly.

That night Lancaster left the Jaffrey house and went to the Sign of the Earl of Halifax in the town, while Lettice cried the brightness out of her young eyes, her head pillowed on old Deborah's sympathetic breast. A week dragged slowly by, and then one day to the young girl, listlessly dreaming in her room, came Deborah, bustling mightily and saying, with much mysterious wagging of her old head, that the wild-flowers in the grove behind the house were simply crying for some one to pluck them, and Lettice, looking at the woman's significant eyes, guessed her meaning and fled swiftly from the house.

Lancaster stood waiting for her in the grove. The place was very still—a place of soft, violet shadows, streaked with cool, green shafts of light from the sunbeams piercing the first tender leaves of spring. Quickly the young man told her of ineffectual efforts on his part the past week to weaken her father's prejudice against him. His efforts proving fruitless, he had at last begged Deborah to arrange a meeting for them. Then with eager words he begged the girl to brave her father's wrath and marry him. But Lettice, with white face and mourning eyes, said "No!" A girl's first duty was to obey her father. She dared not brave his curse; 'twould be an awful thing to do, and worse than awful when that curse was brought down upon one in the name of religion.

"If only," she murmured wistfully, "your faith were other than it is."

"Ah, dear one," he replied, "you would not have me deny what I know is the truth?"

And Lettice, shuddering, sighed "No."

"But you do love me, Lettice?"

"You know that, sir," she returned, flushing rosy red.

"Then promise me that you will wait until I return. For I will return—it may be many months, but I shall come back. I will return with proofs of my identity and of my family's worth. Your father's objection must grow less if he knows you are true to me. In the end we must conquer. Will you promise?"

"Yes, I promise."

Suddenly the young man knelt and kissed her hand reverently. Then rising, he gave to her the little book which he had brought with him from the wreck.

"It was my mother's," he whispered; "keep it for her sake and mine, and sometimes read in it, I pray."

Another moment, and he was gone. That night Lettice opened the book, and read upon the fly-leaf, in delicate, old-fashioned writing, the words: "Barbara Gerrard, Saint Inigoes, Maryland." She turned the leaf and looked curiously at the title-page, upon which, in heavy, antique type, was printed "*The Imitation of Christ.* Translated out of the Latin, and printed at Douai, Anno Domini MDCLVI."

The months that followed were dreary months for the desolate girl, grown suddenly into a woman with grave eyes and drooping mouth. But as the summer drifted into autumn a subtile change came over her. At first her sorrow had been demonstrative and she had wandered restlessly, aimlessly about the old house, but now she was become strangely calm, and her eyes had grown thoughtful, but with a questioning, half-puzzled note in their depths. George Jaffrey viewed with complacency his daughter's calmness of manner; her eyes he did not notice, and was too dense to see their new look even if he had. Her changed manner, he thought, could mean nothing but a gradual forgetting of her insane infatuation for the Maryland "Papist," and he set himself to arranging a plan for her future with a smug security which would have suffered a rude shock could he have guessed the true cause of the girl's growing calmness. The truth was that the old monk of St. Agnes had spoken across the centuries to Lettice's torn heart and brought peace to her soul. Day after day she had pored over the words of à Kempis, until the divine message to tired souls of the *Imitation* had entered her heart and strengthened her spirit. But as she drank in the teachings of the marvellous book, there gradually came to her the question that if such were the books which "Papists" wrote and loved, then could it be possible that their religion was the horrible thing she had been taught to think it? This thought half terrified her, and she strove to put it away, but could not, and the questioning look in her clear eyes deepened and remained.

In November, when the bleak New England winter was beginning to close in upon the old house and its silent inmates, two incidents ruffled the sad monotony of Lettice's life. The first was a letter to her from Lancaster under cover to Deborah. It was written from Brussels, where, he wrote, he had gone to get his sister, who had been there in the convent school of the English Dominican nuns—a Catholic education in England being impossible on account of the penal laws against the old faith in force in that country. They were about leaving for England, where they would be the guests of kinsmen in Lancashire until such time as he could safely return to Maryland; a time, he hoped, which would be short, as he had heard from his father that the feeling against the Jacobites was cooling, and Governor Hart had himself hinted that by spring the excitement would be blown over entirely and the ringleaders in the foolish outbreak on the Pretender's birthday might return in safety to the colony. Meantime he begged Lettice to be brave, saying that by the end of the summer he would come again and in due form demand her hand in marriage from her father once more. Letters, he knew, were dangerous things for her to receive, even under Deborah's name, and they must both be brave and hold their hearts in such peace as the good God might grant them until he came. This letter, I suspect, Lettice cried over and kissed, and kept constantly about her person.

The second incident followed quickly upon the heels of this first one. It was nothing less than the announcement by George Jaffrey that he had arranged a marriage for his daughter. Lettice listened with fear and horror as her father, with much pompous dignity and loudness of voice, detailed his plan. The man chosen by him was his sister's only son, George Jaffrey Jeffries, a shifty-eyed, thin-lipped personage for whom his uncle had hitherto expressed the profoundest contempt and dislike, and the girl's horror was blended with bewilderment at her father's choice. But the matter was, in truth, easily explained. Mr. Jaffrey, like most fathers, had remained blind to the fact that his child was grown into young womanhood until the Marylander's suit had awakened him to the knowledge of that fact. Fearing a repetition of that, to him, unpleasant episode, and resolved at all hazards to for ever block the way to a renewal of the "papist's" demand for his daughter's hand, he had cast about for a suitable husband for her among their friends. With happy thought he hit upon Jeffries, a young fellow half Jaffrey by blood, possessed of a fair fortune, just graduated from Harvard College, and above all a weak-willed creature who was safe to submit unquestioningly to his father-in-law's dictation. One of the crosses of George Jaffrey's life had been the fact that he was the last male of his name, and when, upon questioning Jeffries, he learned that that gentleman would have no manner of objection to dropping his patronymic and becoming George Jaffrey the fourth (in consideration of Lettice's hand and the Jaffrey fortune), the old man mentally patted himself on the back as a person of shrewdness and fine judgment, and lost no time in acquainting his daughter of her sentence. That Lettice forthwith refused flatly to accept that sentence as final, declaring absolutely that she would not marry her cousin, disturbed him not a whit. He was her father; a father's word was law; she was a sentimental, undutiful child, but willy-nilly she was to be the wife of George Jaffrey the fourth. The winter dragged on without bringing to the unhappy Jaffrey household any hint of a peaceable solution of the problem which confronted them. Lettice remained firm in her refusal to recognize her cousin as a prospective husband, while her father maintained doggedly his assumption that the marriage was to be celebrated before another year was lapsed. Meantime the object of their disagreement, divided between a wholesome fear of Lettice's scornful eyes and a very decided hankering for the Jaffrey estate, sustained as best he might the somewhat difficult *rôle* of an affianced man whose bride-to-be recognized the fact of his existence only to ignore it unyieldingly. At length, when another spring was breaking into warmth and life, George Jaffrey, thinking the proper time was at hand, announced to his daughter that she might make up her mind to wed her cousin in St. John's Church within the month. Whereupon the girl, grown white and stern, replied that while he might take her by force to that sanctuary of the Church of England, no power on earth could make her wed her cousin; for at the place in the ceremony where the clergyman should ask her if she took George Jaffrey Jeffries to be her wedded husband she would cry out a "no" so long and loud that the old rector would dare not pronounce them man and wife. And her father, looking into her wan young face, believed her words and said no more, but grew sulkily severe towards her as the days lengthened, while the girl, withdrawing more and more into the silent companionship of à Kempis, prayed constantly that with the summer Lancaster might come and that with his coming strength might be given her to do what should be right and just to all. But before the summer came another cloud darkened her life and set her plans adrift. Her father, called to England upon urgent business, commanded her to get ready to accompany him. In vain she plead to be left at home with faithful Deborah. Mr. Jaffrey had a new plan for compassing his ends with which the voyage to England promised to work well; besides, he suspected old Deborah's tacit approval of his daughter's course and was glad enough to separate them, a thing he would have accomplished by turning the old woman from his door had he not realized how essential her services were to his well-ordered establishment. So with many tears and with reiterated petitions to Deborah to explain to Lancaster (should he appear in Portsmouth during the summer) how helpless she had been to do otherwise, and penning a brief little letter for delivery to him, Lettice prepared to do her father's bidding. And one peaceful June day she left the old house which had been the home of so much happiness and so much trouble, and, clinging to Deborah's strong arm, went down to her father's good ship *Princess Anne*, lying to at Portsmouth dock.

George Jaffrey was waiting for them, and beside him stood his nephew. The startled, questioning look that passed between the girl and her companion did not escape him. "Your cousin goes with us," he said, frowning darkly. "'Tis a long voyage and he'll be good company for us both." And old Deborah glared at him in reply over Lettice's shoulder as she folded the girl in her arms in fond farewell, whispering to her to be of good cheer and advising her, with sad vindictiveness I fear, "to shove that ugly, cringing Jeffries overboard if he gave her any of his impudence."

For us, to whom a journey across the Atlantic is but a matter of six days of luxury and rest, it is difficult to realize what that voyage meant to our great-grandfathers. Weeks of confinement in narrow and uncomfortable quarters, at the mercy of wind and wave, the dreary monotony of the journey was relieved only by the sense of ever-present and unavoidable danger. And to Lettice's fate was added the burden of the close and never-to-be-avoided companionship of a sullen and estranged father and of a distasteful and mercenary suitor. Intolerable as was her position on shipboard, the girl dreaded with something akin to terror their arrival in England. Well-nigh before they had lost sight of the American coast she had guessed her father's intention in bringing Jeffries with them, and, having little hope that Lancaster had not already returned to Maryland, her future was indeed dark to her young eyes.

At length one night, near the end of their journey, her father dropped all disguise and told her plainly that with their landing upon English soil the long-deferred wedding would take place. He pictured in strong language her undutifulness and his patience, dwelling long upon the advantages and suitableness of a marriage with her cousin, and ending with the threat, if she again defied his authority, to disown her and set her adrift among strangers in a strange land. Lettice listened in terror-stricken silence, too crushed to reply to him, and when he had finished she stole away to the ship's stern and stood there silent, with dry eyes and cold, still hands. The night was very calm; the spangled, dark-blue vault of the sky above her seemed strangely vast and awesome; the black, writhing waters beneath her, stretching away in the pale starlight until lost in the mysterious shadows of the night, at once fascinated and terrified her; the intense silence of a night at sea, broken only by the stealthy wash of the water against the ship's sides and the mournful creak of the rigging high above her head, enfolded her like a soft, thick, stifling veil. For one wild, wretched moment she dreamed of slipping quietly over the ship's rail into the beckoning sea, and then with sudden tears she hid her face within her now hot hands and prayed.

A drizzling, drifting rain was falling when at last the *Princess Anne* completed her long journey and moored in the Avon River just off Trail's wharf, in the old town of Bristol. Her three passengers were soon taken on board a rowboat and deposited safely upon the wharf, whence they passed to "The Mermaid," the famous water-side tavern of the place. The house of Jaffrey was well known among the wharf-masters and importers of Bristol, and a word from Mr. Trail to the rubicund landlord of "The Mermaid" secured for George Jaffrey and his companions an amount of obsequious attention wonderful to behold. After a tremendous banging of doors and stamping of clattering pattens across the glistening flag-stones of the inn-yard, the distinguished Americans were duly installed in the best rooms of the house—rooms distinguished, after the fashion of the day, by such fantastic titles as the "Lily" or the "Dolphin." George Jaffrey had business to transact with some of the importers of the town, and, after informing his daughter that next day they would proceed on their way to London, where a certain event of great interest to her was to occur, he went majestically forth, with his nephew in tow, deeming it proper that that prospective inheritor of the Jaffrey fortune should learn something of the Jaffrey business.

Left alone in the dark old inn, Lettice's forebodings of the coming struggle in London quickly merged into absolute panic, and she paced her room excitedly. Knowing only too well the uselessness of appealing to her father to spare her the dishonor of such a marriage as he proposed; realizing that her cousin, with all the cruelty of a petty soul intent upon accomplishing its own selfish ends, would stoop to any infamy to gain possession of the Jaffrey fortune, and fearing that Lancaster—her only friend in all England—was already on the other side of the Atlantic, her plight indeed seemed hopeless. As the long English twilight began to steal into her room the feeling of helpless isolation became unbearable to the young girl, and remembering the landlady's cozy nook off the public room downstairs, in which she had rested while her father had examined critically the quarters assigned to his party by their loquacious host, she resolved to go thither, desperate as she was for some human companionship in her desolate mood. The low-ceiled, oak-panelled room was empty when she opened the door and peered into its shadowy depths, save for the presence of a man who loitered by one of the open windows looking out at the sunset. His back was towards her, and she slipped quietly across the silent room to the glass-enclosed corner which she sought. That, too, was empty, and she heard the sharp chatter of the landlady's voice in the kitchen at the rear, where, with much berating of flurried maids, she superintended the preparation of the evening meal. The rain had ceased falling, and Lettice's eyes travelled listlessly across the still wet and glistening cobble-stones of the street, passing thence to the shining water of the Avon River, and then to the red western sky. She wondered if perchance any other eyes looked out at that sunset splendor so full of fear as her's—if possibly any other soul in Bristol dreaded the morrow, and in truth all future days, as she dreaded them.

The solitary watcher in the outer room had seemed to her to wear a melancholy air, and her weary mind went back to him. She turned and looked towards his window, and as she did so the man left his place and passed to the inn door. As he lifted the latch he turned and looked idly back into the room, the sunset light falling full upon his face, and suddenly a strange, low cry—half sob, half articulate speech—startled the silence.

In a moment the man had crossed the dim room and was standing with bewildered eyes beside the half-fainting girl, crying softly: "Lettice, Lettice, speak to me! It is I—Gerrard."

Quickly then she told him of her coming to England, and of the marriage which her father so stubbornly persisted in forcing upon her, and of her terror and helplessness. And Lancaster, listening with hushed breath, grew white and stern, but with a glad light in his face as he guessed her constancy to him. With rapid words he told her that he was just quitting England for his home; that already his sister was on shipboard, and that he, led by some kind providence, had accompanied the ship's captain to land for an hour or two before they sailed, and had been loitering idly in the inn until the hour was come for their return to the ship. Then eagerly he begged her to go with them, saying that already Hilda knew of her and loved her, and would be a sister to her during the long voyage, and when at last they were come to Maryland they would be married in his father's house and with his father's blessing, adding gently, "And, Lettice, fear naught for religion's sake. I and mine are Catholics, but never, never shall you be made unhappy by that. And, dear one, when you know more of our faith, you may, with God's help, see its truth."

And Lettice, looking up at him with her pure eyes, replied simply: "I have read your mother's little book right diligently, and, Gerrard, I would I knew more of the old faith."

"Then you *will* come?" he whispered.

For what seemed to him like long, slow minutes the girl stood silent, with her look fixed upon the fading sunset light. He saw her lips move as though she prayed. And then she turned and looked intently into his anxious eyes. With a sigh like a tired child she held her hands towards him.

"May God have mercy on me if I am doing wrong!" she whispered. "Yes, I will go."

The next morning a sullenly furious man and his silent companion journeyed eastward through the placid English countryside towards London. George Jaffrey had found, upon his return to the inn, a little tear-stained, beseeching note from his daughter, telling him that she was gone with Lancaster, begging for forgiveness, and praying him to write to her in Maryland. For a time the tavern had rung with the old man's wrath. He had cursed everybody and everything, from Jeffries to the landlady, and had declared by all the powers that he would charter a ship and overtake the Maryland-bound vessel, if he had to follow it across the Atlantic. But finally his rage had worn him out and quiet had descended upon the Bristol tavern. In the morning, however, his ill-humor again vented itself, and his nephew was the victim of much abuse as they journeyed Londonwards—abuse which that young man was able to bear with considerable equanimity, since he shrewdly surmised that by her flight his cousin had for ever forfeited all claim upon her father's estate, and that he, George Jaffrey Jeffries, was destined to succeed to that rich heritage as George Jaffrey the fourth; and he chuckled a little to himself in his corner of their travelling-carriage at the thought of Lettice's vain regret when she should realize that she was a pauper.

But, standing on the deck of the good ship *Calvert*, with her hand tight clasped in Hilda Lancaster's, Lettice, looking towards the west and towards Maryland, dreamed of better things than the money and lands and the rich India trade of the house of Jaffrey.

ANCESTOR-WORSHIP THE ORIGIN OF RELIGION.

BY REV. GEORGE McDERMOT, C.S.P.

ON its social side religion has been treated as a branch of the science of anthropology; and we opine with very unsatisfactory results. We share the objections of religious men to the handling of man's relations with his Creator in the same manner as the connection of physical phenomena or the laws that govern the development of society would be dealt with; but, fortunately or unfortunately, nothing is sacred in our time from the application of what are called scientific methods. We think, then, that a word or two examining, according to their own methods, the views of leading men of science on the origin of religion may show that their views cannot be deemed satisfactory.

In all that we purpose saying we put aside revelation as an authority. We mean to treat the subject on the natural plane, and if we refer to revelation at all, it will be only as an historical fact, as an incident—like a war, or the promulgation of a code, or any other influence that has affected the fortunes of the race. In taking this course we are not prepared to concede that an assumption is an established fact or an inviolable law. We do not intend to concede that Christianity is only fetichism professed by white men not yet intellectually free. Until this is proved, we intend to retain our own opinion of the origin and meaning of Christianity. The mere statement that religion is a fungus grown on the old stem of ancestor-worship has to be made clear before we acknowledge that millions of men bore incredible hardships, faced dangers of every kind to propagate their opinions, sealed their belief in them in their blood, and did all this for a delusion.

The theory just mentioned has a plausible appearance. Men have an affection for the memory of their dead. They bury them with circumstances of respect. Time purifies and elevates the sentiment into a worship. The grandfather becomes a tutelary deity; later on, he is a national god wielding the powers of nature, or delegating the control of them to subordinates whom he has created for the purpose or raised from humanity for the purpose. In this evolution we have four stages: first, the ancestor reverenced from affection; second, made awful by time to the poor savages, helpless amid the forces of nature and confronted by the great beasts of the early earth; third, fetichism developing in the savage's employing him to counteract the agencies of nature and the might of the brutes; fourth, animism, in the spirits created or elevated to the tasks imposed upon them by the dead ancestor for his naked descendant's benefit.

This is the evolution of religion presented by the intellectual Titans of the nineteenth century. A vast collection of experiences drawn from savage and semi-civilized peoples has led them to this conclusion. We are not pressing our suspicion that the old exploded theory, that the religion of civilized nations was the product of priestcraft, helped them to reach this conclusion. It is for the present sufficient to point out that this genesis of religion effaces God as a reality while inconsistently making a belief in him a fundamental principle of human nature. This extraordinary contradiction in the members of the theory is obvious to every one except the philosophers who propound it. It is not our business to reconcile a universal belief in the existence of God with the denial of his existence. Nothing will convince us that the external world does not exist, even though Hume and Mill give very ingenious reasons for denying its existence; and, in a somewhat similar manner, though Haeckel, Herbert Spencer, Huxley, Romanes,* and, last and least, Mr. Grant Allen pooh-pooh religion as unworthy of an enlightened mind; still the mind insists upon believing in the Object of religion. This, we think, is very important and justifies us in assuming the attitude that, as religion is in possession, it must be conclusively shown that there is no warrant for it, that the reason revolts at it, that it degrades man to the level of the savage, that it makes intellect sterile, that owing to it the world has advanced with slow and difficult steps, and that there will be no real progress until religion is effaced from the life and the memory of mankind;—all this, we say, must be proved before we are called upon to surrender God to the enemies of man.

No; we are not going to be deluded by clap-trap, under the titles of freedom of opinion, boldness of inquiry, emancipated thought and intellectual liberty, into accepting the dreary negation which annihilates hope of immortal life in the world to come and destroys social obligation, the very essence, the bone and marrow, of our life on earth. It is singular, the flippancy of those savants when they refer all the worships of the world since the earliest times to ancestor-worship as their source! Various as the worships are in ceremony, inspiration, moral content and history, our men of science, with a wave of the hand and a supercilious lifting of the lip and eyebrow, fling them back to the naked savage of ages ago, jabbering and howling over the hole into which he has put his father. Christianity and fetichism have their common origin in this; the only difference is the stage of evolution each has reached. The Christianity of the elect is the anthropoidal stage from which the bathed, perfumed, sartorized, and barberized biped of no feathers save his wife's, looks to heaven or to hell for the call to become anthropical, to become a worshipper in the temple of nature which is to be set up by the religion of humanity.

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* Romanes returned to a belief in God in his later years; though at one time he stated his disbelief with the passionate air of a zealot. We are not by any means sure that his disbelief was genuine. Notwithstanding the recent admiration expressed for this gentleman's character, we think he was not quite fair in his reports of the result of his observations.

As we have been saying, we require proof that Christianity is a development of Mumbo-Jumboism, or Indian devil-worship, or any kind of fetichism. We must again lay down, *pace* the evolutionists, the position that in social forms evolution may mean change and not progress. We express no opinion concerning physiological types; they are not in question. What we say is, that when evolution is predicated of a social or intellectual type, it may even express retrogression. It matters nothing that the etymology of the word seems against this; we have not invented it; the unrolling or unfolding of a social type is often in the direction of decadence. The Roman Empire was an evolution from the republic, the polytheism of Virgil is not a higher religious fact than Homer's a thousand years before, but the *continuum* of evolution is found in the political and religious facts named, all the same.*

We require proof of the hypothesis that Christianity is such a development as that mentioned above. Objections to the divinity of its Founder and the practical attainment of the morality of the Gospel are not in point. The phenomenon is: a creed and a worship such as that described in the Sacred Books and the history of the Jewish people, culminating in the world-wide Christian Church and its revolted sects, springing from the clouded brain of a savage drawn in some unexplained way to believe his grandfather was a god. We are in the domain of nature now. We stand on the same level as our adversaries; we say nothing of revelation; we confine ourselves to facts of the individual mind and facts of society. We have the fact of the Christian Church and the antagonistic sects. We have the hypothesis of the savage adoring his grandfather. The hypothesis must explain all the facts of the development. We must know how the savage came to worship his ancestor, and why it was the ancestor was an atheist; how the descendant's positive belief in the supernatural came from the negative of the non-belief of his ancestor. This is the evolution we want accounted for; of something from nothing, an evolution, to use the jargon of Agnosticism, simply unthinkable, or, as we should say, in defiance of the laws of thought. We must have every step of the evolution explained. We must know how the ancestor came upon the stage, and whence; what were his physical, mental, and moral qualities. We are not to be deluded by an assumption of the infinitely potential influence of time.

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* We owe these two illustrations to Dr. Jevons's *Introduction to the History of Religion*, but a multitude may be supplied by the reader himself.

We state, in broader terms than we have yet used, the method by which, according to our adversaries, a belief in the supernatural has been evolved. In some way, as they explain it, the first death in the family caused terror. Pathetic stories are told of the effect produced on infant apes when they find they can no longer arouse the attention of their mother. A change which they cannot comprehend, and which at the same time frightens them, has taken place. The primitive man, for the first time face to face with death, experienced something more than the fear of the infant ape; he had the germs of the mysterious, until then latent, and they unfolded themselves into awe of the dead as of something that went beyond him, in the case of one who had hitherto been most closely associated with his life. So extreme a change in a familiar object, a newness of aspect so extreme, a condition at the opposite pole from his experience, must have affected him as nothing had done before. Whatever he did with the body—whether he ate it, after applying the comparative method, by which he arrived at the conclusion that its lifelessness was like that of the animals he had killed, or whether he buried it—the recollection of his previous terror was a fact stored away in his consciousness to be recalled in some emergency. The first injury which after this he experienced from conflict with an animal, or sustained from the action of some force of nature, he attributed to the influence of his dead father. It became necessary to propitiate this malignant spirit by some kind of offerings and rites. In the next generation it seems there was an advance, for not only was the dead man prayed not to interrupt his descendant's action, but to aid it. He is now a fetich that can work miracles by controlling the powers of nature, so that we have the magic of rain-making, sunshine-making. As the number of men increase, family invocation of this spirit gives way to professional, and so the sorcerer appears upon the scene. But at this stage primitive man began to conceive all activity that affected him as endowed with a will like his own; so the world became peopled by spirits like his, but with greater powers. The sorcerer gives way to the priest, the fetich becomes an idol—that is, the dead ancestor becomes a god—and at length the worship of the house becomes the religion of the district and the state. We omit totemism from the stages of evolution, because it has been introduced by the theorists very much as an after-thought. We shall consider it in another article, where we hope to show that whatever it may mean in a theory of religious evolution, it is apart from and independent of ancestor-worship. We should like to have some theory of the selection of crests: why had the proudest house that ever lived a twig of broom as its cognizance, while another house, not remarkable for reckless courage, has a lion? The humility of the Plantagenets and the boldness of the Howards, as represented by their crests, strike us as the most refined irony. What totemistic mystery is hidden in them in relation to either family the savants should tell.

This is the account we have. We do not mean to trouble ourselves with an analysis of the evolution as here stated, though it can be distinctly proved that the fetich is a decadent idol, and that the priest preceded the sorcerer, or, in other words, that religion preceded magic. We are simply dealing with our adversaries on their own ground, and combating them with their own materials. We are not satisfied with the theory that the process originated in fear. The experience of mankind is in favor of the existence of family affection in savages, and undoubtedly all the cults of which we have any knowledge exhibit a veneration of the family dead. We should like to know why love of the dead should not be as manifest in the savage standing by his parent's corpse as the dim sense of loss expressed in the lamentation of the infant ape. However, we pass this by and examine the history of ancestor-worship as it is presented by our opponents.

If the ancestor stepped out from an inferior type of life, he was at one time an infant and must have differed from his brothers and his cousins. How did he escape their jealousy in his weaker infancy, his less hardy and resourceful childhood, with his greater susceptibility to physical pain superadded to a monopoly of mental pain? Where did he get his mate, assuming that he passed through these dangers? Suppose she was an accidental differentiation, like himself passing through the like ordeal, and that natural selection brought them together. Were they driven out from their simian tribe as outlaws, to combat with the great beasts of the night of time, ages and ages before the dawn of history? What is their story? They must have multiplied with rapidity in spite of everything, for their descendants, whether savants or savages, are in every quarter of the globe; but we would fain know how the first two guarded their offspring, what sent into the offspring a tendency to worship their parents, what fashioned in the third generation a cult out of this tendency, why the cult was directed to the degraded grandfather rather than to the son, who was an improved type; and why at all to beings more degraded than themselves? These questions being hypothetically answered, we wish to know why four thousand years have not developed a similar cult among our simian cousins? Until all this is satisfactorily shown, we shall hold the opinion that the theory of accidental veneration is physically improbable; and that this genesis of worship, this evolution of the idea of God and our relations to him expressed by worship, is the most absurd of all the stupidities of science.

It will appear from the foregoing that we could have rested content with the suggestion that the assaults on religion implied in the accounts of its origin criticised above are of no solid character, only that we fear certain hypotheses of our adversaries on the nature of religion in general, and inferences from the rites and customs connected with worship to be found at present in various parts of the globe, have made some kind of lodgment in the minds of a considerable circle of readers to whom novelty and a spurious science are attractions. On the threshold such readers would reject the idea that religion in some aspect is a fundamental principle of human nature, because we are told that there are peoples or tribes so degraded as to have no conception of a God; that there are peoples or tribes who have an idea of something outside visible nature which possesses a malignant power, the exercise of which is to be deprecated. We do not think it is material to the argument whether this is true or not. It must be borne in mind that what our adversaries profess to do is to explain the origin of religion, and this presupposes the existence of a fact called religion. We are aware that there are religions of various kinds over the globe; and of no people of whom we have read, in history or works of travel and discovery, has it been said that they had no relation of any kind with the unseen world of spirits exercising an influence on this. Devil-worshippers, if there have been any such persons, suit our purpose as well as any others when they are taken along with the worship of piety so universally found in time and place.

But the truth is, the notion that any people exists which is without some idea of God and some mode of expressing it, has been for some time exploded. It would not advance the theory of our adversaries one hair's-breadth if such a people were found, but such a people has not been found; and the contrary notion is grounded on one of those so-called facts directed against belief in the principles and sanctions that have done so much to mitigate the lot of mankind; facts which owe their authority to incomplete observation. In other words, settled convictions, based on principles which have held the moral elements of the world together since the earliest recorded time, are expected to give way to data that fuller examination may pronounce valueless. This has been the case so often that we are justified, when we hear of a new theory that seems to strike against some moral law or some fact of revelation, in inquiring whether discovery has said the last word concerning the material on which the theory rests. Now, if it happened that a tribe existed which had no idea of a God and of religion, it would seem that it had descended to a lower grade, the lowest probably, instead of being on the road of ascent. At least such a theory is the sounder one tried by the test of intelligible explanation.

Any one can conceive that an isolated troop of nomad savages, degenerating from generation to generation, might lose all recollection of the customs of a higher life. No one can understand how, if the whole of mankind were at one time in the lowest scale, the idea of religion should spontaneously spring up in all except that one. If the idea of religion has not found its way from an external source, there is no conceivable reason why such a troop should not possess it as well as the rest of the world. The quality of the religion is beside the question. It is quite immaterial whether it was monotheism or polytheism at first; whether it was God conceived by the pure intellect or an anthropomorphous deity, alone or with a legion of subordinates to whom worship was offered through the motives of hope and fear. The fact of such an idea of religion is the material thing. Does the idea exist practically in the whole human race, and what is its source? If the source be external, one sees how it could be lost; if it be not external, one cannot understand how it could remain unevolved at this advanced stage of the life of the race among the men forming any social unit, however low in the scale of civilization.

We are expressing no opinion concerning the source of religion. We are told that it has been formed from within, that it revealed itself in ancestor-worship, in animism, and what not. If so, why are the degraded savages we suppose without it? It will not do to say that they stand in the exact position of the ancestor first worshipped or of Mr. Spencer's fetich-worshipper who chastises his god for not obeying him. There must be some limit to the gestation of mental products; we cannot be for ever feeding on hypotheses. The evolution of the capacity for god-creating, if there be such a mental growth at all, must have done something, in the long time between the present godless savage we are supposing and that ancestor who issued from an anthropoidal womb. But on our assumption nothing has been done; then has evolution become sterile in this social unit? That cannot be, however, for evolution is an inexorable law under which there is no rest. The intellect can conceive a void, despite Mr. Spencer's dogmatic decree that it is unthinkable; but we admit that the moment we fill it with the universe and its activities, the mind refuses to believe in rest. Change is on everything, and this is the same as to say there is nothing which is not subject to the law of evolution. We are so far at one with our adversaries, but that does not free them from the necessity of accounting for the failure of the evolution of religion among any section of the human race. As long as it could be maintained that there was such a section, they pointed to it as a proof of their theory of the origin of religion. This theory, so far as it is not a begging of the question, stands or falls with the statement of the so-called fact; while, on the other hand, our position is unaffected by such casualties.

We have no theory on the subject; we believe in divine revelation, and deem the knowledge of our destiny derived from it not only sufficient for the demands of our intellectual and moral nature, but the only knowledge able to save from despair in the future of the human race. The value of our opponents' theory of moral and religious evolution may be easily tested by a little introspection, coupled with our knowledge of societies in the highest conditions of civilization and much that we know of in the life of our age. The most a Roman plutocrat could hope for in the first century after our Lord's coming was an intimation that the emperor permitted him to die. Let men look into themselves and truly answer what stays their hand when the bare bodkin is so near. Certainly, no phantasy of an indefinite advancement of humanity, whose primal root is the unconscious altruism of a savage barely distinguishable from the ape he so much resembled in face and figure, and the wolf he so much resembled in disposition. But, of course, the savage, with his germinal altruism, is a hypothesis whose predicate, if not by the very force of the words the direct denial of the subject, is at least the denial of it, if there be one shred, one particle of value in the experience of mankind. We hope to return to this subject in a future number.

A LAY SERMON ON TRUTH.

BY A LAWYER.

IN the course of the study and pursuit of truth, and when we deem ourselves, perhaps, to have entrenched our convictions by hard and patient labor upon a solid ground-work of logic, learning, and reflection, there comes at times such a sense of utter inadequacy, imperfection, and indefiniteness in our conception of the truth so long pursued, that we feel brought back to the very starting-point—no more informed after all than the least of our fellows; as though we had been merely juggling with words all the time, and following an *ignis fatuus* which mocks us at the last almost to scepticism and despair.

Courage, O lover of truth! philosopher under whatever designation you may otherwise be called. Truth is no deceiver, and man is made for truth. Suddenly there will come a moment when, quietly perhaps and silently, an overwhelming realization will in turn seize upon you that you stand in the very presence of the cherished truth.

The mind is quickened to a new faculty; no longer a mere ratiocination, but an intuition, so to speak, midway between sight and faith; a realization of a knowledge no more to be eradicated, by which the exulting spirit exclaims: *Inveni te*—at last I have found thee; *Scio cui credidi*—now I know in what I have believed.

Who can describe the intellectual joy of the experience—the mental view, as from afar, of various results and consequences of the truth acquired, its fitting place in the harmonies and consistencies of other truths, its beauty and the admiration and the love which it inspires?

But if this be true in mere intellectual pursuits and researches, as it has indeed been so repeatedly felt and expressed by the investigators of the things of physical nature, what must be the rapture and the consolation of a like sincerity and perseverance in spiritual things, religious truths, the primary interests of the eternal and infinite Divinity?

Such an experience in physical matters has echoed down the ages in the famous "Eureka!" of Archimedes. We seem to hear it now in all its exultation. In intellectual ones we are familiar with the rhapsodies of Plato; and the illuminations of St. Augustine treading the sea-shore come promptly to the mind. Indeed, all searchers in one department or another of human endeavor have become acquainted with phases of the fact which it is sought here to imperfectly portray. God has not excluded any steadfast inquirer after truth from the operation and the consolation of this inducing and loving dispensation of his providence. How many of us but could relate examples of such a feeling in all sorts of directions, and such a realization of some truths

> "Which we cannot all express, yet cannot all conceal."

If, then, we reflect upon this assured and easily demonstrated fact, how cavil at the relation of experiences so similar in intrinsic principle, however higher or intenser in degree, which we are told of by those spiritual searchers after truth—the saints? Truly, so far from wondering at their ecstasies and raptures, one can almost at the mention feel the necessity and certainty of the result, and long, like Lazarus, for even the crumbs that may fall from mere perusal. Here are searchers of most honest purpose, of most persevering effort, with the utmost singleness of will and purity of intention, seeking after the noblest truths—not seeking only with the mind but with the will; not simply in thought but in deed. All the thaumaturgies recited of them are not equal to the thaumaturgy of their life itself. What revelations of eternal truth, what apprehensions of spiritual harmonies, what intuitions of the Divinity itself, must necessarily have rewarded their aspirations and contemplations!

But, leaving this aside and returning to the more ordinary and natural course of human experience, a lesson which impresses itself is the law and promise of intellectual endeavor in the pursuit of truth; the fact that we are born with faculties inherently made to seek the truth; and sincerely seeking, to acquire it: *homo capax veritatis.* There is a natural reward of intellectual exercise, a growth, power, and fruition, as certain as that which comes from the exercise of the physical faculties, cheering us on to its contests and its delights—pleasure in the attempt, satisfaction in the outcome, if we be both sincere and persevering.

Again, all of us, however humble, are called to the performance of this search; and all, however modest, can realize some of its sweets. Let, then, our homage be that of rational beings—*obsequium rationabile;* seeking in all humility doctrine in devotion, in practice, and perseverance.

Lastly, we shall find that the distance between faith and scepticism, under all its names and shades, is only a step; but what a chasm between!—the abyss between everything and naught; between the whole order of existence, life, light, and love on the one hand, and primordial chaos, death, darkness, and despair on the other; between reason and unreason; between faith and its negation. And this step depends in part upon the honesty of the will and the exercise of faculties divinely implanted in us, working from a native capacity of truth to a natural result of faith, knowledge, and possession. To deny it logically implies a negation not only of the Divinity, but of ourselves, our nature, and everything else besides.

How wonderful, and yet how natural, are the effects of this willing search of truth; what horizons it opens up and spans; what fitnesses and coherencies it discloses; how it confirms, comforts, and consoles; and how it satisfies and reconciles the littlenesses we may know with the great things we conceive! And pursued to its complement and completion, how it brings home solace to the heart as well as conviction to the mind, rounding up every faculty, answering every need, and filling us with the certainty of faith, the ardor of love, the joy of anticipated possession! What more, O man! wilt thou have in any order of *thy* devising? And with what counsel readvise the Creator in "laying the foundation of things that are"?

What matter, then, the inadequacy, imperfectness, and indefiniteness of human apprehensions and capacities? Poor glow-worms! Are things less true, that we know not more of them than we do; or less sure our knowledge that they are, because in the darkness we do not see *all* they are? Thankful in the wondrous gift that we do see, happy in the sight as it is given us to see; assured that we shall see more as we strive; rather should we exclaim, with the same faith which brought its sure reward: *Domine ut videam*—Lord, that I may see; *Noverim te*—would that I may know thee more and more.

Let us, then, use the gifts made unto us, instead of cavilling at their limitation and rejecting the testimony which they import. Let us employ the talents that we possess. Freely and confidently let us use and trust the sight by which we see and the mind by which we know; and through all the faculties which we have received *let in* the light, and seek the truth and deny it not. Seeking the truth and believing, we shall know the truth, and the truth shall make us free.

"NOW WHEN THE AUTUMN GRIEVES."

THE MIRACLE OF AUTUMN.

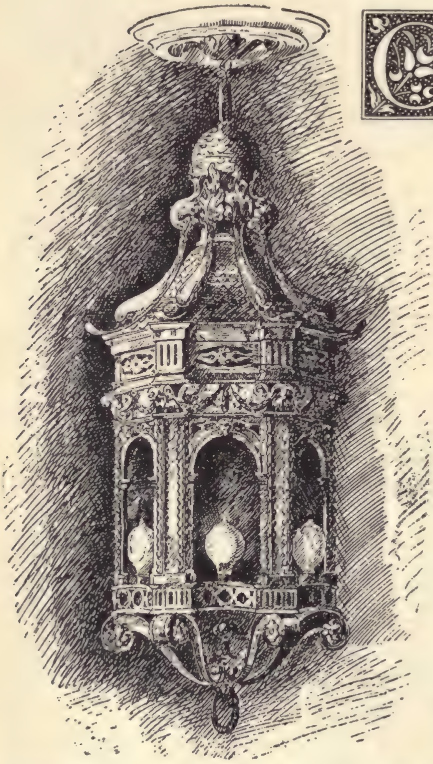
BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

WHEN earth awoke in Spring-time and the leaves
Came one by one upon the naked hill,
I said unto my heart, "Hush, and be still;
Winter hath fled, and lo! a spirit weaves
A wondrous change." Now, when the Autumn grieves,
And hushed is every woodland stream and rill,
I marvel once again. The daffodil
Has vanished, leaving death and wasted sheaves.

The same high power that wrought the change of Spring
Bids us behold this miracle. 'Twas Love
That roused the world at April's wakening,
And Love through Autumn's sorrow still doth move.
Yea, He who gave the earth its springtide breath,
Gave also this—the mystery of death.

THEOSOPHY: ITS LEADERS AND ITS LEADINGS.

BY A. A. McGINLEY.



OUR age has proved itself an adept in many things—though coming centuries may prove it but a tyro—but it does not seem credible that it could be surpassed in its "way of saying things." It is not with us as it was with our forefathers when a heresy was to be refuted or a policy condemned; that out from their musty storehouse must come the ponderous tomes of the ancients, and forthwith must be summoned a convocation of scholars and sages to discuss and write out at length the impeachment that the multitude were waiting to accept with respectful faith. In our day the rise or fall of a creed, the success or failure of a party—religious, political, or social—may hang on some facetious phrase which has in an instant caught in crystallized form the thoughts and feelings of millions; while the origin of the phrase may not so much as be asked about. It may have been evolved from the fertile brain of a news-reporter, or caught in a crowd from the lips of a street urchin.

And so it has come to be in this language-loving age that the thing which "sounds well" need make no other effort to get a hearing from the multitude; only let it be careful that it learn to manipulate the phraseology of the multitude cleverly and pleasingly, and its success is assured, its standard is planted, it gains followers that will swear themselves to rise or fall with its cause.

ITS PLAUSIBLE FACE.

Knowing with their highly developed intuitions this very actual fact peculiar to our time, the astuteness of the modern Theosophists in selecting the texts for the standard which they carry might receive the same invidious compliment that the Lord of the vineyard bestowed on the unjust steward for his wisdom in making friends of the mammon of iniquity.

It would not do for the propagandist of the teachings of Theosophy to put before the eyes of the uninitiated world some of the astounding assertions that are made to those who, having accepted its first plausible theories, are lured to penetrate beyond into the inner circle of a teaching which may be termed the accumulated sophistry of all the ages. So it joins its voice in the pæan that altruistic humanity is sending forth to-day, and sings loud and long the refrain of the hymn which has for its chorus "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," or "Truth, Light, and Liberation for Discouraged Humanity." The only conceivable object in life is to learn how to live. It picks up the cant and the threadbare platitudes with which socialistic madmen have fired the brain of the insensate multitude and clothes them anew in the flowery garb of rhetoric, and sets them up on high as messages of the deliverance it promises to the race. With high-sounding words and bombastic expressions it has paraphrased the sweet and simple language of the Sermon on the Mount into the grandiloquent language of the nineteenth century altruist, and now proclaims that it has found, or resuscitated, a doctrine far greater, better, and more divine than that of the meek Nazarene, to whom it concedes an allegiance and respect no greater than it does to one of its made-up Mahatmas.

MAKING STEADY GAINS.

And yet it is winning followers. Steadily and confidently its advance guard is marching forward, and at every proclamation of its pretentious claims is gathering recruits to its standard, promising anything, everything that may tempt onward aspiring humanity; stealing from them the image of their Redeemer and pretending to offer themselves as redeemers in his stead—and redeemers not for their souls alone, but for their bodies and every ill which flesh is heir to. "They would give their very lives," they declare, "if life might serve as redemption for the poor, the outcast, and the vile. Into the blackness of darkness wherein humanity is submerged steps Theosophy once more with word of hope, nay, of certainty of cure. It explains the evils while it points the sure way of escape. With the glorious truth of Reincarnation the good of every effort upward stands unchallengeable, for every effort means one step upward on the ladder up which our race is climbing. Theosophy lifts the hopelessness from social conditions; it shows the way to perfect self-sacrifice; it teaches Reincarnation, Karma, Brotherhood. These are some of the reasons why you should be a Theosophist."

ITS PRETENSIONS.

And what would the practical acceptation of its Reincarnation, Karma, Brotherhood, mean to the world if Theosophy realized its ambitions and persuaded humanity into this modern fetichism? There is not a vagary that the human mind can conceive but it is possible to capture other human minds by it. And so it is with this belief in reincarnation, conceived by the vague fancies of man's intellect when the race was in its primal stage and nature was so near to man that he endowed it with his own life, thinking that in the clod of earth and the brute that crouched at his feet, he recognized the same force that stirred within himself, and not realizing in his yet unenlightened intellect the soul that made him master of creation. How could humanity to-day accept a doctrine from which the heart and mind revolts by every instinct of nature? Think of the mother bending for the first time over the babe of her bosom, with her heart full of the sweet consciousness that it is all her own, bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh, and that its infant soul came as a fresh and pure breath of God, and then remembering that it is, after all, only the Ego of some soul that has been reborn again for the millionth millionth time, perhaps; doomed once more to the travail of the flesh; stained with the sins and scarred by the errors of numberless previous existences; that though it is now clothed in all the exquisite beauty of infantine nature, it had once perhaps been encased in the form of a hideous monster or trodden under foot as a reptile of the earth. And this is one of the three truths with which Theosophy would redeem the world, and the greatest of the three!

And Karma? What meaning does that word hold to the Theosophist?—a word which literally signifies action. It means the power through which he manipulates hidden forces in nature and works his way outside the veil that hides the invisible, and ventures into the unhallowed regions where man should tremble to tread unless the Angel of God lead him by the hand; and sees visions and dreams dreams that sound, healthy, normal human nature shrinks back from aghast.

These are the things which one finds within the veiled inner tabernacles of the temples of this "Hidden Wisdom," when he has passed beyond the allurements of its outer courts. No wonder the faces of its high-priestesses and ministers grow dark and their eyes wear the look of those whose inner vision is troubled by sights that are unwelcome to human kind.

MRS. KATHERINE TINGLEY, HIGH-PRIESTESS OF THEOSOPHY IN AMERICA.

Such are the pretensions of Theosophy, however. So much has it assumed and assimilated to itself of the teachings and principles of Christianity, that it might seem at first sight impossible to find a flaw in the stronghold behind which it has entrenched itself. It has soared far above and away from the reach of the arrows of controversy by accepting everything and denying nothing, by having no dogmas to be attacked, no beliefs to profess, no church to defend, no party to support. "It takes no sides in the endless quarrels that rend society, and embitter national, social, and personal life. It seeks to draw no man away from his religion, but rather impels him to seek in the depths of his own religion for the spiritual nourishment he needs."* Thus does it address itself to the uninitiated, thus does it make concessions to the liberalism of the day, and by such pretensions does it win adherents to its theories. So colossal is its belief in its own tremendous assertions that honest argument retreats in scorn and leaves as unanswerable a spiritual egoism which is unimaginable to a practical mind.

Most theories that are born or "reincarnated" into our modern world are, some time or other, put upon the witness stand and made to suffer the quizzing of a curious public. But Theosophy has so loftily pursued its way onward through the crowd, and has played so much the will-o'-the-wisp among the religions, that only those who have long since forsaken the beaten paths of common sense in their religious beliefs find time or pleasure to pursue its preternatural wanderings into the domain beyond the material world.

MADAME BLAVATSKY, THE FOUNDER.

Modern or reincarnated Theosophy, as it is taught to-day by the Theosophical Society, was born in New York in 1875. Previous to that time its disciples or its teachers were almost unknown to the Western world, or what is almost the same, were not talked about either in the press or lecture-hall. Its teaching had, of course, some secret followers among European nations—the absurdly mystical society of the Rosicrucians in the seventeenth century were followers of this teaching—but its unpopular practices and extraordinary beliefs could not find a comfortable home within the pale of European civilization until the last quarter of this century, which has, perhaps, witnessed more incredible and widespread manifestations of the versatility of the human mind in its acceptance and rejection of religious beliefs than any century in the Christian era. However, in order to be presentable to the practical modern mind, it would not do to bring forward this "Wisdom Religion" in its unfamiliar and uncouth Eastern dress. It would not do to import in all his native excellences one of its veiled prophets from the valleys of Thibet. Its rebirth in Western form was realized through the medium of Madame Helena Blavatsky, who, though repulsive to both the popular mind and the popular eye from her

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* *Introduction to Theosophy.* By Annie Besant.

MME. HELENA P. BLAVATSKY.

very unattractive personality and unlovely appearance, is declared by her followers the high-priestess of Theosophy, and described by them as one of "clean life, of open mind, a pure heart, an eager intellect, an unveiled spiritual perception, a brotherliness for all, a constant eye to the ideal of human progress and perfection." The devotion and zeal of her followers was, however, unable to shield her from the jibes of the popular, materialistic mind. The enterprising modern reporter found too good capital in her extraordinary manifestations of the spirit world to let her escape from his clutches. Through such a medium her philosophy, a strayling from the Orient, would never have thriven in the hardy atmosphere of Western civilization had not this unwieldy and ill-tempered Russian mystic found a successor on whom to drop the mantle of her esoteric wisdom; one who had sufficient apprehension of the religious characteristics of our day to present her philosophy in a form that would be pleasing and welcome to the popular mind. Such a disciple did Mme. Blavatsky find in Mrs. Annie Besant—"one of the most remarkable Englishwomen of the apostolic type of this generation," some one has said of her. She who was called at the time of her conversion to Theosophy "the Saul of the materialistic platform" became the leader, and has continued to be the exponent, of a spiritual philosophy incomprehensible in its conceptions to a materialistic mind.

ANNIE BESANT, THE APOSTLE.

The success of Theosophy, at least in our time, it does not seem too much to say, is so centred around this one woman that a study of her character and the peculiarity of her mental and spiritual gifts and tendencies may in itself be a sufficient index in tracing the causes which have led to the development of Theosophic philosophy—a philosophy which has so leaped over the barriers of orthodox Christian belief that none of the ordinary methods of refutation of the latter seem able to compass it or explain it.

Annie Besant is the living embodiment of that spirit which broods over the face of the non-Catholic world to-day. The history of her soul is an allegory of the birth, the development, and the maturity of nineteenth-century Protestantism.

She once declared that "the deepest craving of her nature was a longing to serve as a ransom for the race." Her life may, indeed, prove a prophecy that will point the way to a world gone astray and wandering from the fold of Christ. The annals of religious biography do not contain a life-story more touching, more full of heart-penetrating pathos, than hers.

She had a happy, healthy girlhood, spent in companionship with her kind in an ideal home in Devonshire, England. No morbid influences, no unhealthy associations either in childhood or youth, can be discovered as responsible for the development of her extraordinary tendencies towards occultism in her later life. She had a nature so religious, a mind so orthodox in its habits of thought, that those who knew her even in her days of professed atheism said that "it was the religiousness of her irreligion that alone made the latter formidable." Her temperament, although versatile, seemed well balanced and normal, there being blended in her nature the staidness of the British on her father's side and an Irish emotionalism inherited from her mother's side.

The perversion of her nature from Christianity may not be accountable to any of the ordinary causes that first lead sceptical minds away from orthodox faith. She followed no calm, logical course of reasoning in her progress from evangelical Protestantism to infidelity. She had none of the traits of the sceptic in her nature ; her mind and heart and soul were too wide and deep for irreligiousness to fetter them within its narrow limits. There was not the pride of intellect in her which made her scorn to conform to the outward religious symbolism which she believed expressed an inward grace. She tried to find satisfaction, and she did find some pleasure, though it was short lived, in an adherence to and a practice of Anglicanism. Before she had been led on thus far, she had sifted out for herself the untenable teachings of her early evangelicanism from the writings of the Fathers, and wrote that "the contrast between these and the doctrines of the primitive Christian Church would have driven me over to Rome had it not been for the proofs afforded by Pusey and his co-workers that the English Church might be Catholic, although non-Roman. But for them I should certainly have joined the Papal communion ; for, if the church of the early centuries be compared with that of Rome and Geneva, there is no doubt that Rome shows marks of primitive Christianity of which Geneva is entirely devoid." What comfort this anchorage to Pusey and his pseudo-Catholicism proved to her in the supreme moment before she took the final plunge into the blackness of unbelief and atheism is recounted in a sketch of her at that time. "There are few pages in contemporaneous annals," says the writer, "more touching, more simple, and more dramatic than those in which Mrs. Besant tells of her pilgrimage to Oxford to Dr. Pusey, to see whether, as a last forlorn hope, the eminent leader of the High-Church party might happily be able to save her from the abyss. She recounts the comfortless interview, and adds: 'Slowly and sadly I took my way back to the railway station, knowing that my last chance of escape had failed me.'" *

They were rather natural than supernatural causes which

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* Would that her visit had been to Newman instead of to Pusey !

were obviously the occasion of this unhappy condition of her religious state. Out of loyalty to her church, and thinking that through it she might satisfy her aspirations to devote her life to the service of her Master and the poor whom he loved, she consented to become the wife of one of the ministers of that church, believing that in such a relation she would realize her religious dreams more fully. "She could not be the Bride of Heaven," as one of her biographers remarks laconically, and therefore she became the wife of Rev. Frank Besant. "If she had been a Catholic," this same writer declares, "she would have become a nun and spent the rest of her days in ecstatic devotion, finding all the consolation that worldly women find in husband and lover in the mystic figure of the Crucified."

It seems that the mistake of her life was a proneness to invest human nature with the divinity of the Christian ideal as she conceived it, and towards which she herself aspired, and then, after having deified human nature, to find that her idols had feet of clay. She felt within herself the capacity for illimitable ambition towards the attainment of this ideal, and a burning desire to sacrifice herself and all things for it, and with the humility of a great soul could not conceive that she was singular among her fellows in the nobility of her purposes and aims; that they were satisfied with a lower standard and she was not; that the erroneousness of their interpretation of the Christian teaching was not manifest to their less spiritual and less truth-loving natures as it was to hers.

The revolt of her intellect, heart, and soul against what was incapable of satisfying them came at last, worked out through a series of human experiences little short of a prolonged moral martyrdom.

DRIFTING INTO ATHEISM.

Suppressing the almost uncontrollable aspirations within her for a spiritual food of which her narrow Protestantism was barren, she fettered herself with the duties entailed upon her by her position as wife of a vicar of a small Anglican community, and struggled along with secret doubt and craving for the light torturing her inmost soul. Down into the deepest depths of spiritual darkness and horror was her spirit led, with no hand stretched out to draw her back again to the Way, the Truth, and the Life. Like one to whom a stone is cast when hunger is gnawing at his vitals, they offered her the dry bones of their false doctrines to nourish her starving soul.

Her physical strength at last broke under the mighty stress of her spirit in its vain struggles, and she was prostrated for weeks in helpless sickness caused by the suffering of brain and nerves for which no solace seemed to be had from human skill. When nature struggled back again, and rest and sleep came to her, she set herself to work once more in search of a way by which to refute and conquer the temptation to unbelief that was working such havoc in her soul. Hither and thither she went, reading, conversing, searching for proofs upon which to rebuild the basis of her faith, but came no nearer to the central point than before. She tried to disengage her mind from the ceaseless strife within her by occupying herself more and more with the external works of charity which she found at hand to do in her husband's parish. Once again her health gave way. During a visit to London she met an exponent of Theism who attracted her for awhile to that belief, which, however, gave her only temporary satisfaction. This led her to the next step, the rejection of the beliefs of the Christian faith, "all but one," says her biographer. "Not all her reading of Theodore Parker and Francis Newman and Miss Cobbe had been able to rob her of her faith in the Deity of Christ. She clung to it all the more closely because it was the last, and to her the dearest of all. She at first shrank from beginning an inquiry the result of which might entail upon her, the wife of a clergyman, the necessity of repudiating all pretence of belonging to the Christian Church. Hitherto her warfare had been in secret, her suffering solely mental. But if this last doctrine were to go, 'to the inner would be added the outer warfare, and who could say how far this would carry me.' She shivered for a moment on the brink and then took the plunge."*

HER YEARNING FOR A SOUL-SATISFYING SPIRITUALITY.

Then came the time of her real crucifixion of spirit. She was given the choice between a life of professed hypocrisy by remaining a member of the church of her husband and following, externally at least, its formula and creed, or banishment from home and children and friends. Could she accept the latter, when to be even present at the administration of the "Holy Communion overcame her with a deadly sickness," so that she could not remain in the church? Though at this time but twenty-six, and inexperienced in any lines of professional work through which she might earn a respectable living for

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* William T. Stead in *Review of Reviews*, December, 1891.

ANNIE BESANT WHEN SHE BECAME A THEOSOPHIST.

herself, she did not hesitate to face the world alone with her baby daughter, whom the law had permitted her the custody of on her separation from her husband. She took refuge with her mother, between whom and herself was a deep and tender attachment; but the former dying soon after this, she was left again alone, severed from all human ties, with a woman's heart full of a woman's yearning for trust and sympathy and love with her fellow-creatures; seeking and finding no way through which to give expression to this yearning and to satisfy the aspirations of her nature. It was during this period of struggle against actual poverty, and even deprivation of the necessaries of existence, that she learned her first lessons in the Socialistic doctrine of which she afterwards became such a fierce exponent. The cause of humanity, as expounded by Socialism, got into her head and affected her like new wine. From one phase of it to another she was hurried on, until an expressed advocacy

ANNIE BESANT TO-DAY.

of neo-Malthusian principles brought upon her a storm of public censure which thrust her again outside the pale of popular sympathy. She had got as far as Atheism, and had likewise become associated with Charles Bradlaugh in the "sacred cause" of free thought, as a lecturer and also as a writer on the *National Reformer*. She had reached the farthermost limit of unbelief; the last vestige of faith in the supernatural had been wrested from her. And yet, as she has since written of herself, at this time she did not say "There is no God," but she felt that she herself was "without God." She could not conceive him as the being whom she had to accept as manifested in the doctrine and lives of those who had presented religion to her. She could not pray to such a one, as she would not profess what her heart denied. But she said sadly of this loss of faith in prayer: "God fades gradually out of the daily life of those who never pray; a God who is not a providence is a superfluity. When from the heavens do not smile a listening Father it soon becomes an empty space, whence resounds no echo of man's cry."

No wonder that a God-loving soul such as hers should be thrown back again, as with the force of desperation, into a belief in the supernatural which, though false and non-Christian in its character, yet promulgates a philosophy which to her seemed the full and sufficient answer to the materialism of the day from which her intellect so strongly reacted, and which teaches so zealously that love for her fellow-creature which burned so strongly in her own heart.

In this new philosophy she seems to have reached the ultimatum of all her aspirations. She has brought into what was nothing more than an esoteric system of belief, cultivated by a few students of Eastern occultism, a spirit that has developed in this system a life and a power which have produced, in a decade of years, results that at most stand as evidence of the natural tendency of the human heart towards belief in the supernatural.

CHRIST IDEALS THE STRENGTH OF THEOSOPHY.

It is, however, not because of the extraordinary gifts with which she seems to be endowed, according to the belief of her followers, in acting as a medium between them and the "Great Masters" whose teaching she imparts, that Annie Besant is to-day the leader of this altogether too widespread religion. It is because she has still innate within her the same desire to realize the ideal for which she sought in vain in those first days of her striving for the truth, and she has clothed the bare bones of the old Theosophic teaching, which is no more than Buddhism modernized, with the beauty of Christian truth and Christian ideals. It is not from the indefinable and unimaginable spirits of the Theosophic heaven that she has learned those lofty sentiments regarding the welfare of the human race. It is because her life, as the life of every child of Adam who in the darkness of its earthly pilgrimage cries out for the light, has been touched by that "light that enlighteneth every man who cometh into the world." It is the Christian soul within her that speaks; her ideals are but the reflections caught from the Christ ideal, her teachings but the borrowed sentiments of the Gospel truths.

It would not have been possible for Annie Besant to have diverged so far from Christianity if she had learned the alphabet of its teachings more correctly in the beginning. What she knows and has experienced of it, seems to have been made up of a most incongruous mixture of Calvinistic and of Anglican doctrines. She affirms that "the theory of popular and ecclesiastical Christianity (now being so rapidly outgrown) regards mankind as a race *essentially* corrupt, cursed at its fall by its incensed Creator, and thenceforth lying under the wrath of God. In order that *some* of this race may be saved, God becomes incarnate, and, suffering in the place of man, redeems him from the consequences of the fall."

It is easy to understand how the revulsion from such doctrines as total depravity and its corollaries would so react upon such a nature as to bring her to the extreme view of the Theosophic teaching, which regards "every man as a potential Christ," that the "divine in man is an essential property, not an external gift."

She goes on to argue that Theosophic teaching comes into conflict with Christianity, because "if man's heart be naturally corrupt, if that which is deepest in him be evil and not righteous, if he turn naturally towards the bad, and can with difficulty only be turned towards the good, it seems reasonable to allure him to the distasteful good with promises of future happiness, and to scare him from fascinating bad with threats of future pain. Whereas, if man's nature be essentially noble, and even in its darkness seeks for light, and in its bondage yearns for liberty, then all this coaxing with heaven and threatening with hell becomes an irrelevant impertinence, for man's innermost longing is then for purity and not for heavenly pleasure, his innermost shrinking is from foulness and not from hellish pain."* Herein has she defined the true Catholic doctrine, as in the former definition she has given the perverted one as formulated by Calvinism. "Well done, Luther," Father Hecker used to say, "well and consistently done; when you have proclaimed man totally depraved, you have properly made his religion a Cain-like flight from the face of his Maker and his kindred by your doctrine of predestination."

"Existence cannot be conceived otherwise than as good, without outraging the divine perfections of the Creator," Father Hecker wrote in his *Aspirations of Nature*. "To think of the essence of our being, or existence, as wholly corrupt or evil, *or evil at all*, is to make God the author of that which is contrary to his nature." Man is, and can but be, *essentially good;* and the doctrine of essential or total depravity, taught by Protestantism, makes God the author of evil.

"The corruption of human nature," says Bellarmine, "does not come from the want of any natural gift, or from the accession of any evil quality, but simply from the loss of a supernatural gift on account of Adam's sin." All of which is the drawing out of the teaching affirmed as *de fide* by the Council of Trent, that the nature of man, body and soul, was not poisoned, corrupted, depraved; but was simply changed from something better to something worse. "Secundum corpus et animam in deterius commutatum fuisse." Deprived, to be sure, of the gifts of original justice which were gratuitously superadded to man's nature by a generous Creator, and in no sense essential to it, so that in the fall man's nature was not left totally depraved, but essentially good.

Oh! the pity of it, that human souls so yearning for the truth and essence of Christianity should try and try in vain to slake their thirst at those streams from the fountain head which have been fouled by the taint of heresy, and that they should have drunk poison where they sought the waters of life!

ITS VOICE THE VOICE OF JACOB.

Whatever is admirable in Theosophy can easily be paralleled by something more admirable in Christianity. In fact, its most attractive dress and its most winning ways are but the garb and teachings of the lowly Nazarene.

In Mrs. Besant's definition of virtue the keynote of the

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* *Theosophy and Christianity.* By Annie Besant.

Catholic spirit has been struck: "It is not a blind submission to an external law imposed upon man by an extra-cosmic Deity; it is the glad unfolding of the inner life in conscious obedience to an internal impulse, which seeks expression in the external life."

In the words of a Hindu, in his death agony, she thinks she has found the highest expression of heroic virtue: "Virtue is a service man owes himself; and though there were no heaven nor any God to rule the world, it were not less the binding law of life. It is man's privilege to know the right and to follow it. Betray and persecute me, brother men! Pour out your rage on me, O malignant devils! Smile or watch my agony with cold disdain, ye blissful gods! Earth, hell, heaven, combine your might to crush me! I will still hold fast by this inheritance."*

"There," she exclaims, "speaks the heroic soul! and what need has such a soul of promise of happiness in heaven, since it seeks to do the right and not to enjoy?" And has the Christian struck no higher note than this in spiritual heroism?

"O Deus, ego amo Te;
Nec amo Te ut salves me,
Aut quia non amantem Te
Æterno punis igne. . . .

"Non ut in cœlo salves me,
Aut ne æternum damnes me,
Nec præmii ullius spe,
Sed sicut Tu amasti me."—

cried St. Francis Xavier; and in his cry he has uttered the deepest, truest sentiments of the Christian heart: "My God, I love thee; not because I hope for heaven thereby, nor yet because who love thee not are lost eternally; not for the sake of winning heaven, nor of escaping hell; not for the hope of gaining aught, nor seeking a reward; but as thyself has loved me, O ever-loving Lord!"

AN OLD HERESY REVIVED.

Theosophy tries to prove the antiquity of its moral and spiritual teaching, and to show that Christianity is but a new expression of what long antedated Christianity and was manifested in other religions as in Buddhism and Hinduism.

It is but a fresh form of an old heresy, a new weapon that

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* *Theosophy and Christianity.* By Annie Besant.

Satan has employed to work against the spreading of the kingdom of Christ and belief in his divinity. If the disciples of Buddha or of Krishna realized in their lives the same teachings which animate the Christian and lead him to heavenly things, it was not because of Buddha or of Krishna but because of Christ! The Incarnation of the Son of God began in its effect not on Calvary but in the soul of Adam, and the merits of his Precious Blood belonged no less to the countless millions who lived before his coming than to those who stood beneath his cross.

The Buddhist in his devotion to ideals of purity and self-sacrifice, the Hindu in his passion for heroism and suffering, were but the manifestations of the essential good in man's nature which was one day to be shown forth in full perfection in the Christian ideal.

Theosophy has planted itself at the outposts, and as the fragments from the wreck of Christian beliefs work their way outside, it allures them within its exoteric temples with promises of making them disciples, and who knows but in time Mahatmas, even the Great Teachers of its esoteric wisdom?

AND WHAT WILL BE THE END?

When it shall have led those who have sought refuge from Protestant Christianity through its devious ways; when it shall have made them believe that they have passed through a series of re-births for myriads of years; that they have reached a state beyond all desire; "have entered and passed, by the Path of Knowledge, to that lofty state wherein a soul serene in its own strength, calm in its own wisdom, has stilled every impulse of the senses, is absolutely master over every movement of the mind, dwelling within the nine-gated city of its abode, neither acting nor causing to act—a state of isolation great in its power and its wisdom, great in its absolute detachment from all that is transitory, and ready to enter into Brahman; when even beyond this the soul passes, by the Path of Devotion or of love, to the realization of Brotherhood, above the state of isolation, to that of renunciation wherein it has become even free from Karma—free because it desires nothing save to serve, save to help, save to reach onward to union with its Lord, and outward to union with men." * Ah! at the end of it all, note how the climax reaches again, though led by false and unfamiliar ways, to

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* *Devotion and the Spiritual Life.* By Annie Besant.

nothing less and nothing more than that supreme aspiration of the human heart—"union with its Lord"; how naturally, how almost inadvertently, do the very terms and common expressions of the Christian lend themselves to voice the soul-yearning of the creature for the Creator, of union with him. Yes; but not by the unnatural exercise of his faculties as taught by Theosophy, not by the wrenching from their places in the natural order of things the forces of nature to produce phenomena revolting to the normal state of man.

From all this these perverted human souls will react, and return again to tread the Christian road to God, when the message of the world's salvation—ET INCARNATUS EST—ET HOMO FACTUS EST—shall once more be accepted by them in the full sense that the Catholic Church alone accepts it; and in which no creed, no church, no philosophy to-day accepts it; that truth which means no less than the bridging over of the chasm between the Creator and the creature, the Infinite and the finite, the hypostatic union of the Divine with the human; that union which had been in the view and purpose of God from all eternity, and to effect which the Incarnation would have taken place even had there been no fall of man, for Christ would have come to us as our Brother, even had he not come as our Redeemer.

Against belief in this, and to pervert and blind and deafen man's consciousness of this, has Satan striven from the day when the scoffing Jew passed under the cross and mockingly bade Christ, if he be the Son of God, descend and save himself, unto these days of polished heresies under whose high-sounding and pretentious praise of "the Christ" is no less hidden the scoff of Satan at Him who came to destroy his reign over men's hearts and to therein establish his own kingdom.

But surely the malice of Christ's enemy has aimed a blow more cutting than the buffet of the soldier's hand in the court of Annas, when he has used woman's heart and brain to conceive and propagate teachings which have as their conclusion only another affront to the august divinity of the Son of God, by presenting him merely as one among the leaders or founders or exponents of the "Hidden Wisdom," which was conceived as well by Krishna, Osiris, Confucius, or Buddha. Thus does it give expression to its blasphemy against the Son of God. Buddha reposing in his harem, and the hideous idol of the Hindu god, presents to the Theosophic mind objects as worthy of esteem as the majestic form of the thorn-crowned Man of

Sorrows. Surely Satan has accomplished the last insult which in that day he failed to fling at Christ. He could not, so the Gospel story proves, turn the heart and hand of woman against Jesus from his cradle to his tomb.

" Not she with trait'rous kiss her Saviour stung,
Not she denied him with unholy tongue;
She, when Apostles shrank, could danger brave—
Last at his cross and earliest at his grave."

UN PRÊTRE MANQUÉ.*

BY REV. P. A. SHEEHAN.

I.

HE kept his school in a large town in the County Waterford. His range of attainments was limited; but what he knew he knew well, and could impart it to his pupils. He did his duty conscientiously by constant, unremitting care, and he emphasized his teachings by frequent appeals to the ferule.

However, on one day in midsummer it would be clearly seen that all hostilities were suspended and a truce proclaimed. This one day in each year was eagerly looked forward to by the boys. The master would come in dressed in his Sunday suit, with a white rose in his button-hole, and a smile—a deep, broad, benevolent smile—on his lips, which, to preserve his dignity, he would vainly try to conceal. No implement of torture was visible on that day; and the lessons were repeated, not with the usual rigid formalism but in a perfunctory manner, *ad tempus terendum.* Twelve o'clock struck, the master struck the desk and cried:

"Donovan, take the wheelbarrow and bring down Master Kevin's portmanteau from the station."

Then there was anarchy. Forms were upset, desks overturned, caps flung high as the rafters, and a yell, such as might be given by Comanches around the stake, broke from three hundred boys as they rushed pell-mell from the school. The master would make a feeble effort at restoring order, but his pride in his boy, coming home from Maynooth, stifled the habitual tyranny which brooked no disobedience nor disorder. In two long lines the boys, under the command of some natural leader, would be drawn up in front of the school. In half an hour the wheelbarrow and trunk would be rolled up the gravelled walk; then the expected hero would appear. One tremendous salvo of cheers, and then a glorious holiday!

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* There is no word in the English language to express the failure of a student who has just put his foot within the precincts of the sanctuary, and been rejected. Up to quite a recent period such an ill-fated youth was regarded by the Irish peasantry with a certain amount of scorn, not unmingled with superstition. Happily, larger ideas are being developed even on this subject; and not many now believe that no good fortune can ever be the lot of him who has made the gravest initial mistake of his life.

II.

There was, however, amongst these young lads one to whom the home-coming of the Maynooth student was of special interest. He was a fair-haired, delicate boy, with large, wistful blue eyes, that looked at you as if they saw something behind and beyond you. He was a bit of a dreamer, too; and when the other lads were shouting at play, he went alone to some copse or thicket, and with a book, or more often without one, would sit and think, and look dreamily at floating clouds or running stream, and then, with a sigh, go back to the weary desk again. Now, he had one idol enshrined in the most sacred recesses of his heart, and that was Kevin O'Donnell. It is quite probable his worship commenced when he heard his sisters at home discussing the merits of this young student in that shy, half-affectionate, half-reverential manner in which Irish girls were wont to speak of candidates for the priesthood. And when he heard, around the winter fireside, stories of the intellectual prowess of his hero, in that exaggerated fashion which the imagination of the Irish people so much affects, he worshipped in secret this "Star of the South," and made desperate vows on sleepless nights to emulate and imitate him. What, then, was his delight when, on one of these glorious summer holidays, the tall, pale-faced student, "lean," like Dante, "from much thought," came and invited all his friends to the tea and music that were dispensed at the school-house on Sunday evenings; and when he turned round and, placing his hand on the flaxen curls of the boy, said:

"And this little man must come too; I insist on it."

Oh! these glorious summer evenings, when the long yellow streamers of the sun lit up the dingy school-house, and the master, no longer the Rhadamanthus of the ruler and rattan, but the magician and conjurer, drew the sweetest sounds from the old violin, and the girls, in their Sunday dresses, swept round in dizzy circles; when the tea and lemonade, and such fairy cakes went round, and the hero, in his long black coat, came over and asked the child how he enjoyed himself, and the boy thought it was heaven, or at least the vestibule and atrium thereof! But even this fairy-land was nothing to the home-coming, when the great tall student lifted the sleepy boy on his shoulders, and wrapped him round against the night air with the folds of his great Maynooth cloak, that was clasped with brass chains that ran through lions' heads, and took him out under the stars, and the warm summer air played around them; and in a delicious half-dream they went home, and the child dreamt of fairy princesses and celestial music, and all was incense and adulation before his idol and prodigy. Ah! the dreams of childhood. What a heaven they would make this world, if only children could speak, and if only their elders would listen!

So two or three years sped by, and then came a rude shock. For one day in the early summer, the day on which the students were expected home, and the boys were on the tiptoe of expectation for their glorious holiday, a quiet, almost inaudible whisper went round that there was something wrong. The master came into school in his ordinary dress; there was no rose in his button-hole; he was quiet, painfully, pitifully quiet; he looked aged, and there were a few wrinkles round his mouth never seen before. A feeling of awe crept over the faces of the boys. They feared to speak. The sight of the old man going around listlessly, without a trace of the old fury, touched them deeply. They would have preferred one of his furious explosions of passion. Once in the morning he lifted the rattan to a turbulent young ruffian, but, after swishing it in the air, he let it fall, like one paralyzed, to the ground, and then he broke the stick across his knees, and flung the fragments from the window. The boys could have cried for him. He dismissed them at twelve o'clock, and they dispersed without a cheer. What was it all? Was Kevin dead?

By-and-by, in whispers around the hearth, he heard that Kevin was coming home no more. Some one whispered: "He was expelled"; but this supposition was rejected angrily. "He would never be priested," said another.

"Why?"

"No one knows. The professors won't tell."

And some said they expected it all along; "these great stars fall sometimes; he was too proud and stuck-up, he wouldn't spake to the common people—the ould neighbors." But in most hearts there was genuine regret, and the deepest sympathy for the poor father and mother, to whom this calamity meant the deepest disgrace. They would never lift their heads again. Often, for hours together, Kevin's mother would linger around the fireside, receiving such sympathy as only Irish hearts can give. Her moans sank deep into the soul of the listening child.

"Sure I thought that next Sunday I would see my poor boy in vestments at the altar of God, and then I could die happy. Oh, wirra, wirra! oh, Kevin! Kevin! what did you do? what did you at all, at all? When he was a little weeshy fellow he used to be playing at saying Mass—'Dominus vobiscum,' and his little sisters used to be serving. Once his father beat him because he thought it wasn't right. And I said: 'Let the boy alone, James; sure you don't know what God has in store for him. Who knows but one day we'll be getting his blessing.' Oh, my God, thy will be done!"

"How do you know yet?" the friends would say; "perhaps he's only gone to Dublin, and may be home to-morrow."

"Thank you kindly, ma'am, but no. Sure his father read the letter for me. 'Good-by, father,' it said, 'good-by, mother; you'll never see me again. But I've done nothing to disgrace ye. Would father let me see his face once more? I'll be passing by on the mail to-morrow on my way to America.'"

"And did he go to see him?"

"Oh, no! he wouldn't. His heart was that black against his son he swore he should never see his face again."

"Wisha, then," the women would say, "how proud he is! What did the poor boy do? I suppose he never made a mistake himself, indeed!"

But the young girls kept silent. They had mutely taken down the idol from their shrine, or rather drawn the dark veil of pitying forgetfulness over it. A student refused orders was something too terrible. The star had fallen in the sea.

His little friend, however, was loyal to the heart's core. He knew that his hero had done no wrong. He was content to wait and see him justified. He would have given anything to have been able to say a parting word. If he had known Kevin was passing by, shrouded in shame, he would have made his way to the station and braved even the hissing engine, that was always such a terror to him, to touch the hand of his friend once more and assure him of his loyalty. He thought with tears in his eyes of the lonely figure crossing the dread Atlantic; and his nurse was sure he was in for a fit of illness, for the boy moaned in his sleep, and there were tears on his cheeks at midnight.

But from that day his son's name never passed his father's lips. He had passed in his own mind the cold, iron sentence: "Non ragionam di lor."

III.

The years sped on relentlessly. Never a word came from the exiled student. In a few months the heart-broken mother died. The great school passed into the hands of monks, and the master, in his old age, had to open a little school in the suburbs of the town. Families had been broken up and dispersed, and event after event had obliterated every vestige of the little tragedy, even to the names of the chief actors or sufferers. But in the heart of the little boy, Kevin O'Donnell's name was written in letters of fire and gold. His grateful memory held fast its hero. Then he, too, had to go to college—and for the priesthood. On his very entrance into his diocesan seminary he was asked his name and birthplace. When he mentioned the latter a young professor exclaimed:

"Why, Kevin O'Donnell was from there!"

The boy nearly choked. A few weeks after, his heart in his mouth, he timidly approached the professor, and asked:

"Did you know Kevin O'Donnell?"

"Why, of course," said the priest; "he was a class-fellow of mine."

"What was—was—thought of him in Maynooth?"

"Why, that he was the cleverest, ablest, jolliest, dearest fellow that ever lived. You couldn't help loving him. He swept the two soluses in his logic year, led his class up to the second year's divinity, then fell away, but again came to the front easily in his fourth. We used to say that he 'thought in Greek.'"

"And why did he leave? Why wasn't he ordained?"

"Ah! there's the mystery; and it is a clever man that could answer it. No one knows."

They became great friends by reason of this common love for the disgraced student, and one evening in the early summer the professor told the boy all he knew. He had an attentive listener. The conversation came around in this way. Something in the air, or the glance of the sun, or some faint perfume of hyacinth or early rose, awoke remembrances in the mind of the boy, and he said, as they sat under some dwarfed elms:

"This reminds me of Kevin and his holidays at home. The same summer evening, the same sunlight—only a little faded to me—the old school-room lighted up by the sunset, the little musical parties, the young ladies in their white dresses, my head swimming round as they danced by in polka and schottische—"

"Ha!" said the professor. But, recovering himself, he said hastily:

"Well, go on!"

"Oh, nothing more!" said the boy; "but my homeward rides on Kevin's shoulders, and the long folds of his cloak wrapped around me, and—and—how I worshipped him!"

There was a pause, the professor looking very solemn and thoughtful.

"But, father," said the boy, "you never told me. How did it all happen?"

"This way," said the professor, shaking himself from his reverie. "You must know, at least you will know some time, that there is in Maynooth one day—a day of general judgment, a 'Dies iræ, dies illa'—before which the terrors of Jehosaphat, far away as they are, pale into utter insignificance. It is the day of the 'Order list'—or, in plainer language, it is the dread morning when those who are deemed worthy are called to Orders, and those who are deemed unworthy are rejected. It is a serious ordeal to all. Even the young logician, who is going to be called to tonsure only, looks with fearful uncertainty to his chances. It is always a stinging disgrace to be set aside—or, in college slang, 'to be clipped.' But for the fourth year's divine, who is finishing his course, it is the last chance: and woe to him if he fails! He goes out into the world with the brand of shame upon him, and men augur no good of his future. Now, our friend Kevin had been unmercifully 'clipped' up to the last day. Why, we could not ascertain. He was clever, too clever; he had no great faults of character; he was a little careful, perhaps foppish, in his dress; he affected a good deal of culture and politeness; but, so far as we could see, and students are the best judges, there was nothing in his conduct or character to unfit him for the sacred office. But we don't know. There are no mistakes made in that matter. Students who are unfit sometimes steal into the sanctuary, but really fit and worthy students are never rejected. There may be mistakes in selection; there are none in rejection. Well, the fateful morning came. We were all praying for poor Kevin. The most impenetrable silence is kept by the professors on this matter. Neither by word nor sign could we guess what chances he had; and this added to our dread interest in him. In fact, nothing else was talked of but Kevin's chances;

and I remember how many and how diverse were the opinions entertained about them. The bell rang, and we all trooped into the Senior Prayer-Hall. We faced the altar—three hundred and fifty anxious students, if I except the deacons and subdeacons, who, with their books—that is, their breviaries—under their arms, looked jaunty enough. I was one of them, for I was ordained deacon the previous year, and I was certain of my call to priesthood; but my heart was like lead. Kevin walked in with me.

"'Cheer up, old man,' I said; 'I tell you it will be all right. Come sit near me.' His face was ashen, his hands cold and trembling. He picked up the end of his soutane, and began to open and close the buttons nervously. The superiors—four deans, the vice-president, and president—came in and took their places in the gallery behind us, and at the end of the hall. An awful silence filled the place. Then the president began, after a brief formula, to call out rapidly in Latin the names of those who were selected "ad primam tonsuram." He passed on to the porters, lectors, the acolytes, the exorcists. Then came the higher orders, and hearts beat anxiously. But this was rapidly over. Then came the solemn words: 'Ad Presbyteratum.' Poor Kevin dropped his soutane, and closed his hands tightly. My name was read out first in alphabetical order. Kevin's name should come in between the names O'Connor and Quinn. The president read rapidly down the list, called:

Gulielmus O'Connor, Dunensis;
Matthæus Quinn, Midensis;

and thus sentence was passed. Kevin was rejected! I heard him start, and draw in his breath rapidly two or three times. I was afraid to look at him. The list was closed. The superiors departed, apparently heedless of the dread desolation they had caused; for nothing is so remarkable in our colleges as the apparent utter indifference of professors and superiors to the feelings or interests of the students. I said 'apparent,' because, as a matter of fact, the keenest interest is felt in every student from his entrance to his departure. He is not only constantly under surveillance, but he is spoken of, canvassed, his character, talents, habits, passed under survey by those grave, solemn men, who preserve, in their intercourse with the students, a sphinx-like silence and indifference, which to many is painful and inexplicable. Well, the ordeal was over; and we rose to depart. Then Kevin turned round and looked at me. He smiled in a ghastly way, and said: 'This little tragedy is over.' I said nothing. Words would have been mockery under such a stunning blow. Nothing else was talked of in the house for the remaining days. There was infinite sympathy for poor Kevin, and even the superiors dropped the veil of reserve and spoke kindly to him. It is customary to ask some one of the superiors the cause of rejection. To keep away from them savors of pride. Kevin went to the vice-president, a kindly old man, and asked why he was deemed unfit for orders. The old priest placed his hands on Kevin's shoulders and said, through his tears:

"Nothing in particular, my dear, but some general want of the ecclesiastical manner and spirit."

"I haven't been a hypocrite," replied Kevin; "I wore my heart on my sleeve. Perhaps if—" he said no more.

The examinations were over. The day for the distribution of prizes came on. The bishops assembled in the prayer-hall. The list of prize-men was called. Kevin was first in theology, first in Scripture, second in ecclesiastical history, first in Hebrew. It was a ghastly farce. Kevin, of course, was not there. Later in the day a deputation of the students of the diocese waited on their bishop. It was a most unusual proceeding. They asked the bishop to ordain Kevin, in spite of the adverse decision of the college authorities. They met under the president's apartments. The bishop, grave and dignified, listened with sympathy, and when their representations had been made, he said he would consult the president. It was a faint gleam of hope. They waited, Kevin in their midst, for three-quarters of an hour, hoping, despairing, anxious. The bishop came down. With infinite pity he looked at Kevin, and said: "I am sorry, Mr. O'Donnell, I can do nothing for you. I cannot contravene the will of the superiors." Then the last hope fled. Next day Kevin was on his way to America. That is all. You'll understand it better when you go to Maynooth."

He did go in due time, and he understood the story better. Like a careful dramatist, he went over scene after scene in the college-life of Kevin. He found his desk, his cell; he sought out every tradition in the college concerning him; and that college, completely sequestrated from the outer world as it is, is very rich in traditions, and tenacious of them. He stood in the wide porch under the president's apartments and pictured the scene of Kevin's final dismissal from the sacred ministry. And the first time he sat in the prayer-hall, at the calling of the Order list, although he himself was concerned, he forgot everything but the picture of his hero, unnerved, despairing, and saw his ghastly smile, and heard: "This little tragedy is over." Once or twice he ventured to ask one of the deans whether he had ever heard of Kevin O'Donnell, and what was the secret of his rejection.

"Ah! yes, he knew him well. Clever, ambitious, rather worldly-minded. Why was he finally thought unfit for orders? Well, there were various opinions. But—no one knew."

It happened that one of the old men-servants knew Kevin well.

"Mr. O'Donnell, of C——? A real gentleman. Wouldn't ask you to clean his boots without giving you half-a-crown. Heard he was a doctor, doing well; was married, and had a large family."

"You heard a lie," said the student, the strongest expression he had ever used. But the thing rankled in his heart. Was his hero dethroned? or was the veil drawn across the shrine? No; but he had seen the feet of clay, under the drapery of the beautiful statue. The Irish instinct cannot understand a married hero.

IV.

The years rolled by. Ah, those years, leaden-footed to the hot wishes of youth, how swiftly, with all their clouds and shadows, and all their misty, nimble radiances, they roll by and break and dissolve into airy nothings against the azure of eternity! Our little hero-worshipper was a priest, and, after some years, was appointed temporarily to a curacy in his native parish. I am afraid he was sentimental, for he loved every stone and tree and bush in the neighborhood. He lived in the past. Here was the wall against which he had played ball—the identical smooth stone, which he had to be so careful to pick out; here was the rough crease, where they had played cricket; here the little valleys where they rolled their marbles; here the tiny trout-stream, where they had fished. How small it seems now! What a broad, terrible river it was to the child of thirty years ago! But he loved to linger most of all around the old school-house, to sit amongst the trees again, and to call up all the radiant dreams that float through the "moonlight of memory." Alas! all, or nearly all, the companions of his childhood had fallen or fled. The few that remained he interrogated often about the past. This, too, with them, was fading into a soft dream. Their children were around their knees, and life was terribly real to them.

One night, again in the soft summer, he was suddenly called to the sick-bed of a dying woman. He hastily dressed and went. The doctor was before him, but reverently made way.

"It will be slow, sir," he said, "and I must wait."

The young priest performed his sacred duties to the dying woman, and then, out of sheer sympathy, he remained sitting by the fire, chatting with the husband of the patient. It appeared that the dispensary doctor was away on another call, and they had taken the liberty to call in this strange doctor, who had been only a few months in the country, and had taken Rock Cottage for a few years. He was a tall, angular man, his face almost concealed under a long, black beard, streaked with white. He was a silent man, it appeared, but very clever. The "head doctors" in Cork couldn't hold a candle to him. He would take no money. He was very good to the poor. His name was Dr. Everard.

The young priest had seen him from time to time, but had never spoken to him. Perhaps his curiosity was piqued to know a little more of him; perhaps he liked him for his kindness to the poor. At any rate, he would remain and walk home with him. Late in the summer night, or rather, early in the summer dawn, the doctor came out from the sick-room and asked for water to wash his hands. He started at seeing the young priest waiting; and the latter passed into the sick woman, who, now relieved, looked pleased and thankful. He said a few kind words and came out quickly. The doctor was just swinging on his broad shoulders a heavy military cloak; and the priest, lifting his eyes, saw the same old lions' heads and the brass chain clasps that he remembered so well in Kevin's cloak so many years ago.

"Our roads lead in the same direction," said the priest. "May I accompany you?"

"Certainly," said the doctor.

It was a lovely summer morning, dawn just breaking roseate and clear, preluding a warm day. The birds were up and alert, trying to get out all the day's programme of song and anthem before the dread heat should drive them to shelter and silence. The river rolled sluggishly along, thin and slow and underfed, for the mountains were dry and barren and the fruitful clouds were afar. No men were stirring. The shops were closely shuttered; but here and there a lamp, left lighted, looked sickly in the clear dawn-light. Their footsteps rang hollow with echoes along the street, and one or two dogs barked in muffled anger as the steps smote on their ears. They had been talking about many things, and the young priest had mentioned casually that this was his native place.

"And there's the very house I was born in." The doctor stopped, and looked curiously at the shuttered house, as if recalling some memories. But he said nothing. At last they left the town; and the priest, rambling on about his reminiscences, and the other listening attentively, they came at last opposite the old school-house, and by some spontaneous impulse they rested their arms on a rude gate and gazed towards it. Then the young priest broke out into his old rhapsody about the summer twilights, and the violin, and the merry dances of the girls, and all those things round which, commonplace though they may be, memory flings a nimbus of light that spiritualizes and beautifies them. And then his own secret hero-worship for the great Kevin, and the ride on his shoulders home from the dance and the supper, and the great cloak that enveloped him—

"Just like yours, with the same brass clasps and chains, that jingled, oh! such music in my memory."

The doctor listened gravely and attentively; then asked:

"And what became of this wonderful Kevin?"

And he was told his history. And how the heart of one faithful friend yearned after him in his shame, and believed in him, and knew, by a secret but infallible instinct, that he was true and good and faithful, although thrust from the sanctuary in shame.

"We may meet yet," continued the young priest; "of course he could not remember me. But it was all sad, pitifully sad; and I am sure he had grave trials and difficulties to overcome. You know it is in moments of depression, rather than of exaltation, that the great temptations come."

"Good-night, or rather good-morning," said the doctor. "What did you say your hero's name was? Kevin—I think—"

"Yes; Kevin O'Donnell," said the priest.

V.

A few weeks after the doctor disappeared, and Rock Cottage was closed again. Twelve months later the young priest was dining with his bishop, and the latter asked him:

"Did you ever hear of a Kevin O'Donnell, from your town?"

"Yes, of course, my lord. He was a Maynooth student many years ago."

"Well, here is a letter from him, from Florence, asking his *exeat*, in order that he may be ordained priest."

A rush of tumultuous delight flushed the cheeks of the young priest, but he only said: "I knew 'twould come all right in the end."

He went home. There was a letter on his desk. Florence was the post-mark. With trembling fingers he read:

CERTOSA, FIRENZE, July 12, 187–.

FRIEND AND CHILD: You have saved a soul! And it is the soul of your early friend, Kevin. Embittered and disappointed, I left Ireland many years ago. Not one kindly word nor friendly grasp was with me in my farewell. I came back to Ireland, successful as to worldly affairs, but bitter and angry towards God and man. I had but one faith left—to do good in a world where I had received naught but evil. Your faith in me has revived my faith in God. I see now that we are in his hands. If a little child could retain the memory of small kindnesses for thirty years, can we think that the great All-Father has forgotten? You are puzzled; you do not know me. Well, I am the doctor with the great cloak, who accompanied you from a sick-call some months ago. I did not know you. I had forgotten your name. But while you spoke, and showed me how great was your fidelity and love, my heart thawed out towards God and man. I left hurriedly and hastened here. I am, thank God, a professed Carthusian, and the orders denied me in Maynooth prayer-hall thirty years ago I shall receive in a few days. Farewell, and thank God for a gentle heart. You never know where its dews may fall, and bring to life the withered grass or the faded flower.

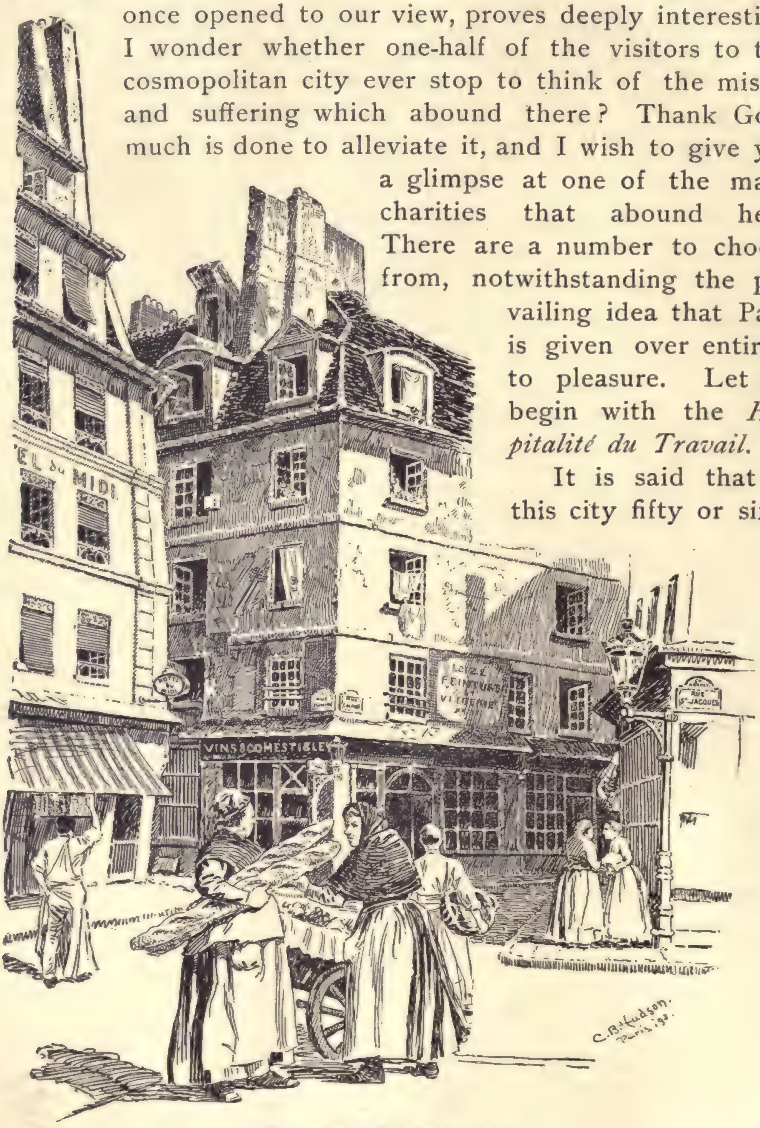
Yours in Christ, KEVIN O'DONNELL,
(*late Dr. Everard.*)

A PHASE OF PARISIAN SOCIALISM.

BY A. I. BUTTERWORTH.

THERE are two sides to this beautiful city which many know only as bright, sunny Paris! The one I wish to show you, when once opened to our view, proves deeply interesting. I wonder whether one-half of the visitors to this cosmopolitan city ever stop to think of the misery and suffering which abound there? Thank God! much is done to alleviate it, and I wish to give you a glimpse at one of the many charities that abound here. There are a number to choose from, notwithstanding the prevailing idea that Paris is given over entirely to pleasure. Let me begin with the *Hospitalité du Travail.*

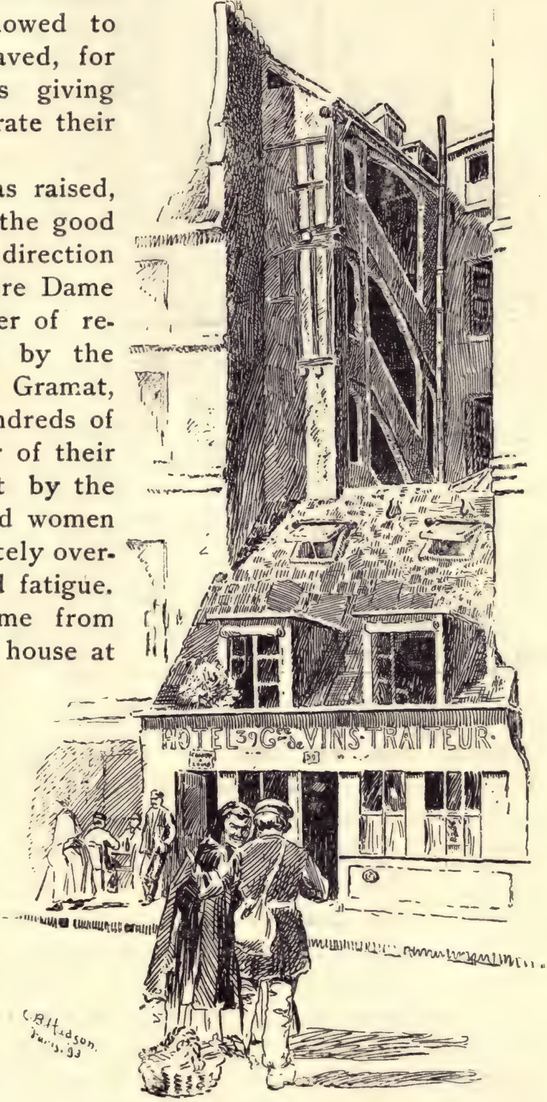
It is said that in this city fifty or sixty



A GLIMPSE OF POORER PARIS.

thousand individuals awake in the morning without knowing how they are to find food, nor where they are to sleep at night. Men and women flock here from the provinces, as well as from other countries—and how soon their little all is spent! Then follows despair. Day after day work is sought in vain, and many fall so low, especially the women, that nothing remains for them but the prison of St. Lazare. Wishing to help these poor creatures, some ladies conceived the idea of a home where all women who applied would be received, and allowed to remain, if well behaved, for three months, thus giving them time to recuperate their strength.

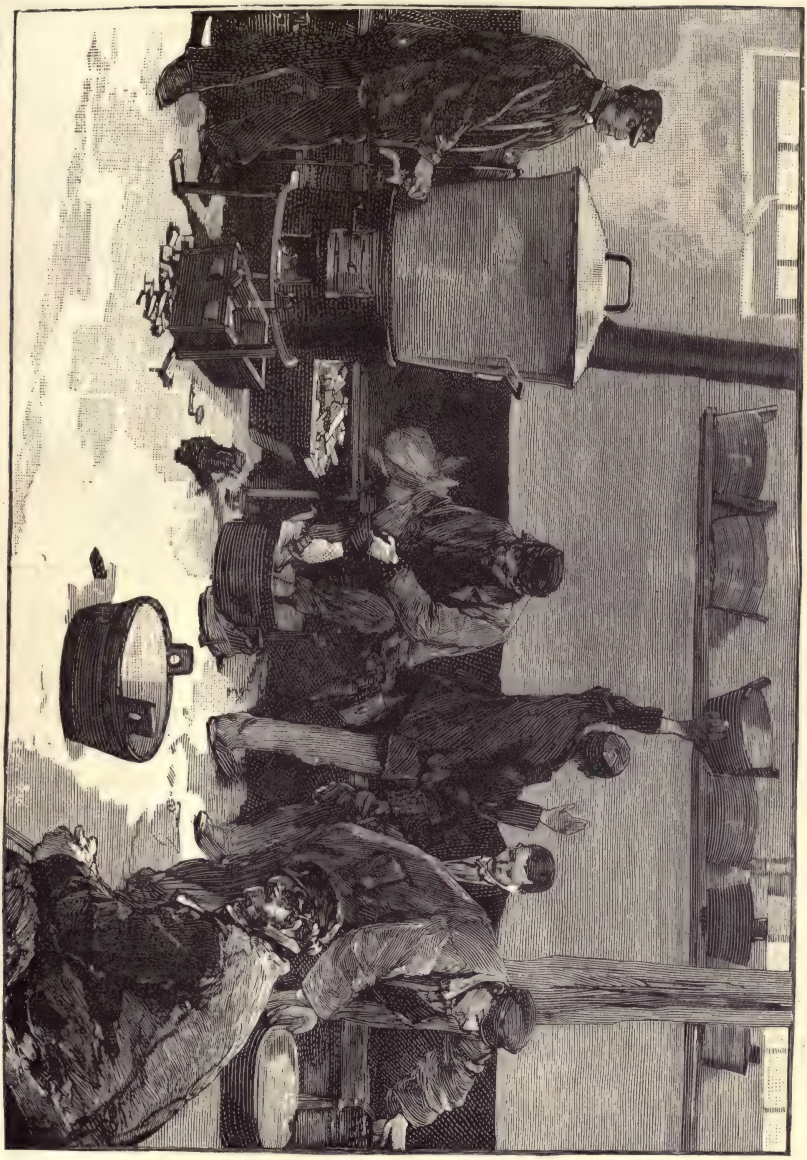
A subscription was raised, a house hired, and the good work put under the direction of the nuns of Notre Dame du Calvaire, an order of recent date founded by the Abbé Bonhomme, at Gramat, in 1833. Many hundreds of outcasts come, either of their own accord or sent by the police, who daily find women in the streets completely overcome by hardship and fatigue. All receive a welcome from the superior of the house at Auteuil, and there find a refuge until a place is secured for each, either as servant, shop-girl, or in whatever position it is thought the person in question can best fill. Five hundred is the usual number of inmates (not counting the nuns), and of these many have seen bet-


HOTEL 39 Gros de VINS TRAITEUR
39
C. B. Hudson
Paris. 93

An Old Hotel, Rue de Bucherie.

Hospitalité de Nuit.—Men waiting Admission.

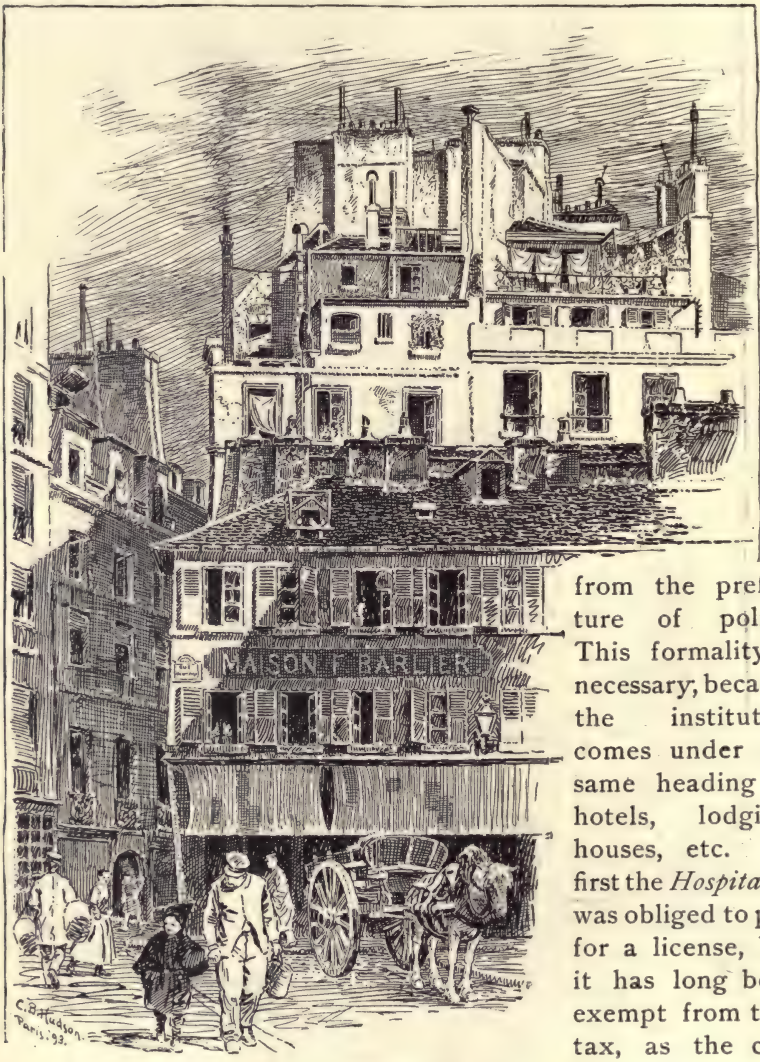
ter days. Teachers form no small proportion of those who apply for admittance, for they find it as difficult as any other class to get employment. Young girls who have passed the higher examinations of the Hôtel de Ville, and obtained their certificate, after trying in vain for pupils either in schools or families, are often at last discouraged, and glad to find a shelter at the *Hospitalité*. All of the women are expected to work. Those able to sew are put in the work-rooms. But the greater number of those who come are good only for the roughest work. These are employed in the wash-house, and in a short time become capable laundresses. Linen is sent to this laundry from colleges, convent schools, and private families. This is one of the sources whence money is derived for the support of the house. A sub-



A NIGHT ASYLUM FOR MEN.

sidy from the minister of the interior, another from the prefecture of police, together with private contributions, help the *Hospitalité* to provide nourishing food for its inmates.

Upon entering the building you find on the right the waiting-room, communicating with the parlor. On the table is the book in which is registered the name, date of entrance, profession, and age of each person who comes to live in the house. Every day this book is examined by an inspector sent



AN OLD STREET NEAR ST. GERMAIN DES PRÈS.

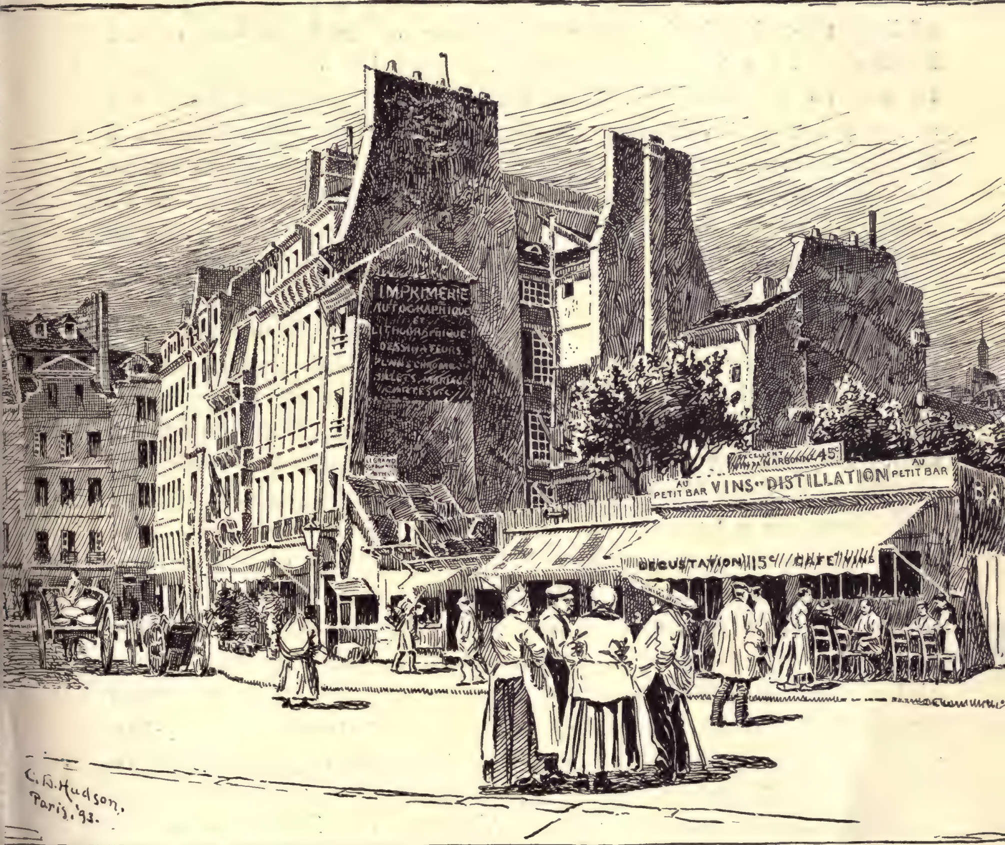
from the prefecture of police. This formality is necessary, because the institution comes under the same heading as hotels, lodging-houses, etc. At first the *Hospitalité* was obliged to pay for a license, but it has long been exempt from that tax, as the city authorities soon realized the great service that it was rendering to the poorer population of Paris.

On looking over the registry one sees that the greater part of those received are not *Parisiennes.* They come from the provinces and from all parts of the world. Upon entering, the women are required, after giving their names, etc. (it frequently happens that they know only their "*petit nom*," and in many cases are surprised when asked for their family name, never having known one), to pass into an adjoining room where one perceives a strong smell of sulphur. Here every article is disinfected, and every new-comer obliged to take a bath. This is strongly objected to by many, but the rule is enforced.

Four meals a day are always given. For breakfast, soup and bread are furnished; for dinner, soup, meat, and vegetables; bread is given at four o'clock in the afternoon, and for supper, soup and vegetables. The food is all well cooked and an abundance is given to each.

The dormitories are thoroughly comfortable, well ventilated, and spotlessly clean. In one of the dormitories are some small beds beside the larger ones. Often a woman applies for admittance holding in her arms an infant. As the sister said to me, "We must have a place for the little ones, for frequently the mother comes to us direct from the Maternity Hospital, so feeble that she is unfit for work. We cannot turn such away."

A touching precaution is taken. All of the women who are admitted are addressed as madame, and to the mothers who



Street-Life of Paris.—Rue de Fouarre.

have no wedding-ring the superior gives a brass ring, thus assuring them respect among their comrades.

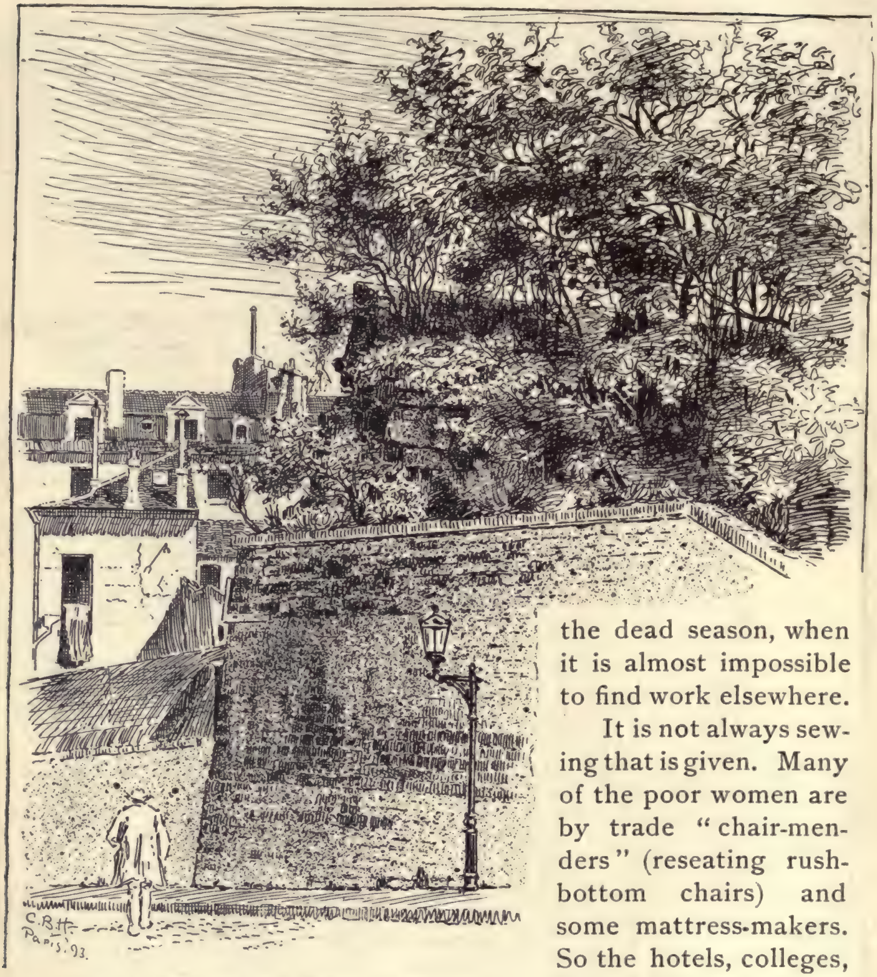
Sister Antoine, the superior of the order, is a remarkably clever woman, and under her skilful direction the *Hospitalité* has been awarded the prize "Audéoud" by the French Academy. She is not satisfied with helping only the inmates of the house. Within the past three years she has organized two new works that she thinks will tend to raise the morals of the poorer class, one of them being "*L'Œuvre du Travail a Domicile*," which furnishes work to the mother of a family to be done in her own home, and for which she is paid more than double the price given by the large shops. The superior told me how the idea of this new "work" occurred to her. I translate her words as nearly as possible:

"One day I by chance met a manufacturer of linens, from Armentières, with whom I had dealt at times. He asked whether I wished for some work for my poor people, adding that he had just received an order from one of the large shops for twelve thousand towels. He could send them to me to be hemmed, if I cared to undertake it, for the same price he would pay elsewhere—thirty-five centimes a dozen (seven cents). I had no time to think it over, so accepted the offer. The linen arrived; the lengths had to be measured off and cut. All this, which took time, was included in the price paid. But it was the dead season, so that when the poor women applied for work I could at least offer it to them, to take or leave as they saw fit, as, had they not accepted it, the hemming could have been done in the institution. I assure you I blushed when I told these poor creatures the small sum that I was authorized to pay them. But all of them said, 'Oh, ma sœur! the few sous will at least buy milk for our little ones.' The thought came to me then, Why should not I become a '*commerçant*'? I wrote to several wholesale linen houses for samples of towelling, etc.; then visited various large shops and became acquainted with the prices of sheets, pillow-cases, aprons, etc. I found that by buying at wholesale prices in large quantities I could afford to sell the same goods at the market price, and pay the women for hemming from fourteen to twenty-four cents a dozen for towels, twenty-five cents for sheets, etc., thus doubling, and in some cases more than doubling, the pay given by the shops."

And in this way originated *L'Œuvre du Travail a Domicile*, which has proved a great success. In addition to the shop at *l'Hospitalité*, where one sees the linen piled up to the

An Early Street-Meal.

ceiling on all sides, a depot has been opened by the sisters in the Rue des Saints-Pères, where samples are to be found, and prices given to buyers not wishing to go out to Auteuil. Large orders are taken for supplying colleges and hotels with household linen. At the end of the first year five hundred and thirty-three mothers of families had been given work that they could do at home. This Sister Antoine considers a very important point, as it enables them to look after their children, cook the meals, and keep their room in order, at the same time earning enough money to help them through



A BIT OF THE WALL OF PHILIPPE AUGUSTE.

the dead season, when it is almost impossible to find work elsewhere.

It is not always sewing that is given. Many of the poor women are by trade "chair-menders" (reseating rush-bottom chairs) and some mattress-makers. So the hotels, colleges, indeed all the customers of the laundry, have been asked to send any chairs or mattresses that require repair to the *Hospitalité.* The vans that take home the fresh linen bring back anything that is given them, and the poor women fetch them in turn to their own homes. I must add that great precaution is taken against infection. Everything which could carry microbes is thoroughly disinfected after leaving the women's hands.

The third "œuvre" that has been lately added is the "*Maison de Travail*" for men, known as the "*Fondation Laubispin.*" A magnificent donation permitted the purchase of an adjoining piece of land, and subscriptions soon enabled Sister Antoine to open a carpenter's shop, where men without work find employment for the space of twenty days. They are paid two francs (forty cents) a day, and buy their food at a sort of food-depot connected with the "œuvre," which is one of the largest and cleanest kitchens I have ever visited. The breakfast and dinner cost, the sister tells me, about eighteen cents a day. The men pay seven cents more for a coupon that entitles them to a bed in a neighboring lodging-house, where arrangements have been made to receive them. By the time their twenty days are up nearly every man has saved and put aside a small sum of money, and feels himself no longer a beggar. Their stay in the *Maison de Travail* has also given them the habit of work, and nearly all succeed in finding steady employment. In 1893 eleven hundred and fifty-six men passed through the work-rooms. It takes them but a short time to learn to handle the tools, under the direction of a skilled workman. They make all kinds of kitchen furniture, also school-benches, pries-dieu, etc. During the first year the sale of articles made by the men and delivered to large shops brought in 72,539 francs. The total expenditure, including salaries, the cost of material, and general expenses, amounted to 90,963 francs. This past year the deficit was not so great, but I am unable to quote the exact figures.

In the women's *Hospitalité*, though a longer term is allowed than is granted to the men, it often happens that when an inmate's three months are up she begs to remain longer, and exceptions to the rule are frequently made, in cases where the superior thinks a longer sojourn under her care would prove beneficial. But generally positions are found for those whose time is up, and the reverend mother sees them off with many parting words of advice.

How many souls these good nuns save it is impossible to know, but they have every reason to feel that they accomplish much permanent benefit. A proof of this is the fact that rarely does one of their women fail to return from time to time to see the superior, and thus show appreciation of, and gratitude for, the help given them.

Space compels me to leave other charities that I wish to speak of, but I long to bring to light in America the amount of thought and attention paid to the suffering poor in Paris, as I know that much ignorance exists on this point. Let us give credit where it is well deserved, and acknowledge that in other countries, as well as in our own, many people are making a study of the ways and means best calculated to relieve the misery that surrounds us!

EARLY CRITICS OF SHAKESPEARE.

BY WILLIAM HENRY SHERAN,

Oxford, England.

THE history of Shakespearean criticism begins with the literary career of the great dramatist; for, from his first appearance as an author, contemporary writers freely expressed their opinions about the man and about his work. Obviously, a playwright of his merit—"whose deeds so took Eliza"—could not long grace the English stage without winning critical attention as well as public applause. That men of his genius should quickly provoke criticism, both friendly and unfriendly, is not to be wondered at; for there were other playwrights—giants in those days—who sought the highest honors, and, we may believe, heartily hated any successful rival. Along with fulsome praise have come down to us some of this jealous hatred, some unequivocal expressions of envy; and thus we may account for these lines from the pen of Robert Greene written at the close of the sixteenth century and at the beginning of Shakespeare's dramatic career: "There is an upstart Crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his Tygers heart wrapt in a Players hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blanke verse as the best of you; and being an absolute Johannes Factotum, is in his owne conceit the onely Shake-scene in a countrie." Here are choice arrows from the quiver of literary jealousy: "plagiarism," "sham," "presumption"—and the one drawing the long bow is none other than a rival playwright.

But without a liberal interpretation of the term criticism, we cannot include under this term many early Shakespearean references; for as a rule this early opinion is crude, at times offensively partial, and always superficial and incomplete. Shakespeare seems to have impressed contemporary minds as nature impressed the primitive man. In either case there was awe, wonder, and spontaneous expression of delight, but the critical faculty came not into play; there was no insight, no analysis, no looking behind the veil for causes of delight or surprise. The wonderful magician called up a dead world and made it live and speak before their astonished eyes; yet they caught not a glimpse of his wand, they could appreciate neither the artist nor his art. Like Miranda, they simply looked on and exclaimed: "O brave new world! that hath such people in it."

Some instances we will cite, as showing the feeble appreciation of the great master in early times. In 1592 Henry Chettle combined personal and literary qualities of Shakespeare in the following profound observation: "My selfe have seen his demeanor no lesse civill than he exelent in the qualities he professes: divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing and his facetious grace in writing." Gabriel Harvey, six years later, made an observation equally valuable from a critical point of view: "The younger sort take much delight in Shakespeare's Venus and Adonis; but his Lucrece, and his tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke, have it in them to please the wiser sort." *Ab uno disce omnes.* The same feeble note runs through Drayton and Weever and Marston and Meres; they utter glittering generalities; they say Shakespeare is wise or witty or honey-tongued or great, but they do not cite any proofs of his being so; they give no reasons for the faith that is in them. It is difficult, therefore, to allow such a liberal interpretation of the term "criticism" as will embrace their crude estimates of the man and of his work; yet a part may fittingly find place here, as showing the attitude of the English mind toward Shakespeare at the rise of the seventeenth century, and as throwing some light on that vexed question why the great dramatist was for so long unappreciated by critics in his own country.

For it is a strange though undeniable fact that from the date of the production of his plays to the time of Dryden—fully half a century—Shakespeare received no adequate appreciation from any critic, however much the public may have applauded during his life-time and during the half-century that immediately followed. The fault lay not so much with the public, for English audiences, as a rule, welcomed the plays of Shakespeare. It lay with the writers and savants who professed to sit in critical judgment on the literary productions of their time. How hopelessly inadequate their critical judgment was, becomes clear in the following opinions taken from their writings. Richard Barnfield in 1598, praising Spenser, Daniel, and Drayton, has this to say of Shakespeare:

"And Shakespeare, thou whose honey-flowing Vaine
Pleasing the world thy Praises doth obtain,
Live ever you, at least in Fame live ever."

In 1610, John Davies of Hereford composed the following lines, dedicating them to "our English Terence, Mr. Will Shakespeare":

"Thou hast no rayling, but a raigning wit:
And honesty thou sow'st which others reap;
So to increase their stock which they do keepe."

Just five years earlier, William Camden, in his "Remaines concerning Britaine," classifies William Shakespeare with Sidney, Daniel, Drayton, Jonson, Holland, Chapman, as "the most pregnant wits of these our times." Thomas Freeman wrote in 1614 a much-quoted passage concerning Master William Shakespeare:

"Shakespeare, that nimble Mercury thy braine,
Lulls many hundred Argus-eyes asleepe—
So fit, for so thou fashionest thy vaine,
Virtue or vice the theame to thee all one is;
But to praise thee aright I want thy store:
Then let thine owne works thine own worth upraise
And help t' adorn thee with deserved Baies."

In a preface signed by John Heminge and Henrie Condell, and affixed to the first folio edition of Shakespeare, is this bright observation, strange for the time: "He (Shakespeare) was a happie imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expressor of it." Of the same date, 1623, and in the same edition, a remarkable poem by Ben Jonson appears, and heralds the dawn of criticism properly so-called. This poem is so refreshing as compared with the mass of contemporary critical verbiage that an extensive quotation will be easily pardoned:

"Soul of the Age!
The applause! delight! the wonder of our Stage!
My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lye
A little further, to make thee a roome:
Thou art a Monument, without a tombe,
And art alive still, while thy Booke doth live
And we have wits to read and praise to give.

For, if I thought my judgment were of yeeres,
I should commit thee surely with thy peeres,
And tell how fame thou didst our Lily outshine
Or sporting Kid or Marlowes mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latine and lesse Greeke,
From thence to honour thee I would not seeke
For names; but call forth thundring Aeschilus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Pavius, Aceius, him of Cordova dead,
To life againe, to heare thy Buskin tread
And shake a Stage: Or, when thy Sockes were on,
Leave thee alone, for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece, or haughtier Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britaine, thou hast one to showe
To whom all Scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time.
And all the Muses still were in their prime
When like Apollo he came forth to warme
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charme!
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joy'd to weave the dressing of his lines!
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit
As since she will vouchsafe no other wit.
Yet must I not give Nature all: thy Art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the poets matter Nature be,
His Art doth give the fashion.
Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appear,
And make those flights upon the bankes of Thames
That so did take Eliza and our James!
But stay, I see thee in the Hemisphere
Advanced, and made a Constellation there!
Shine forth, thou Starre of Poets, and with rage
Or influence, chide or cheer the drooping stage;
Which, since thy flight fro' hence, hath mourned like night,
And despaires day, but for thy Volumes light."

In a choice bit of prose written two years later, Jonson pushes his critical inquiry still further: "Is it an honour to Shakespeare, that in his writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line? My answer hathe beene, would he had blotted a thousand." Again: "He (Shakespeare) was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent Phantasie, brave notions, and gentle expressions; were-in he glowed with that facility, that sometime it was necessary he should be stopped. His wit was in his owne power; would the rule of it had beene so too. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praysed than to be pardoned." Jonson could have given to posterity a better critical estimate than these lines contain; but he has written enough to justify the claim that appreciation for the Sweet Bard was growing. It was a step in advance to recognize Shakespeare's art; it was a further step to see that Shakespeare was not for his own age but for all time; then, too, an acknowledgment of his superiority over all classical predecessors whether Greek or Roman, along with an admission that he had vices as well as virtues, plainly indicates the working of the critical faculty, however inadequate and incomplete the results as yet attained may be. Obviously, Jonson caught the real outline of his towering grandeur amid the mists and shadows which concealed him from other critical eyes.

Milton follows Jonson with his meed of praise, and his Epitaph on the "admirable Dramaticke Poet" is valuable in this connection, as showing how poorly Shakespeare was estimated in the period now under consideration. "The leaves of thy unvalued Booke," is a sad commentary on the immediate heirs of Shakespeare's literary wealth. But they might defend themselves in the style of Cicero: *Culpa non est nostra sed temporum.* Yet Milton realized that Shakespeare "had built himself a lasting monument," "that kings would wish to die for such a Tombe," and, moreover, he pays as high compliment to the facility of the poet whose "easy numbers flow to the shame of slow-endeavoring Art," as he does to the natural grace of "Sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child, warbling wildly his native woodnotes."

Like Milton, Sir John Suckling (1642) subscribes to the opinion that Shakespeare wrote with wonderful ease:

"The sweat of learned Jonson's brain
And gentle Shakespeare's easier strain
A hackney coach conveys you to."

Here, the contrast between Jonson's laboring art and Shakespeare's easy warbling is emphasized. Doubtless the audience often helped the critic to decide: the houses drawn by the lumbering classical plays of Jonson must have been small, and the critic naturally sought for the cause! In his time Shirley notices the waning popularity of Shakespeare: "many used to come to enjoy his mirth, but he hath few friends lately." His statement harmonizes with Milton's observation concerning "thy unvalued Booke." In a poem prefixed to the first edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, Denham is disposed to rank the art of Fletcher above that of Shakespeare: "In Shakespeare one could easily see where Nature ended and where Art began; but Fletcher's Art mixed with Nature 'like the elements' and one could not be distinguished from the other." In 1647 Sir George Buck gushes forth:

"Let Shakespeare, Chapman and applauded Ben
Weare the eternall merit of their pen."

His preference is still for Fletcher, and James Howell, another critic, his contemporary, shares the same opinion. At our distant day, when Beaumont and Fletcher are seldom opened save by savants, the preferences of Buck and Howell are difficult to understand. Birkenhead had a like preference:

"Brave Shakespeare flowed, yet had his Ebbings too,
Often above himselfe, sometimes below,
But Fletcher ever kept the golden mean."

A redeeming note is found in Samuel Sheppard's beautiful lyric on Shakespeare, part of which may be quoted:

"Thou wert truly Priest Elect,
Chosen darling to the Muses nine,
Such a Trophey to erect
By thy wit and skill Divine.

"Where thy honored bones do lie
(As Statius once to Maro's urne)
Thither every year will I
Slowly tread, and sadly mourn."

Sir Ashton Cokaine (1660) asks Honeyman "to lessen the loss of Shakespeare's death by thy successful Pen and fortunate fantasie"! Posterity is not aware that Honeyman succeeded to any appreciable extent. More critical than Cokaine, Flecknoe discriminates between Jonson, Shakespeare, and Fletcher: "Shakespeare excelled in a natural vein, Fletcher in wit, and Jonson in gravity. Comparing Jonson with Shakespeare, you shall see the difference between Nature and Art; and with Fletcher, the difference between Wit and Judgment." Still more substantial and savoring of the modern critical spirit are the views expressed by Margret Cavendish, 1664. In her "sociable letters to the Dutchess of Newcastle" she made frequent incursions into the field of dramatic literature, and her observations on Shakespeare are worth recording, for as a critical estimate they are superior to anything yet produced, and as a critic their author is a worthy precursor of John Dryden. The following letter (No. 26) contains in part her appreciation of the distinguished author:

"I wonder how that person you mention in your letter could either have the conscience or the confidence to dispraise Shakespeare's plays, as to say they were made up onely with clowns, fools, watchmen, and the like; but to answer that person, though Shakespeare's wit will answer for himself, I say, that it seems by his judging, or censuring, he understands not playes, or wit; for to express properly, rightly, usually, and naturally a clown's or fool's humor, expressions, phrases, garbs, manners, actions, words, and course of life, are as witty, wise, judicious, ingenious, and observing, as to write and express the phrases, actions, garbs, manners, and course of life, of kings and princes. It declares a greater wit, to express and deliver to posterity, the extravagances of madness, the subtility of knaves, the ignorance of clowns, and the simplicity of naturals or the craft of feigned fools, than to express regularities, plain honesty, courtly garbs, or sensible discourses, for 'tis harder to express nonsense than sense, and ordinary conversations, than that which is unusual; and 'tis harder, and requires more wit to express a jester, than a grave statesman; yet Shakespeare did not want wit to express to the life all sorts of persons, of what quality, possession, degree, breeding or birth soever; nor did he want wit to express the divers and different humors, or natures, or several passions in mankind; and so well he hath expressed in his plays all sorts of persons, as one would think he had been transformed into every one of those persons he hath described; and as sometimes one would think he was really the clown or jester he feigns, so one would think he was also the king and privy councillor; also one would think he was the coward and the most valiant; for example, Falstaff or Cæsar. Antonio and Brutus did not speak better to the people than he (Shakespeare) feigned them. One would think he had been a woman, for who could describe Cleopatra better, or Nan Page or Mrs. Ford or Quickly, Doll Fearsheet? And so on for the others. Shakespeare had a clear judgment, a quick wit, a spreading fancy, a subtile observation, a deep apprehension, and a most eloquent elocution; truly he was a natural orator as well as a natural poet. Unlike lawyers who can talk eloquently on one subject and on none other, Shakespeare rather wanted subjects for his wit and eloquence to work on, for which he was forced to take some of his plots out of history, where he only took the bare designs, the wit and language being all his own."

So much for the scope and character of early Shakespearean criticism. Not all has been adduced here, but enough is quoted in illustration of the first half-century; and from these extracts one may learn how feeble and unpromising were the origins of that appreciation which began with Greene and Chettle and struggled for existence during the following fifty years. It seemed as if Shakespeare's work was doomed to oblivion. The seed buried in the soil gave no promise of life. The winter of Puritanism was over the land, and Art fled from his icy embrace. Church and school and stage became bleak and desolate. The voices of music and of song were changed to an agony of lamentation,

"Like a wind that shrills
All night in a waste land where no one comes
Or hath come since the making of the world."

But the winter, however long and cold, finally gave place to spring. The drama blossomed once more. English audiences wept again over the misfortunes of Desdemona and laughed at the follies of Falstaff. There was a Renaissance—Shakespeare appeared again, to remain, let us hope for ever, the pride and glory of the English stage. For his reappearance the English world is indebted, most of all, to John Dryden.

HOW A BIBLE STUDENT CAME TO BE A CATHOLIC.

BY REV. R. RICHARDSON.

I.

WHY I CEASED TO BE A DISSENTER.

AT the age of seventeen I found myself a regular attendant at an Independent, or Congregational, chapel in Manchester. I did not know why I was a member of that congregation; in fact, I had never reflected. I had always been brought up an attendant at a dissenting place of worship, though I had occasionally gone to the Church of England. My father's relations were all Baptists, my mother was brought up a Unitarian, but somehow the family as a rule attended an Independent chapel. For aught I knew, I belonged to the true religion; I had, however, to learn why I was "Nonconformist."

I believed the Bible to be the word of God, and read it diligently every night with Scott and Henry's Commentary, in which I often saw quotations from the Fathers, St. Augustine, St. Jerome, and others; but I knew nothing about the Fathers, and took their opinion for what it was worth.

I attended chapel regularly, listening attentively to the minister, the Rev. Mr. Griffin, who was a clever speaker, and I should say a fairly well-read man. I was actively engaged in the Sunday-school, and had charge of the upper class, consisting of young men, who would sometimes ask puzzling questions. I had, therefore, carefully to read up and prepare my Bible lesson every week.

I had also charge of the congregational library and large tract cupboard, where the distributers came to change their tracts every Sunday. I was myself also a tract-distributer and had a regular district, where I made the acquaintance of the different families. I remember I used to call at one house where they were Catholics, who used to bang the door in my face and exclaim, "Be off! We want none of your rubbish here!" After that I would push the weekly tract under the door, and hope and pray for these poor benighted souls. I learned afterwards that these people had taken an interest in my salvation, and had expected my conversion, though theirs was certainly a queer way of showing it.

In my district I also found a young man in the last stage of consumption, bed-ridden so long that his bones had worn through his skin. I saw that he could not last long. Accordingly I called upon one of the deacons, who was known for his conduct of a prayer-meeting, and was considered a really pious man, asking him to come and help the sick youth to die well; but he replied that he did not believe in attending death-beds, for as a man lived so would he die. So, sore at heart, I called again and again, to see and try to comfort the poor dying youth and his sorrowing mother, telling her to call me any hour, day or night, when she thought he was going. At an early hour one morning, according to agreement, she threw some small pebbles at my window, and I got up and went to visit the dying youth. But what could I do, who had never seen any one die in my life? The youth was breathing hard, still conscious, but unable to attend to the reading of the Scriptures or to prayer. What was to be done? Well, to tell you the truth, after exhorting him to take courage and trust in his Saviour, I stood and watched him dying like a poor animal, saying afterwards to myself: "Surely, there must be a better religion and one supplying more help at the hour of death."

I had not then read the account of the death of Martin Luther's mother, who, when she saw her last end near, asked her son to fetch the priest that she might make her confession, receive the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ, and be anointed, that her sins might be forgiven her, according to St. James v. 14. In reply to which Martin said: "I thought, mother, that we had done away with all that long ago." It is narrated that his mother answered: "Yes, the new religion may be very well to live by, but the old one is the best for the hour of death."

Thus it came about that this death-bed scene of the young man made an impression on me, just imperceptibly, shaking my confidence in the religion in which I had been brought up.

It was about this time that I asked to be admitted as a regular member of the church, and was for the first time baptized. I was then about twenty-one. It is, however, worthy of remark that the minister, who baptized me, though he publicly poured the water upon my head and said the words, "I baptize thee, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," added his own words: "Now, remember, I have not done anything to your soul; I have only done what our Lord commanded as an external act for admitting you into church-membership," thereby implying that he did not believe baptism to be a sacrament, of which our Lord had said, "Except a man be born again of water and of the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven"; or as when again, sending his apostles and their successors to preach until the consummation of the world, he also said, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved."

So I went away with a confused idea of that last command which our Lord had given to his apostles.

Amongst other books, I came across one called *The Spiritual Combat*, an ascetic treatise on the conduct of the soul in her conflict with the world, the flesh, and the devil. Here, to my surprise, I found this holy warfare reduced to a real science; things that had puzzled my mind, questions about the conduct of the soul, were all treated of and handled as by one who understood the science of salvation. I used to read passages of this book at our prayer-meetings, without mentioning the author or the title of the book.

At length came the question, not why was I a member of a Congregational chapel, but why was I Protestant? I wished to be an honest Protestant. Accordingly I spoke to my brother, who was a Catholic and with whom I had often argued, endeavoring to show him that the Catholic religion was simply a religion of poetry, music, and painting, sculpture and architecture, having nothing in it but what the devil or the world might supply, and probably had supplied.

I asked him to lend me a book which stated the doctrines of his church plainly and clearly, my purpose being that I might know against what I was protesting and thus become a sincere Protestant, D'Aubigné's *History of the Protestant Reformation* having sufficiently shown the folly and the wickedness of popery. He accordingly lent me Milner's *End of Controversy,* and, with much prayer for light, I began seriously to put down in a book I kept in my pocket all that I could see against popery, and, to be honest, all that I thought in its favor. But I clung to my Bible, and I imagined I was following the teaching of the Bible when searching for texts to confirm me in the religion in which I had been brought up.

When, however, I came to look seriously into the question, I found that almost all Protestants followed *tradition*, and not *Scripture alone:* I had received the Bible on tradition; I had kept Sunday instead of the Bible Sabbath on tradition; I had believed in infant baptism, without a single text in support of it, on tradition; and also held the manner of baptizing by pouring or sprinkling (although the Scripture seemed in favor of immersion), on tradition. I had rejected the anointing with oil for the forgiveness of sin prescribed by St. James as a Christian duty, still on tradition.

Thus, in the end, when I came carefully to look at the question, I found that parents brought up their children in their own creed, and according to the tradition of their sect. The Baptist taught his children not to be baptized until they had arrived at an age to understand what they were doing; the Unitarian told his that Jesus Christ was not God, but only a divine man; all confirming their doctrines by reference to the Bible.

What was I to do? The Anglican assured me that his doctrine was according to the Bible; the Methodist taught me that his view was quite scriptural, and the Swedenborgian, that his were the only people who understood the Scripture properly.

Here, then, I saw a great difficulty, for unless I understood the Scripture rightly how was I to know that I had the word of God; but where was I to find a trustworthy authority for the true interpretation of the Bible? Where was I to find a correct translation of Scripture? I saw that there were various translations—Trinitarian, Unitarian, Lutheran, and even Catholic. In my own family, besides my parents, who had been brought up in different religions, one brother was an Independent, another a Swedenborgian, another a Catholic, and my sister a member of the Church of England. Was I to read Scripture with my mother or my father, with my sister or my three brothers, all differing very widely?

There was nothing for it but prayer, and, though I did not know it then, my Catholic brother was not only praying for me himself, but had got hundreds of his fellow-Catholics to pray for me.

At last I saw clearly that I had been cheated into supposing the written word of God, the Bible by itself, was a sufficient guide, and I felt convinced that our Lord, who came on earth to teach truth till the end of time, must have provided some means by which his truth should continue to be taught, as clearly and as certainly as if he himself spoke.

This simplified the question. I had not to take upon myself to try to understand the true meaning of Scripture, but to find that body of men whom our Lord sent to teach. He did not send them to distribute Bibles but to teach, saying: "He that heareth you heareth me." "Going, therefore, teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." And calling together his apostles, he sent them to teach "all things whatsoever he had commanded," and added, "Behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world" (Matt. xxviii.)

I saw then that the path of safety and of truth was to be found only in a living, speaking, visible teaching body of men sent by Christ, with whom alone our Lord promised to remain; not anybody, but those only coming down by direct mission and authority from men chosen, and as he had himself been sent by the Father (John xx. 21).

These were to teach, not as the scribes and pharisees, by arguing and wrangling, but with authority, like to Christ himself (Matt. vii. 29).

Evidently there must be such a body of teachers in the world, because our Lord had said: "I am with you always to the consummation of the world." Now, I found that the ancient Catholic Church was the only church that actually professed to teach with such dogmatic authority; the only church that everywhere taught the same meaning of Scripture; the only church that had come down from the time of the apostles; and so I began to think that this might be the true way to learn what to believe and what to do to save my soul.

I was assured from history that though in the beginning, when there was no New Testament written and the Old was very difficult to get at, such a teaching church did really exist, it had overlaid the doctrine of truth and had failed long ago.

It was, however, quite clear that if the body of teachers sent by Christ, having a regular organization, such as he made it, had failed, then the promises of Christ must have failed also; which is impossible.

And now, having advanced so far, I had to contend with my "Bible Christian" friends, who asserted that the Church of Christ consisted of those souls who believed in Jesus and whose outward life bore testimony that they were his disciples. This theory at first sight appeared very plausible, and calculated to relieve one of a thousand difficulties, leaving each one to follow his own ideas, believing himself to be enlightened and guided by God. But in such a case, I asked, who is to teach with authority and who is to be the guardian of truth as revealed by Jesus Christ? How am I to know for certain what our Lord taught to his apostles, which he commanded them to teach until the consummation of the world (Matt. xxviii. 20).

This theory of a purely spiritual church, without teachers, having none of the authority that the apostles and their successors were to have, was certainly not the church theory by which St. Paul speaks when he writes to Timothy, saying: "Stir up the gift that is within thee by the imposition of my hands: preach the word, be instant in season and out of season; reprove, exhort, rebuke in all patience and doctrine; for there shall come a time when they will not endure sound doctrine; let no man despise thy youth" (I. Tim. iv. 12).

And we find, in reading the history of the early church, these visible teachers, the bishops, had authority and taught like our Lord; because the promise was with them that they should be guided by the Holy Ghost.

Here my friends opened out another question. "What," they asked, "was a bishop, and what were his duties and how was he made a bishop?" But these questions were not for me to answer. I had to find a church which I had learned historically was sent by Christ, who was God, and having found that body of men, that organization—call it by what name you will—it was from that church I was to learn the whole teaching of Christ; she alone could tell me who were her ministers, she alone could stand forth and forbid false teachers, because that was her office.

When I came to read the history of heresies, I saw that, but for the protection and preservation of truth by the Catholic Church, all the doctrines of Christianity would have been lost long ago, especially my much valued, my much revered Bible.

Thus I began to look with reverence on the church against which I had so long fought.

II.

WHY I BECAME A CATHOLIC.

At the age of twenty-one, then, after fighting vigorously against what I regarded as popish errors, I found myself reading and studying the question, What Rule of Faith was safe and reasonable to follow? I had seen that the Protestant rule of deciding for yourself what doctrines were true was neither safe nor reasonable, because those who thus acted independently came to every possible variety of creed.

Up to this time I had always held it as certain that the Bible and the Bible only, with such help as I could get from others as fallible as myself, was the right rule of faith; and when I came to consider the Catholic Church as possibly the true Teacher, sent by Christ, I said to myself: "If I should ever become a Catholic, I shall always stick to my Bible, and no one shall prevent me reading the word of God"; repeating my favorite words:

"Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine, for ever mine."

This was still my sheet-anchor—the Bible and the meaning that *seemed* to *me* right.

When, however, I came to look seriously at it, and ask myself the question, Whence did I get *my* Bible, which I read daily with so much devotion and reverence? Where was my guarantee that I had the right copy of the Sacred Scripture? Here was quite new ground for me: Was my text the very *word of God?* The Old Testament, originally written in Hebrew, had been lost and rewritten by Esdras, and this copy had again been translated into Greek by seventy learned scholars. As for the New Testament, some of it was originally written in Syro-Chaldaic and Greek, and probably the Acts of the Apostles was written in Latin, and the originals of these were most of them lost or the MSS. doubtful, and these had been translated and retranslated, revised and corrected again and again, during eighteen hundred years, copied and recopied with interpolations. What security had I that I had got in my English translation the pure word of God?

How was I to be sure that I had all the books of Scripture? In some old copies of the Scriptures, still to be found in old country churches, there is at the end what was called apocryphal writings, and these were accepted by the Catholic Church as inspired, and rejected by the publishers of the Protestant Bible.

How, then, was I to be certain which was the inspired word of God, and which was the correct translation?

During all these eighteen hundred years who had watched over and guarded this Holy Bible of mine? To my surprise, I learned that this had been done by the Catholic Church alone. "Surely," I said to myself, "those old monks were not such bad fellows after all," though I had always been taught that they were an idle lot of ignorant people.

But here was evidence of two things—their great love for the Bible and their wonderful plodding industry in multiplying copies of the word of God.

The English edition which I had was published by "the authority of *his dread Majesty* King James," and was translated by the Reformers, and altered here and there to make it fit in with the new religion. Still I clung to *my Bible.* But here arose another difficulty: How was I sure that I understood the text according to the mind of the writer guided by the Holy Ghost, even supposing I had a faultless translation? And until I did, I had not the pure, unadulterated word of God; besides, there were so many texts which I had, with others, passed over and left aside as having nothing to do with me or my salvation; such, for example, as: "I give unto thee the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven." "Whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose upon earth shall be loosed in heaven." "There is a sin that is not unto death, and there is a sin that is unto death." "Receive ye the Holy Ghost: whose sins you shall remit, they are remitted; whose sins you shall retain, they are retained."

Thus text after text which I had read so often now stood before me asking to be understood. In the Acts of the Apostles we read that when Philip overtook the eunuch reading the prophets in his chariot, he asked him, "Understandest thou what thou readest?" who replied, "How should I unless some one show me."

I found myself, after reading the Scripture, in somewhat the same position as the eunuch, feeling that I too required a teacher in the study of Holy Writ.

Of course I had been brought up a thorough-going opponent of the Visible Church idea, and had no idea of a living, speaking, teaching church. My idea was, that each congregation was a church in itself, and that all such different churches, whatever their creed, constituted Christianity; that there were good and bad in all the different churches, and that none was infallible. But this did not help me at all. I wanted to know for certain what I was to believe as true beyond a doubt, and what

I was to do to save my soul. I was sure that Jesus Christ came on earth to teach me these things, and I was now anxious to learn all that he had taught.

I had really nothing to go by but history. I had learned to be afraid of interpreting the Bible for myself; so I took the history as given in the Gospels, and there we learn that Christ sent a body of men, an organization which he called his church, giving them power to teach truth with such precision that whoever heard them heard him, and with power also to forgive sin. This body of teachers I had to find.

I could not find this in the Anglican Church, because it did not profess to teach with authority—that is, with dogmatic certainty as the infallible teacher sent by Christ; and, moreover, I saw that the bishops and the clergy of the Anglican Church, far from teaching with any kind of certainty, differed amongst themselves upon the most important doctrines, and that the *members* of that church chose which minister they would sit under, somewhat like the dissenters, who, according to their own desires, heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears (II. Tim. iv. 3), and who I knew, when they wanted a minister, had men sent for inspection to see if they liked their doctrine and preaching.

It was not, therefore, ritual that brought me into the church, but a sincere desire to know the truth taught by Jesus Christ when upon earth. You may, therefore, imagine my confusion when I went to Mass for the first time! I had not been trained to ceremonies and music. My whole feelings rebelled against it all, and I began to think of retreat. But unto whom should I go? Here was the church sent by Jesus Christ, and I could only say, in the words of St. Peter when our Lord asked his apostles if they would go back: "Lord, unto whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." To go back was impossible, for there was nowhere to go. There was nothing for it but to go on, and I must at that time have realized what Mr. Gladstone since then said of the church: "Our Redeemer founded upon earth a visible and permanent society, cohering, and intended always to cohere, by means not only of a common profession of faith, but also of common and public ordinances, which by their outward form constituted and sealed the visible union of all believers; while by the inward spiritual grace attached to them, they were also destined to regenerate man in Christ and to build them up in him.

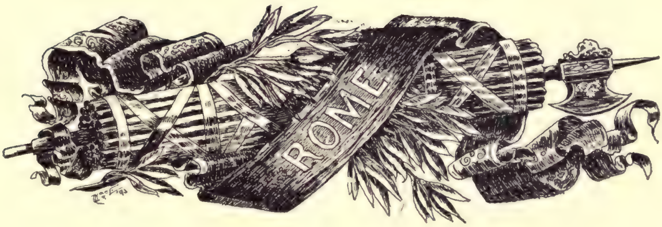
"If a society founded by Christ, does not this imply the foundation of a government? If ordinances of grace were established, did they not require to be entrusted to the hands of persons constituting that government for their permanent conservation?"

And every day since then, when for a moment I looked back, I have been studying and admiring the wonderful unity of the teaching of the Catholic Church, bringing peace to mind and heart.

This is the one wonderful miracle placed daily before the eyes of the outside world: that in all ages and all places wherever there is a Catholic priest, he invariably teaches the same truth as every other priest or bishop in the world, no matter to what nation he may belong or what language he may use. No flaw can be found in the authority and doctrine of the church which is thus perfectly one.

By this all men may know that Christ, her divine Founder, was sent by the Eternal Father (John xvii. 21).

These, then, are some of the reasons why I sought admission into the Catholic Church, of which it is said "And the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved."



ROBERT EMMET.

On seeing John Mulvany's portrait of the Irish patriot, now in the possession of Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet.

BY JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

SEE! how the lightning flashes from his eye,
And hark! the rolling thunder of his tone.
There—there he stands, defiant and alone,
Fronting his fate and unafraid to die!
Behind him Life's enchanted pathways lie,—
Before—the noose—the cap—the fall—the groan—
Death's bitter agony—the spirit flown,
To pass, perchance, unwept, without a sigh!

Say, doth he shirk his destiny forlorn?
Hath Terror claimed a heart subdued and awed,
Or bade a quiver steal across those lips?
See, how he wings the arrows of his scorn!
See, how he smites the tyrant's ermined fraud
With words that crash like volley-thundering ships!

NOTE.—Mr. John Mulvany, the artist who painted the large historical picture of "Sheridan's Ride," has recently produced for the writer a portrait of Robert Emmet which in all probability will be accepted in the future as the most truthful representation of Emmet's general appearance now to be obtained. This portrait is made from a study of the death-mask and from a combination of Comerford's and Petrie's sketch. This plan has been undertaken in the past by others, but each effort heretofore proved unsatisfactory and was abandoned. The artist has followed chiefly Petrie's sketch, as it indicated the most character. The expression exhibited by it was undoubtedly caught by Petrie at the moment while Emmet had been speaking, and in one of the pauses when the judge is insinuating that he had made his terms with the French for his own personal advantage. The supreme degree of contempt which Robert Emmet felt for the course pursued in conducting the trial, which was but a libel on justice, and his righteous indignation at the charge made by the judge, is shown in the picture.

It is true that the expression is not one which would be selected as a prominent feature in the likeness of a friend. But this represents a special incident in an historical scene which will be held ever dear in the memory of the Irish people; moreover, Mr. Emmet was not only vindicating himself at this moment, but also the action of the Irish people themselves, who were in sympathy with his cause, and from this stand-point the likeness will probably be accepted.

DR. THOMAS ADDIS EMMET.

"SEE, HOW HE SMITES THE TYRANT'S ERMINED FRAUD
WITH WORDS THAT CRASH LIKE VOLLEY-THUNDERING SHIPS!"

The above picture of ROBERT EMMET, by Mulvany, has been copied in the *History of the Emmet Family*, and is described by Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet in the words of the note on the opposite page.

THE FRENCH EXPEDITION TO IRELAND IN 1798.*

BY REV. GEORGE McDERMOT, C.S.P.

OUR attention has just been called to an article in the *Dublin Review* on the expedition sent to Ireland in 1798 by the French Republic. We opened it in the expectation of finding a temperate dissertation on the system which then governed the relations of France to other countries. We cannot call it a policy, any more than we can call the irruptions of the barbarians a policy. It was a system of aggression, born of necessity and pursued without respect for the past, without thought for the future. We had hoped to find in the article some instructive suggestion concerning this particular instance of the universal assault on the monarchies of Europe—instructive in the special circumstances of Ireland. We have nothing of the kind. We have, instead, a fragmentary account of Humbert's descent at Killala Bay in August, an allusion to the descent on the English coast by "the second legion of Franks" in February, 1797, the entrance of a French fleet into Bantry Bay on the coast of Ireland in the previous December, the second appearance of a few French ships in Killala Bay in October, and the expedition in the same month which was defeated off Lough Swilly. This last is interesting because Wolfe Tone, the founder of the United Irishmen, was taken prisoner while fighting desperately on board the flag-ship *Hoche*.

We have in the article nineteen pages of matter purporting to be the essence of six works—the first published in 1800, the last the republished Autobiography of Tone. The meaning of the insurrection could be gathered from the last-named book, as the origin and hopes of the United Irishmen are there fully stated; but the writer in the *Dublin Review* brushes them away as of no moment in comparison with his own theory—that the insurrection was an insensate revolt of shoeless, ignorant, and ferocious peasants of hideous aspect, fomented by the Directory of the French Republic.

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* *Dublin Review*, July.

THE ENGLISH POLICY WAS TO CREATE ANTAGONISMS.

We say nothing just now concerning the justice of a rising against the government of Ireland at that time. We can only express astonishment that an article calculated to cause national exasperation should appear in a review founded to assert Irish and Catholic claims. We deprecate efforts to perpetuate the old hostility between the people of Ireland and of England. Whatever may be said against Mr. Gladstone's policy of Home Rule as a conception of the relations between the countries, it cannot be denied that he succeeded in conciliating the vast majority of the Irish people. It has been said that the Irish lack gall to make oppression bitter; no matter how they are treated, they will only clamor a little or whine, in which moods enough of the "stick" can always secure silence, or, in case of any real danger, a sop of some kind may be thrown to them until the next period for the stick.

This is not our interpretation of the moods of ministers. The word "stick" has been insolently used in the English press and on the platform; men highly thought of in Ireland, and by personal friends out of Ireland, have been libelled in the English papers, without regard to decency, because they espoused the interests of their country; the comic journals have exhibited Irishmen in their cartoons as gorillas armed for assassination, and the whole press has held them up time and again as mendicants begging for what brave men would have taken or died in the attempt to take. It would be a mistake to suppose this scorn was reserved for the poorer classes or the disloyal classes. No class in Ireland was safe from the malignity of the scribe who ate this bread of infamy, or the limner who spread his meaningless caricature on a page of *Punch*, or *Judy*, or the *Tomahawk*, or some evangelical paper more funny than the comic journals. We wish Irish gentlemen who are now flattered as the garrison to remember how, in their young days, they were described as fortune-hunters of swaggering gait, brutal eyes and brazen forehead, haunting English watering-places. The poor imbecile Costigan or the truculent ruffian Barry Lyndon represents one or other of Mr. Thackeray's types of the well-born Irishman. Now, it is in the interest of these Protestant gentlemen that the great Catholic review, the *Dublin*, holds up the poor peasants who joined Humbert as filthy savages, the predecessors in manners, means, and intelligence of the Parliamentary Party. In a word, the article from beginning to end is a covert attack on the policy inaugurated in the Disestablishment Act, intended to be expressed in the Land Code beginning with the great act of 1870, and which we think would have been a security for the empire if it had been completed by the passage of the Home-Rule Bill.

We see no reason for the article as it stands. As we have hinted, there could have been written a valuable paper examining the action of the French Directory in a country circumstanced as Ireland then was, with a Catholic population inclined to be loyal if it had any encouragement; a numerous body of Presbyterians alert, almost unbelieving, sharp and enterprising, determined to rebel; an Established Church whose members were strangely divided between theoretical traitors and loyalists secured by bribes—theoretical traitors to-day who would be practical loyalists to-morrow for a consideration, while handy-dandy the practical loyalists would embrace the theoretical treason in their turn. Of course we have nothing of this; nothing but a partial, distorted, and almost unintelligible jotting down of selections from prejudiced authorities of the events in a campaign which of itself has no lesson to teach—a campaign barely above a marauding expedition. Newspaper correspondence made to order is severe history when compared with the review of matters given in this article.

THE REBELLION OF '98 OF HISTORICAL VALUE.

Yet, we doubt, is there anywhere to be found more valuable material for a chapter in the philosophy of history than the rebellion of 1798. If rulers sow the wind, they must expect to reap the whirlwind. No phenomenon of society is without a cause, and if we find a disturbance it must have had its source in men's passions, in unalterable conditions of their nature. At this time of day we do not value even an accurate account of events a century old, unless the events give us some guide to the perplexities of the present. The marching of the King of France and his twenty thousand men is as profitable a performance in the development of society as the invasion of Humbert in our essayist's hands, and quite as exact history. We regret to open the old story. The seven centuries of wrong was becoming a phrase, practical men had become tired of it; the younger men were beginning to relegate the old cruelties to the adornment of a tale, the fierce conflicts were, in the better day, to serve no purpose but that of a theme for the poet, the playwright, or the novelist. In Ireland, as a part of the empire, they would serve as a subtle reminiscence of her nationality, like the songs of Scotland, and, like them, an influence of attachment to the power that so far respected the national sentiment. It is astonishing to find how little knowledge or talent is needed to injure a great work of any kind. A child can blow up a powder magazine in a beleaguered city, a Dublin reviewer defeat the policy of the greatest statesman.

THE RÔLE OF FROUDE.

We presume the writer of the article is a Catholic, for no Protestant would select a Catholic organ in which to ventilate his contempt for the poor peasants who told Humbert that they came "to fight for God and the Blessed Virgin"; no Protestant would venture to say in such a publication that they fought "with the crucifix at their head," and that their "chief object was the extirpation of heretics." We ourselves fail to see the iniquity of Catholics claiming the protection of Our Lady if they think they are fighting for a good cause. It is not necessary now to maintain that the cause in question was a good one—we may offer considerations before we are done to show that the "peasants" might have reasonably thought they were fighting for a good cause—but the point is that Irish peasants in 1798 had as good a right to rush to death with the name of our Blessed Lady on their lips as Irish gentlemen in the Great Civil War of 1641–53, and as those who fought against the Protestant League of Europe, headed by the Prince of Orange, in 1689–91. The fact that the Pope was a member of the Protestant League does not affect the matter. We respectfully submit that Lord Lucan, Sir Neal O'Neil, Lord Mountcashel, and the other gentlemen who fought for Holy Church were as good Catholics as His Holiness the Pope, as good Catholics as the Crusaders, to whom the name of our Blessed Lady was a prayer and inspiration, as good Catholics as Simon de Montfort and Don John of Austria, who in their need found her the Help of Christians.

We speak in this manner because it is obvious that the writer in the *Dublin Review* has tried, in a small way, to play the *rôle* of Mr. James Anthony Froude. Froude in his effort to excite American prejudice against the Irish cause spoke from Protestant platforms and under Protestant auspices. He was clearly within his rights in doing so. We have no objection to fair discussion; anything that knowledge fairly presented would have enabled Mr. Froude to urge against the hopes of the Irish people should command attention. We think he was unfair, that his authorities were selected, that his extracts were garbled; but he did not attack the stronghold from within, he was not in charge of the defences, he did not betray the garrison. It may be thought good policy for the *Dublin Review* to heap contumely on the peasants of 1798, the predecessors of the Land League peasants, of the Plan-of-Campaign peasants, and, by rhetorical implication, of the entire National party. The filthy savages who robbed and murdered all the loyalists that fell into their hands in the short term of success that Humbert enjoyed, acted according to their Irish nature; the same that shoots landlords from behind hedges, drowns bailiffs in bog-holes, intimidates foreigners entering into possession of evicted holdings, stones the police when breaking up a public meeting, refuses to pay exorbitant rents, and is guilty of the incredible wickedness of lodging originating notices* in the Court of Land Commission. We fear that Mr. Gladstone was mistaken when he denied that the Irish had received a double dose of original sin.

THE ENGLISH CATHOLICS OWE NOT A LITTLE TO THE IRISH.

Nothing else, to our mind, can account for the fact that Irish influence guarded the interests of English Catholics with unswerving fidelity and zeal during the entire of the present century. When the cowardly Shrewsbury showed his loyalty to the Ecclesiastical Titles Act by insulting the most beloved of the Irish prelates, Irish members of Parliament were working to secure the rights of English Catholics to a share or an equivalent in the educational, charitable, and social endowment of their country. When the father of the present Duke of Norfolk could not find a seat in England, he was elected one of the members for the most national of Irish cities. When Lord Robert Montagu was hunted from an English constituency because he became a Catholic, Mr. Butt, an Irish Protestant, representing the noble liberality of his Catholic followers, secured his election for an Irish county. To express our belief in the inheritance of the double dose of original sin in the shortest form—we say that English Catholics were emancipated by Irish sacrifices as fully as were the Irish themselves, although they did what they could to defeat the broad scheme which O'Connell maintained to be the least concession that could be accepted. We owe to the intrigues of English Catholics that the religious bodies are illegal societies, that a bequest or devise for Masses for the dead is a popish and superstitious use, and that but for O'Connell the paltry measure of emancipation the English Catholics wanted would be the insidious and gratuitous slavery of a state-appointed episcopate without an endowment. We could understand these English Catholics agreeing that the bishops should be appointed, say by Palmerston, the friend of Italian revolutionists, or by Russell, the author of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, if a state endowment had been secured to them. A price would then have been paid by a Protestant nation for the sinister services of Catholic bishops, but the gratuitous betrayal of their flocks was, we think, an excessive demand on those English shepherds of the people. Yet it would be compensated for if the few Catholic peers could once more take their place in the House of Lords—doubtless in order that a few of them might rebel with more authority against a dogma of the church. We should like to know what the writer of this article thinks of the appearance and manners, the hopes and aspirations of the Gordon rioters who sacked London in 1780 because there was a possibility of some little repeal of Catholic disabilities? Does this writer think that such a repeal sprang from the liberality of his own countrymen, or from some dread of the Irish Volunteers? He refers to the expedition in which Napper Tandy bore a part, that of the single ship *Anacreon*, to which the desperate Irishman had committed his fortunes and those of the exiled friends with him, sick of the imbecility and fraud of the Directory's counsels; does he not think that his English predecessors owed some emancipation to the menacing motto affixed to his guns by the same Napper Tandy as they galloped through the streets of Dublin in 1779? We think these same guns and their motto fluttered them in their dove-cotes of the Castle; and talk about them crossed the Channel, so that even a Dublin reviewer of the future inherited some citizenship owing to their suggestiveness.

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* The originating notice is the first proceeding either by landlord or tenant to have a fair rent fixed. We do not hear that the landlord is condemned for trying to have the rent increased.

THE MAYO PEASANTS NATURALLY LOYAL.

We care nothing about this writer's misrepresentations of the campaign. As an Englishman he can hardly relish the Races of Castlebar; what we object to is the view he tries to present—that there were no grievances under which the Irish

Catholics suffered, that those Mayo peasants joined the French in order to enjoy the license of their savage disposition uncontrolled, and that the present movement in Ireland, in its two branches of social and political, is a recrudescence of the old madness. We have the testimony of an Irish Protestant gentleman* to the fact that at the time of the Gordon riots the Catholic clergy of Ireland possessed unlimited influence over their people, and were at the same time "cheerfully submissive" to the laws, penal though they were. If a change took place in the attitude of the clergy and the people, or if the first lost their influence upon the people in the succeeding years, there must have been a cause. We are not justifying the submission of the clergy and people under the penal laws; we are only stating a fact. But if that spirit of submission passed away, there must have been some power at work through the whole population. An armed descent of a few Frenchmen on the coast of Mayo would not have attracted the lower classes of the people, if these lived on friendly terms with those above them. There was, no doubt, a revolutionary spirit over Europe, and England had not escaped its influence. To what extent the English people were pervaded by the doctrines of the French Revolution it is somewhat difficult to decide, because there is a wide difference between theoretical acceptance and practical adoption. That the Directory relied upon support in England, is plain from the expedition to which we have referred in the beginning of this paper. There were men belonging to both houses of Parliament deeply implicated in relations with the French, the mass of the Dissenters was fully leavened by Paine's *Age of Reason*, the agricultural interest below the great owners of property was discontented. The commercial and banking interest and the followers of the court, with their spiritual and economic adjuncts of the church and the bar, formed the loyal classes. We have the same social phenomena to-day; we are glad that the gentleman of the *Dublin Review* has compelled us to speak plainly, and say that, as then happened to be the case, a plutocracy ruled the empire for its own purposes and was loyal to the throne. The money-brokers were then as now an integral part of the administration, though a new part; they are now not merely an integral part, but the controlling influence. The rise of this power began with the expenses of the American war, which every day made demand upon the resources of the people; it has been an instrument of every minister since, or rather a familiar, which can only be appeased by concessions at the expense of every other interest. For it black men are slaughtered in Africa, starved to death in India, weak nations invaded and plundered; its influence is seen in a Jameson raid, an Afghan expedition, a Venezuelan treaty, an Irish coercion act. The landed interest in England is upheld by its contemptuous aid in the shape of subsidies to sons-in-law, and even Princes of the Blood or their connections are its servants.

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* Sir Jonah Barrington, *Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation.*

EFFECT OF THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

It is idle to suppose that the American war had no influence on Irish sentiment. We know that it had, but even without that knowledge we should have been of the opinion *a priori.* We are, therefore, unable to understand how any man could suppose that the insurrection of 1798, as a whole or any part of it, was due solely and exclusively to French influence. An Irish judge whose duty it is to assign a wrong cause for every social phenomenon that threatens to disturb the solitude of his country must find an external source—French influence it used to be, American it has become—but in the *Dublin Review* we look for light and leading, for something to encourage the Catholic people, who have been so faithful in their struggle for education, for guarded public charities, for equal laws, for economic opportunity; and if the only way to obtain these advantages be autonomy, to encourage their efforts to obtain it. Instead, we have an article full of bitterness and scorn published without perceptible cause—at least we know of nothing which has occurred these few years past, if ever, to arouse the jealousy or alarm of English Catholics—and published at a time when it was calculated to stop the progress of reconciliation among the sections of the Irish party.

The whole of the eighteenth century was a period of terrible oppression and suffering in Ireland. The writer of the article cannot efface the penal laws, of which Hussy Burgh, a Protestant and a friend of the English connection, said to the ministers of his day: You have sown them and, like dragon's teeth, they have sprung up armed men. The story of that century is crystallized in Olympiads of famine, in evictions, in exactions of tithe, in rents "squeezed from the vitals" of the people. The evidence is to be found in the writings of humane men who told what they had witnessed, in state papers which set down those calamities in the language of official extenuation.

There can be no question of it; consequently we may find without seeking far a cause for the sympathy of the Mayo peasants with the expedition of Humbert.

THE CAUSE OF THE REBELLION.

The fact is, that the rebellion was produced by Mr. Pitt's measures of repression, following a great breach of faith towards the Catholics; and it is provable, with the intention of forcing the Act of Union on the dismayed country. We say that the Catholic priests all along exercised their influence in favor of submission, and if the government had any concern for law and order it would have found support in that influence. But what could be done when torture was inflicted on their flocks for any cause or no cause? Everything included in the meaning of free quarters enjoyed by a licentious soldiery placed among a hated and despised population was suffered. So far as we can understand, in the county of Wexford the only disloyal men in 1797–8 were the gentry. We know of a dinner in which a dozen gentlemen of the foremost rank in the county expressed their hopes and discussed their plans in the presence of a British officer in the confidence of after-dinner wine. This gentleman, a Captain Keogh, was related to some of them. He communicated to the Castle what he had heard; we do not suggest that he should have concealed the treason, but we think that he ought to have stopped the speakers and informed them that his duty would not permit him to overlook the matter. The military were let loose upon the people, Catholic churches were burned, villages set on fire and the flying inhabitants slaughtered, women outraged as in Armenia the other day. Then rose such characters as the Walking Gallows, that giant who placidly strangled by means of a rope over his shoulder the wretches he came across; Captain Armstrong, who dandled on his knee the children of the man whose blood he was selling; Sir Judkin Fitzgerald, who flogged those whom he thought fit over a large area of Munster until the entrails would protrude; that host of petty officials who possessed the right to try at the drum-head whoever displeased them and hang him from the nearest bough. It was boasted of by a regiment in the County Wexford that not a woman through the whole of one barony escaped violation. It was no wonder that the people seized their pitchforks and scythes, and we do not wonder that there were some priests to head them. Why should the recollection of such horrors be forced upon us? We could have no difficulty in referring to the rising of 1798 as an episode in the history of misgovernment, to be regretted as such, but also to be taken as a warning to governments and subjects. We could have shown that when the Fitzwilliam administration entered office in Ireland, in 1795, the Catholics were full of hope and loyalty, that the Presbyterians alone plotted in irreconcilable hostility to overthrow English authority. We condemn or blame neither Catholic nor Presbyterian. It may be as Wolfe Tone suggested, that the Presbyterian religion is calculated to make men ardent republicans, and that nothing could reconcile them to the inferiority included in an episcopal established church whose head was a king. This is an interesting subject and we may consider it at another time. For the loyalty of the Catholics we have no praise, no censure. If they were loyal because they knew from experience how hopeless rebellion was, we can only regard their inactivity as proof that government had a good corporal security for the peace; but there was no merit in that loyalty. On the other hand, if they were loyal, as every authority of the time says they were, because they had promises of emancipation and parliamentary reform, we can only ask our readers to judge what credit must be given to a writer in a great Catholic quarterly who would have us believe that they were ferocious savages whose occupation, when it could be pursued safely, consisted of robbery, arson, and murder; and that as for loyalty, they had no conception of it?

AN ORDINATION.

BY MARY ISABEL CRAMSIE.

A VOICE through heaven's arches rang,
"Rejoice!"
Responsive, myriad angels sang,
Rejoice!
The burst of song, with rapturous swell,
Divine, ecstatic, rose and fell;
Fell softly through the listening space
To find on earth a dwelling-place.

Before God's altar, bending low,
With heart of fire and soul of snow,
A priest;
So freshly crowned, the spirit's glow
In circling radiance seemed to flow.
His soul the wandering echoes find,
Nor miss the heaven they left behind.

O heavy years! O thorny way!
Your shadows reach him not to-day.
His hand within the clasp divine,
His wordless prayer, "Thy will be mine."
While sweet and clear the echoing voice
Thrills through his soul, "Rejoice, rejoice!"

"DEMOCRACY AND LIBERTY" REVIEWED.

BY HILAIRE BELLOC.

ENGLAND has had the honor of producing a school of writers who have, throughout the century, adopted a new method of historical inquiry. That method was to some extent a reaction against the idealism of the revolutionary period which preceded it. Possibly it also came into prominence on account of the purely material developments through which the nation successfully passed, at the epochs immediately preceding and succeeding the Reform Bill. Presumably it was also brought into existence to a considerable degree by the growth of those great and novel theories which Darwin, by a purely material method, ultimately imposed upon the metaphysics of our time.

Mr. Lecky has ever been among the most prominent of this school of writers; Buckle's is another name that, in a somewhat different connection, will occur at once to the reader. Sir Henry Maine in the domain of political science, Herbert Spencer in the domain of philosophical inquiry, represent the same school.

Its methods are almost purely inductive. It proceeds to collect a mass of facts under the explicit declaration that the writer has no particular bias. When this mass has been once collected, he proceeds to examine it in what he calls the most impartial spirit. Then and only then the writer determines upon some theory which he is now in a position to say explains these various phenomena.

To the younger men of the present day, the chief interest of this melancholy episode in the history of intellectual effort is to watch its obvious decay and the ludicrous final attempts to bolster it up in our modern literature. The books of a type which at one time were capable of profoundly moving the thoughts of the universities, have been succeeded by books of a similar type, which merely produce weariness and a demand for definite ideal and for clear principle.

It might have been supposed *a priori* that a method so different from the actual workings of the human mind would never have a permanent success. It might have been imagined (without waiting for time to give the proof) that it was conviction, faith, principle—what you will—which really formed with these writers, as with all others, the motive of inquiry; and that the facts they collected, for all their protestations of an unbiased mind, were nothing but the carefully edited proofs of a previously conceived theory.

The fact which might, we say, have been imagined in any case has been most convincingly proved in the last efforts of this school, and in none more convincingly than in Mr. Lecky's book on "Democracy and Liberty."

Just as Sir Henry Maine shows his hand in the "Democracy" after his careful attempts to veil it in the "Ancient Law"; just as Mr. Herbert Spencer has appeared as a militant and not over-rational materialist in political science, after the many protestations of an open mind in the "Sociology," so Mr. Lecky follows up the "open mind" of his history of the eighteenth century with the unhappy exposition of prejudice, and of facts carefully edited to exhibit that prejudice, in the "Democracy and Liberty."

What is the meaning of the democratic movement of our century? Is it a revival of the old states of the Mediterranean basin in the pre-Christian time? Is it a reaction towards the sublime ideals of self-government based upon high individual character, which formed the glory of the thirteenth century? Is it a natural and blind evolution of the economic circumstances of to-day? Is it the mere result of the immense increase of population swamping the older traditions of the nations? To all of these fundamental questions Mr. Lecky offers no reply. That prime factor in the evolution of the modern state, the Industrial Revolution, passes through the whole of Mr. Lecky's book without one clear acknowledgment.

Some light as to the character of the men who led the reform, some analysis of a Charles James Fox, of a Jefferson, of a Danton; some guide, however paltry and insufficient, to the determination of the quality of the revolutionary ideal, might surely have been afforded! It is simply omitted; and we have in its place, running throughout the work, a querulous complaint against democracy as it is, without any appreciation of its transitional quality, without any forecast of the stupendous effects which the centralization of capital, on the one hand, or its better repartition, on the other, might effect.

We are given the impression that Mr. Lecky personally does not like to see men of education or of material interests less than that of his own class possessed of any political power; and a huge volume of more or less disconnected facts, and even of contradictory interpretations, is arraigned as the basis of his complaint.

In an article so short as the present review it is impossible to do more than give a few characteristic instances of this, but these should be sufficient to prove the main contention of our thesis.

First, let us take the passage in which Mr. Lecky deplores the attack upon the English landed aristocracy. What is one of his main arguments in favor of its continuance? Is it the statesman-like appreciation of the importance of a continuous body of men bound up with local government and dispersing the already sadly concentrated populations of our time? Is it something based upon the strong argument of the immorality of touching private property? These certainly enter into his arguments, but side by side with them, and of equal importance, is the ridiculous plea for a class "which can be early trained in the exercise of hospitality"! Could anything be more hopelessly the result of a personal bias? Does Mr. Lecky imagine that the slipshod and not over well-bred hospitality of an English country-house is the best type of good feeling to be found in modern England? Does he know nothing of the home of a cultured merchant, of professional and non-territorial houses? He should, for no small part of his advancement was due to the fact that he, an Irish landlord, was taken up by the middle class Liberal leaders of the '40's and '50's.

Again, Mr. Lecky tells us that the votes exercised by the ignorant mass of a newly enfranchised electorate do not represent the national feeling, but are merely the chance action of a whim or of some petty material interest; and then he tells us in another place that the great heart of England rose in a recent election and swept away the Home-Rule Bill!

Again, Mr. Lecky characterizes, with full bias, the efforts to destroy the unjust and the unhistorical power of the landed classes in Ireland. He talks of their property as though it had the absolute quality of uncontested personal property. He must surely know that such a presentation of the Irish village community is a wilfully false one. The writer of *England in the Eighteenth Century* cannot be ignorant of the fact that there has been, during the short time that this unjust aggression upon national rights has existed, a continuous protest against its continued exercise, and that a man might as well talk of his absolute immunity from an old debt that had constantly been pressed, as of the absolute property of a Smith Barry or a Clanricard in his land.

In fine, though the name is great and the authority attaching to it is enormous; though the man is of the highest culture, and possesses the most profound knowledge of the details of recent history, we may surely borrow from the methods of his own school a sufficient contempt for authority and a sufficient independence of judgment to conclude that this book is rather the proof of the failure of his methods than a work from which the younger minds, and the justly eager minds, of our time can draw any definite conclusions as to what our modern state is, will be, or should be.

PURPLE ASTER.

AS now to earth the wintry shadows near,
Thy purple tints reflect the doleful light
That flickers soft above the spot where blight
Hath carvèd queenly Autumn's sepulchre.
Thou! last of blooms below, sweet Aster dear,
In vain I plead with roses, lilies white—
Those blossomed sympathies—to glad thy sight
So wooed of Solitude's unfettered tear.

As coppice violets immerse the shore
Of Spring in petal-waves of limpid blue,
So let thy crests of color o'er me flow.
Oh, what a prophecy of light before
The dawn art thou! For, lo! thy sombre hue
Forestalls the fairer blossoming of snow.

THE ART OF LYING.

BY LELIA HARDIN BUGG.

ONE of the strongest feelings of my childish heart was a love of truth. With me it was not a virtue but an inborn characteristic, reflecting no more credit than would the talent for sculpture or languages with which some highly gifted children are endowed by the good angels at their entrance on the stage called life.

The very word falsehood—I never said *lie* even in thought, for that represented the abyss of vulgarity as well as depravity—conveyed depths of horror simply unfathomable. It was the one thing of which no absolution could ever make one entirely free, because it was a stain on the honor as well as on the soul. I thought one might be very naughty, and by repentance and a firm though fragile resolution to sin no more, be forgiven; but—a falsehood! One might get well of the fever and be the same as ever, but of the small-pox the marks would remain no matter what one did.

"The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," was an article of my youthful creed as firm, I believed, as the pyramids. As I grew older this was modified to "the truth always, but not always the whole truth." I was gradually initiated into the mysteries of conventional "taradiddles"—a phrase adapted probably from the Sanscrit. I learned that "not at home" meant simply not at home to the person calling; that pleasure expressed at a visit or delight over a present, when the present was not wanted and the visit a nuisance, was only "politeness," and of course everybody, and especially little girls, must be polite. Then, when I passed into long frocks and the possession of real hair-pins, the mysteries of ethics were unfolded to me, and I learned all about mental reservations, natural secrets, secrets of trust, and the keeping of one's own affairs to one's self, till it seemed to me that one might be on the borderland of falsehood every day and still be literally truthful. The most dreadful and blood-curdling ethical problems presented themselves to my imagination. I heard all about the monk, pursued on the heinous charge of being a Christian, who turned and walked towards his pursuers, and when interrogated about the object of their quest declared, with perfect truth, "I have never seen his face."

In reading of the penal days in England, when it was treason, and therefore death, to harbor a priest, I puzzled over the problem whether one could not deny the presence of a clergyman in the house, and if it would not be a secret of trust, and I decided that one could say she did not know. Humanly speaking, it was reasonable to suppose that the priest was in the underground chamber or the secret vault; but he might have been stricken with heart-disease within the last ten minutes and be then in heaven, so I fell asleep with the comforting conviction that had I been in the place of Edith Howard, the heroine of a very thrilling tale of those times, I could have saved my conscience and the head of my dear old confessor as well.

Of course, George Washington and his hatchet were old friends. It never occurred to my childish imagination to doubt that if he had prevaricated about the cherry-tree he never would have been the Father of his Country, nor have had his picture taken in powdered cue and a white apron, to adorn the parlors in the rural districts and to fire the ambition of good little boys and girls to save their country. The discovery was reserved for later years that the path of rectitude was not always the path of glory, and that Washington, a hundred years more modern, might have been asked to sacrifice truth, not for his country but for his party and his party's spoils. Then natural secrets and mental reservations were twisted into all sorts of fantastic tales; and when I got the opportunity to put my hypothetical cases to a clerical friend, I was assured that my conclusions were generally ethically correct, so that it really did not seem such a very difficult matter to tell the truth. And yet the conviction grew, as I reached slowly but surely those years supposed to be years of discretion, that truth as a virtue, or even a sentiment, was fast getting to be, with hoop-skirts and Quaker bonnets and stage-coaches, out of date.

I see falsehood to the right and to the left, in high places and in low, in Arcadian regions and the market-place, until I am tempted to wonder if it will not be discovered to us, through some highly stupid and eminently proper novel of the class to which we are invited to go for ethical food, that falsehood is, under certain conditions, not a vice but rather the highest kind of virtue. To be sure, the reviewers have not informed a waiting and patient public of the discovery, but that may be merely an oversight.

Another illusion of my innocent youth was the belief that anything put in a book was true, and history especially the essence of truth. It no more occurred to me to doubt the thrilling anecdotes of Cæsar and Napoleon and Cleopatra and Washington and Braddock than it did to doubt that I wanted my dinner to-day and should probably want it to-morrow. History, according to the dictionary to which, in the absence of an American Cambridge or Oxford, we appeal in matters of doubt, is a narration of facts, and simple-minded ones among us believe the dictionary; but the documents in the case prove the definition to be wrong. History is the narration of theories materialized into facts by the art of certain writers, called historians. Mr. James Anthony Froude is not alone in the distinction of writing fiction in the guise of acceptable history; he is only following a very common example.

Recently we have been given a most interesting book, called *Some Lies and Errors of History.* We expect errors in the work of fallible men, but lies in history seem like a phenomenon. At the hands of the learned author certain current tales which have long passed for history are demolished.

Tourists have for ages spent reverent moments in the grim prison of Tasso, and poets, from Byron to college freshmen, have immortalized the narrow cell. Now we learn that Tasso was never there at all. Alexander VI. and the Borgias have furnished the most lurid pages of history, and after regretting human weakness and growing hot with indignation over such awful depravity, we now find that our sentiments have all been wasted; the tales are for the most part a fabrication which rests on a journal of a master of ceremonies of the Papal court—a most wonderful journal, begun the year of his appointment to office and *continued a year after his death.* Even poor little Marie Bashkirtseff, of our own times, with her candid and voluminous diary, could not match this post-mortem creation! The Inquisition and Galileo are current coin; the horrors narrated thereof are not true, but a little thing like that does not affect their circulation or their value. It was Tasso himself who said that men's minds are ice for truth but fire for falsehood.

We pick up one book and find that Elizabeth, the "virgin" monarch of England, was a wise, prudent, virtuous sovereign; we read in another of her intrigues and jealousies, her persecutions and vindictiveness, and can only conclude that one or other of her biographers is jesting. We read of the awful doings of "Bloody Mary," and expect every moment to see the very ink turn red; and then when we timidly ask for proofs, we find that she was only eminently human, with conflicting currents of good and ill. One historian (?) lashes himself into a fury over the Bourbons, till we wonder that the horrors of the French Revolution were not redoubled and precipitated a century sooner; we meet with another gentleman enthroned in a musty corner of our libraries who tells us that they were, on the whole, fairly able and Christian men. We have shuddered over a most dramatic description given us of King Charles firing on the Huguenots from a part of the Louvre not built until thirty years after the massacre. In the midst of our magnificent preparations to honor Columbus, the man who, we were taught as children, gave a new world to humanity and a haven to the oppressed of all nations—the man who set out on his perilous voyage with a prayer in his heart and God on his lips—he was "shown up," to borrow an odious newspaper expression, in one of our leading magazines as a buccaneer, a slave-dealer, a pirate, a tyrant, and a miser.

Some day a writer will prove that our own Washington was not a hero at all, but only an unscrupulous diplomat, a cowardly soldier, a traitor in thought, and that will be the last historic straw—our national heart will break.

Sadly, and almost with tears, we are tempted to paraphrase the famous question of the Areopagus: "What is truth, and where?"

We can easily imagine in this progressive age, which never stops and generally gets what it wants, and when we have bureaus for the supplying of everything from a cook or a grandfather to a congressman's speeches, the establishment of a historical bureau where history will be made to order. We can picture a school committee going in to leave an order for school history: "We want the French Revolution made very strong. Give Louis XIV. as an example of vice and weakness, devote a whole chapter to the profligacy at Versailles, make Elizabeth a representative character and suppress Dudley; give a dramatic setting to the Huguenots, and throw a red light on the orgies of the Borgias. And, by the way, leave the years following the Civil War in the United States blank; it is not well for children to know too much."

We can fancy further this same committee returning in a few days or weeks to examine the proofs as we commoner mortals do our negatives at photographers: "Well, on the whole the work is tolerably satisfactory. We want Mary Stuart retouched; you seem to have missed the malignity which we want to go with her character. Rub out the spots in Voltaire and put a background all black for the Bourbons. In posing the group of representative men, put Marcus Aurelius more to the front, holding a torch to light St. Paul on his way; give a full page illustration to the murder of Hypatia; and oh! the chapter on the beginnings of Christianity you might suppress altogether. It is so hard to please every one in this matter, and we want to avoid all cause of offence." And then, with a bland smile and a learned remark about the weather, we picture the committee filing out of the bureau and stopping for interior irrigation at the first corner.

That men in the heat of party strife, personal ambition, or temporal gain are tempted to do many things which cannot be tested by the golden rule, we understand soon enough in our education; but to find lies bold and persistent is a horror which dawns on us at a later stage. To carry a point by misrepresenting the other side and traducing an adversary, seems worse than the practice, in pagan warfare, of poisoning the wells.

I began first to read the newspapers intelligibly and with any degree of interest during a presidential campaign. It seemed strange and perplexing to me that the greatest villain the country afforded outside the penitentiaries should be allowed by respectable people to be put up by a set of villains, only differing in degree from the candidate, for the highest office in the land. But a love of fair play made me read the organs of the opposition, only to find that the leaders on the other side were the rogues and the scoundrels, and the parties of the first part Solons for wisdom and Pericles for justice, Washington and Adams and all the early Revolutionary fathers together for patriotism. After the election it was admitted that both candidates were very worthy and able men.

Since no one's reputation is safe who ventures out of the obscurity of private life, I would like to suggest another tribunal, officially founded at Washington as a sort of supreme court, composed of men of the highest ability and most unimpeachable integrity, before which any one could have the privilege of presenting himself for a certificate of character, this certificate to be left in the archives of the tribunal and carefully guarded night and day. Our presidents after a campaign might show that their past lives had been honest, upright, and pure, their deeds noble, their patriotism unquestioned, their statesmanship of a high order.

It seems like a paradox to imagine men lying in the cause of truth, but facts speak louder than theories; a history of religious controversies will reveal to the most cursory student a regular tournament of lying.

"Maria Monk," the escaped nun, still lingers in the rural districts of certain sections; a high-school professor, supposed to be learned, recently informed the youth of his city that confessions were from a dollar up, according to the sins of the penitent; still more recently a popular newspaper correspondent, who signs himself "Gath," told the hundred thousand more or less intelligent people who read his letters, that in Spain indulgences are sold, and that the sacrament of matrimony comes so high that poor people are compelled to dispense with it altogether as a prelude to the joining of young hearts and scant fortunes.

Grave ministers in certain sections still warn their congregations of the encroachments of a foreign potentate, and in glowing words and mixed metaphors, punctuated with the deep amens from pious old deacons, thunder anathemas at the foe "in our midst." When by chance we pick up a denominational paper containing these tirades, we are tempted to wonder if we really are living in the age of the telephone and the telegraph, the limited express and the elevated car, and the Associated Press; the age of Ibsen and Browning Clubs and University Extension and Christian Endeavor Societies; yet when we see these moss-grown slanders so fresh and so full of vitality, we are forced to conclude that as they flourish now, so will they continue to flourish when some lone Briton takes his stand on a broken arch of the Women's Building to sketch the ruins of Chicago!

Lies in every-day life are too common to excite much notice. We are accustomed to bankrupt sales, to goods never before so cheap, or given away at half price; to women made beautiful by Madame Fraude's preparations, and the old made young by Doctor Quack's elixir. Only the innocent or the very stupid are deceived in the spacious verandas, the shady lawns, the beautiful view, and the rich cream of the average farm-house where city boarders are wanted for the summer. Even the boarding-school prospectuses, with their full corps of experienced teachers, their modern improvements, and the unsurpassed advantages of their art departments, are accepted with a full allowance of salt. No one expects a woman to tell the truth about her age, a hunter about his game, or a returning tourist about his adventures. Well-to-do women with a penchant for appropriating other people's goods are called kleptomaniacs; I do not know what euphemistic title has been coined for natural liars. Modifications of this same trait, pretending to be what one is not, extends through many upward ramifications of the social strata. In its higher forms it is pathetic, and in all absurd. Miss Jewett's old maids bravely pressing their dainties on their guest, with the effect of having plenty more in reserve, come very near our tears; the brass logs painted to look like wood, with concealed gas-jets, embalmed in Mr. Warner's pages, call forth a smile.

I have always admired the little girl who, upon being asked by a young lady how she liked her gown, the gown being ugliness unrelieved, replied that the *buttons* were very pretty; her desire to be truthful and her desire to be polite were very evenly balanced and the compromise most ingenious. More blunt and more material, as might be expected, was the boy's answer to the visitor at whom he had stared longer than good breeding would permit. "Well, my little man, what do you think of me?" No answer being given, the question was pressed: "And so you won't tell me; and why not?" "'Cause I'd be spanked if I did."

Some well-meaning but tactless people seem to have an idea that perfect truthfulness and perfect breeding cannot flourish in the same soil. As a matter of fact, the people who are the most truthful and sincere are generally the people with the most beautiful manners. It is not necessary to be always projecting disagreeable truths, like so many pin-thrusts, at a helpless victim. You may not admire my gowns, or my temper, or my ideas, but it is not your place to tell me so. I may not care for you or your opinions, but I am not going out of my way to inform you of the fact. There are self-constituted mentors in the world who take a melancholy pleasure, or at least it ought to be melancholy, in telling one all the disagreeable things she knows and repeating ill-natured remarks; she never gossips; oh, no! She only warns—from the highest motives of course.

A real friend will sometimes speak unpleasant truths; but the pill is gilded with so much love, and compounded so daintily by gentle fingers, and made so small by admiring eyes, and given with such a mass of the sweets of appreciation and tenderness that we hardly recognize it as a pill at all.

Talleyrand's epigram, "Words are given us to conceal our thoughts," has taken its place in a dozen languages, and yet words are capable of such delicate manipulations that thoughts may be concealed and still no falsehood told. A prudent man will keep his secrets by dissembling. He acts as if there were no secrets to keep; an imprudent one will simulate. The one shuns notice, the other courts it; the one merely conceals the truth, the other acts a lie. One learns generally through personal experience that candor and prudence may really be united.

Only a supremely stupid person will find a falsehood lurking in the conventional phrases: "The prisoner pleads not guilty"—not guilty in the eyes of the law until proven so; "glad to see you"—planting one's self on the gospel precept to love one's neighbor; "dear Sir, or Madam"—dear in the sense that we are all members of that universal brotherhood of man which includes women also. "His Most Christian Majesty," to the greatest profligate who ever wore a crown, is only an arbitrary title, and "Defender of the Faith" is now, of course, purely Pickwickian. We are all familiar with impromptu speeches prepared a month in advance—with the unexpected honor, sought for night and day.

Imagine the racket that would be made in the world if an automatic electrically charged cock were to crow every time an untruth was uttered! Bedlam would sink to a second place immediately. A book has recently been issued dealing with the fortunes of a group of men who pledged themselves to absolute truthfulness for only one day. The results were highly disastrous.

It would be interesting to study the mental operations by which prevarications are justified—the mental reservations by which they are hedged. Fortunes have been spent on Arctic explorations, and explorations in other regions natural and scientific, which proved of no great benefit to the world. I should like to suggest to some ten-millionaire—we all have a weakness for playing philanthropist with other people's fortunes—the desirability of a fund for the investigation of secrets, mental reservations, and lies. To find out, in a word, how lies are justified to the consciences of liars. A whole psychological vista might be opened before us.

We all know people who are naturally secretive, just as others are naturally quick-tempered; only in the one case the trait is recognized as a fault and in the other it is nursed as a virtue. The secretive man considers himself a model of prudence and discretion; he makes a mystery of his most ordinary acts, conceals his likes and his dislikes, never ventures on a decided opinion unless sure of sympathizers and supporters, and is not above employing spies; he is given to signing articles for the press with a fictitious name, or better still, to having some one else, less important than he thinks himself to be, bear the responsibility.

Serious indeed has been the effect of the spirit of falsehood on certain phases of our social life. Our papers teem with broken engagements, breach of promise suits, squabbles over technicalities. Promises are lightly given and lightly kept. No one is greatly surprised when a new cook fails to come, a gown not sent home on time, a bill left unpaid, an appointment broken. As a reaction against such universal mendacity in real life, fiction is going to the other extreme. The all-comprehensive canon of literary art is: "The truthful treatment of material." The old-fashioned romanticism has gone out, excepting with certain gentle old ladies who cling to the idols of their youth, and some very young girls who live quite beyond the charmed radius whose poles are Doctor Ibsen and Mr. Howells. Unfortunately, it does not seem to occur to some of our realists that intelligence, while not so plentiful, is just as real as stupidity, companionable people as commonplace. It must be a perversion of mind which associates realism only with something ugly, if not positively wicked. "A rose is as real as a potato," some modern sage has remarked; but he is probably not a writer of novels.

It is a question whether lies are really increasing as the world grows older, or whether they are only found out more readily. Solomon's testimony was not flattering to his own age, and that takes us back three thousand years; while certain little transactions which Biblical and profane history bring to light do not square at all with our ethical ideas. It would be interesting to know whether Marcus Aurelius ever encountered what in modern times is know as a "confidence man"; whether papyrus-rolls posted on the Roman Forum advertised corner lots or boomed an Apian suburb; whether small boys were stationed by the Athenian portico to cry in the ears of the philosophers the merits of somebody's hair-dye. If all the evil that has been wrought in the world by lies could materialize in one long procession, what an array of tragedies would pass before our sorrowful eyes! Desdemona dying, and the Indian of our own times, stung into frenzy by broken treaties and barefaced lies, would not be the least pathetic of figures in the vast array. The procession of liars would be too long to be reviewed at one sitting.

It is not given to every liar to attain the unenviable immortality which overtook the Rev. Mr. Kingsley in the trenchant pages of the great Cardinal Newman. The impugning of his veracity was cause grave enough to goad the gentlest of men into one of the finest bits of sarcasm in the English tongue. Would that unwarranted attacks on another always met the same fate!

The American love of fair play, when not blinded by prejudice, usually acts on the motto "Hear the other side." For myself, a perverse desire to know what the accused has to say in defence, whether men or measures are at the bar, has led to the discovery, which doubtless every one makes for himself, that most questions have not only two sides, but sometimes a dozen besides the right and the wrong side.

I have sometimes longed for a transparency motto, "He who proves too much proves nothing," to flash before certain impassioned orators. We are living in an age of progress, as college valedictorians annually tell us; we are even informed that the march of mind is commensurate with the march of matter; so surely it is not an optimistic dream to look to the promising Twentieth century to inaugurate an era of truth and honor and honesty, when Damon will find another Pythias, and that highest of tributes be deserved by men—"His word is as good as his bond."

THE FLYING SQUAD.

BY A PRIEST.

THIS summer I was walking one day along a lonely road, near a small village in the mountains, when I was overtaken by a boy driving a fast horse attached to a dusty buggy. He drove furiously towards me and cried out "Father, father! will you come and see my father, who is dying?" "Yes," I replied, leaping into his wagon and riding off at a tearing pace till we reached a white, comfortable-looking farmhouse, shining in the fields. I entered and heard the man's confession, but I could give him neither Communion nor Extreme Unction, because I was only a visitor in the neighborhood, and the church and the parish priest were seven miles away. After I had done what I could, I said to the sick man's wife and son:

"Now you must send for your pastor to give Holy Communion and Extreme Unction."

"Oh!" said the boy, with tears rolling down his cheeks, "can't you give them, father, for I think we have them in the house?"

None of these people had been to church in years.

A few days after, while taking another stroll, I found a family of fourteen children—white-haired, bare-legged, dirty-faced urchins, the eldest of whom was a boy of sixteen. The father was a French Canadian and the mother a Swede. Both were still young and strong. But they, as well as the children, were grossly ignorant of the very elements of Christianity. The father, originally a Catholic, had forgotten the lessons and given up the practice of his religion. The mother had none; and the children were only a degree removed from the condition of the young pigs which I saw wallowing in the yard near the stable. Knowing that there were many Catholics scattered through the hills and valleys of the vicinity, I sought out the most prominent of them. He was a Canadian of Irish descent, born and brought up among French Canadians, so that his accent when he spoke English was a comical cross between a Cork brogue and a Quebec patois. His wife was a French Canadian, who had taught school in her early days, and who told me that she could sing the whole choir-part of the Mass through, from *Kyrie Eleison* to *Agnus Dei* inclusively, if I would gather the people in a hall which she named, and agree to sing the Mass for the farmers. I declined her offer, but did gather the people and say a Low Mass for them on three Sundays. To the astonishment of every one, we had a congregation of two hundred souls the first, and of three hundred and fifty the second Sunday. They came from the hill-tops and from the deep valleys. They were Irish, Canadians, and Americans, some of very old stock. The Protestant community was astonished, and the Catholics themselves were surprised at their own numbers. But how ignorant they were! There were farmers' sons of eighteen who had never made their First Communion, farmers and their wives who had not gone to Mass in years. There were young people who, by constantly frequenting services in non-Catholic churches, had learned the hymns and forms of worship, and had lost the knowledge of their own religion. They had no Catholic books, no Catholic pictures, no Catholic newspapers. Their life was without true religious influence, and they grew up like animals. Some of them had intermarried with Protestants and become bad Protestants, as they had been bad Catholics. These are our *pagani*, stupid, ignorant, but not through their fault. There is no one to enlighten them, for the task is a hard one; and no one yet seems to have a vocation for this work.

Can we help them—these masses of our own people, scattered in remote and secluded parts of the whole country, and condemned to involuntary deprivation of priest, church, instruction, and sacraments? Simple, good-natured, grateful souls they are, if some one would only come and instruct and serve them. It is among these that good books should be scattered. How I longed for a thousand of Father Searle's *Plain Facts* or of Cardinal Gibbons's *Faith of our Fathers*, or of some of the old tracts that zealous Father Hecker wrote in his early days, as I looked at the upturned faces of these unsophisticated rustics while I preached! After a few days, I taught the boy whose dying father I had attended to serve Mass. No city boy in the end could do it better, and none could be more fervent. On the first Friday of the month I said Mass in a farm-house, and although it was known only to a few that there would be Mass, a dozen went to confession and Holy Communion. I have said Mass in cathedrals in Europe, and sung it when the harmonies of Gounod and of Haydn filled the aisles of the city church, but I have never said it so devoutly as in that shanty.

Meeting the pastor of the place a short time before I returned home, I asked him how these people could be helped.

"Send us books," said he, "and we can distribute them. Catechisms, prayer-books, little works explaining the doctrines of the church, small volumes of lives of the saints; send us these. We shall give them to the farmers, and they and their families can and will read them." When he told me this I promised to help him, and at the same time I thought how good it would be if some of the young priests who ride bicycles and are fond of mountain tramping would form a "Flying Squad" of missionaries; of men not satisfied with merely evangelizing the towns, but desirous of evangelizing the isolated farmers, the log-rollers of the remote rivers, the hewers of trees and the workers in saw-mills in the wooded mountains. Besides an increase of faith and piety, I promise those who may form such a "Flying Squad" great pleasure and good health.

And as I have begun my screed by a sad story of ignorance, let me close with one of enlightenment. Rambling among the woods one morning towards the end of my vacation, I thought I would increase the strength of my lungs by singing the gamut in the open air. Neither human being nor house was visible; but suddenly, in answer to my top note, I heard the tune of a familiar hymn floating through the trees. I stopped to listen, and there distinctly in the solitude two excellent voices, evidently of young girls, sang the "Regina Cœli" as it is sung in many of our parish schools. I hastened in the direction whence the sound proceeded and soon saw a farm-house, from which the voices came. One voice was a soprano, the other an alto, and they sang the whole hymn through in Latin without missing a word. When they had finished it, they began the "Adeste Fideles." It was strange to hear them sing a Christmas hymn in midsummer. But they thought it appropriate for all times. They did not know that any one was listening, and they did not care. They were singing to please God and themselves. The reader can imagine the holy thoughts that filled my mind, standing in that silent wood and listening to hymns that bring back all the associations of Christmas and Easter. Here was the Grand Old Church asserting her doctrines in the very forest; here was the dogma of the divinity of Christ and of the veneration of his blessed Mother proclaimed to the very birds and beasts. I went to the farm-house, where I found the two sweet singers, ex-graduates of a German Catholic parochial school, and refreshed myself with a glass of good milk. "The Flying Squad" would meet with such pleasant incidents of travel all over the country.

TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

The Christian, by Hall Caine,* is a novel which the author has heavily handicapped. The only justification a novel-writer can plead for offering a work which adds nothing to exact knowledge, nay, which imparts no information whatever, because it can impart no information to be relied upon, is that it possesses elements of fancy, pathos, humor, and power to purify the heart by sympathy with the moods, and strengthen the will by the exercise of judgment on the whole life and conduct of the fictitious characters that play before the reader. Some such view of his mission Mr. Hall Caine has taken: he gives a note at the beginning to fix the period of his drama and to define the time of action spent in the books, and he gives a note at the end to inform us that he has sometimes used "the diaries, letters, memoirs, sermons, and speeches of recognizable persons, living and dead." His object is plain enough: he asks the public to take his novel not as a work of fiction at all in the ordinary sense, but as a study of social problems from the higher view of individual responsibility to God. When in the note at the end he mentions that he has "frequently employed fact for the purposes of fiction," his teachings must be recommended by such fact. That is, he distinctly puts his novel forward as a reflex of the "last quarter of the nineteenth century." Mr. Hall Caine has collected a good deal of information from the seamy side of London life, and we think, though general, it is offered with as much regard to reality as a newspaper report. But there is no enthralling interest in his experiences of the low streets and the music halls, and why we have them we are at a loss to discover. They serve as the stage and scene for the young clergyman, Mr. Storm, and the girl, Glory, to rant or speak naturally, to play their parts or to live according as the author's histrionic pulse rises or falls. It may be that in some dim way Mr. Hall Caine caught hold of a fragment of truth—that the lifelessness of religious institutions, supposed to sway the mind and conscience of great masses of men, kills faith in the institutions first and in all religion afterwards, unless in some few hearts—unless in five good men like those asked for in the Cities of the Plain, or the seven thousand that worshipped God amid the backsliding of Israel.

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* New York: D. Appleton & Co.

It is on such a fragment of truth suspended in the air, isolated as a lonely cloud and for practical speculation just as solid, that the author erects his work. Still, if the characters were drawn with force and fidelity, and if there were some sort of proportion between motive and action, an artistic relation between character and setting—that is, between each life and the world of the book, we might have a work of fiction as well as an illustrated philosophy. We have neither.

The book opens with the sailing of the steamship that plied between Douglas, the capital of the Isle of Man, and Liverpool. Mr. Hall Caine, it may be interposed, lives in the Isle of Man, and dates the note from a place in it, Gruba Castle. There are three persons, two of whom are Mr. Storm and Glory, on the deck of the *Tynwald*, the steamer about to sail; the third, Parson Quayle, Glory's grandfather, seeing them off. Mr. Storm—or, as he should be presented, the Honorable and Rev. John Storm, is the son of Lord Storm, who is a peer in his own right, whatever that may mean, and the nephew of the Earl of Erin, Prime Minister. The earl is the elder brother of the lord, and one way or another we are rather reminded of Victor Hugo's curious titles and confusions of English nobility in the *Man who Laughs*, but indeed we are reminded of nothing else in that wonderful work. The opening scene is not ineffective, and probably owes the successful mounting to the fact that the writer had often witnessed a similar one, when the vessel was about to start on its trip to Liverpool. Here we have Glory for the first time. She is sixteen years of age, somewhat developed in secular wisdom and physique, and may represent a product of the Isle of Man; but we can only put her down at this interview as a forward, vulgar young person, and not a clever girl with audacious wit, as Mr. Hall Caine intends her to be. Parson Quayle bids his grandchild and her young and reverend protector good-by, goes on shore, and the steamer throbs away from the white water that seems to fly from her. We may dismiss the grandfather, who has not a touch of interest in him—he is a mawkish old dotard; but Mr. Hall Caine would try and make us believe him a man whose advanced years typified all that was dignified, amiable, and wise in age. Mr. Storm we cannot dispose of so lightly, for he is the wizard and the spirit, both in one, by which the author works his wonders.

With the utter improbability of Lord Storm's life since the birth of John, as springing from the motives found for him by the author, we need not deal—it is bizarre, grotesque, anything but natural—and in this life and its counsels we have the moulding of John's character and the explanation of his life. It cannot be too strongly insisted upon that the improbable has no place in fiction. We mean in fiction written according to the rules of art which have their foundation in immutable principles of human nature. The paradox, which we understand newspaper-men, mantua-makers, and medical students who read novels are so fond of expressing—"Truth is stranger than fiction"—is a testimony to the soundness of the principle as a canon of taste. Now, there is no explanation of John's life in his father's life of selfish isolation, any more than in the maxims which he propounded for the guidance of the young man.

We pass by the early relations between him and Glory—those during her childhood and the dawn of girlhood—which are told with some vigor, and shall go at once to Storm in his first curacy in London. He has undertaken the charge of Glory, who, young as she is, is accepted as a probationer for the office of hospital nurse. She loves him and he loves her; but at a critical period for her amid the snares and temptations of London, he enters an Anglican monastery and leaves her unprotected. This is the cold statement of the manner in which he fulfils the trust reposed in him by the girl's grandfather, and realizes his own ideals of the sacredness of love, the claims of a soul dependent on his counsel and protection, the demands of duty on the heart and intellect. It is in vain that Mr. Hall Caine views him as a man pure, lofty, and single-minded; he shows himself an ill-tempered, shallow, conceited egotist, and not the less so that he proves himself a fool. We can understand the rector Canon Wealthy—name too suggestive of an abstraction—to whom riches and society and a comfortable religion fill the measure of life. He does not want to mend the age, he does not trouble himself about the hideous facts of a dissolving society; he is content to go to heaven in a coach and four, and possibly regards his place there as a kind of bishopric to compensate him for the mitre he failed to obtain on earth. But Storm is a Boanerges without thunder, a prophet who mistakes hysterics for zeal. He pours himself out on London sin and misery with the passion of Jonas, he reads the great city's doom, but the citizens are unappalled. They cannot see what is so plain to him, and we rather sympathize with them in their blindness, as we hold that men are not required by any law of the emotions to take bathos for inspiration. For instance, when he informs Mrs. Calendar that he intends "to tell Society over again, it is an organized hypocrisy for the pursuit and demoralization of woman, and the Church that bachelorhood is not celibacy, and polygamy is against the laws of God; to look and search for the beaten and broken who lie scattered and astray in our bewildered cities, and to protect them and shelter them whatever they are, however low they have fallen, because they are my sisters and I love them," we give him credit for good motives, but we cannot help thinking him windy and boastful; that he is all words; though the good old Scotchwoman seems to believe he is as the voice crying in the wilderness that drew all to hear, and not a voice listened to by a man out of employment, three idle women, and five small boys, in a corner like a place aside from the traffic.

We cannot deny there are flashes of true manhood and womanhood here and there from the badly-jointed and not "all-compact" characters he furnishes. Storm's jealousy is truthful, and the impulse to kill Glory under the idea that he would thereby save her soul, has genius in it. "I thought it was God's voice; it was the devil's"—as if throwing off a madness that had been gradually working its way into his brain. But where we have Mr. Hall Caine in his most signal instance of unfitness for work such as he has attempted is in his report of John Storm's message on the Derby Day. We know how Nineveh was affected by the prophet's iteration of the few words of doom, the refrain of a denunciation sounding through the infinitudes and irreversible for ever; and when we contrast with that cry the minutes-from-the-last-meeting-like commencement of Storm's message to the wicked, we can only wonder that men of intelligence should try their hand on the working out of conceptions so certain to suggest comparison with the unapproachable.

We are sure that the novel will interest many, and we consider that the author possesses remarkable powers of description, apart from the relation of scene to character. Glory's letters, as we have already hinted, are dull and flippant, though intended to be witty and graceful, elaborated obviously where their purpose is to flash out the splendid audacity of the writer; and in truth Glory has this audacity in the artistic sense, for she is a real woman, wild, attractive, and eminently natural at times.

The life story of Brother Azarias* could not be better told than it is by Dr. Smith. He possessed special qualifications for the task. A personal friend of Azarias, he was nearer to him than the writer who ordinarily executes this class of work; a literary man and a priest, he should know something of the actions and reactions that fill so large and trying a part of the life of the religious who is a literary man, and, finally, his mind is cast in that somewhat critical mould in which the bump of veneration is not abnormally developed, although a rich spirit of appreciation may be found in it at the same time. He very clearly shows love of the memory of his dead friend, but the attitude inseparable from the critical turn we speak of does not permit him to say more than he would take from another without some objection. Throughout the book there is this tone of reserve, and it makes the volume one to be relied upon to the extent of the writer's knowledge.

Azarias' life is of value as evidence of what simple strength and earnestness can accomplish in the removal of prejudice. This is a great step towards the instruction of our age. Men seek truth, but it is hard to find it by the light of reason when so many influences are present to obscure it. We have it abiding in the world in the Catholic Church; yet in this country the vast majority look upon the church as its enemy, the best among them believe that the church only possesses that amount of it inseparable from any system which has, even for an hour, won acceptance from bodies of men, and that the good lives of Catholics are to be explained to a large extent by a theory of natural virtue operating in opposition to the tenets of the church. They are good men, not because they are Catholics, but in spite of their being Catholics. Such a man as Azarias, whose life and writings are the expression of the practical thought of the church, helps to correct such a view; because he himself, with a clear hold of sound philosophy, lived and wrote in accordance with that philosophy, which in its turn is the church's interpretation in secular language of the problem of life and of society.

The reasonableness of morality can only be understood as something eternal and immutable—that is, something prior to society and independent of it—a rule of life to be followed by Robinson Crusoe on a desert island, where he has no social obligations, as strictly as the rule which attaches obligation to his fellows the moment he returns to his place among them. This is the Catholic attitude which the Founder of the Church directed in and by his life, and which she is bound to insist upon, because she is the continuing instrument of his life on earth. He still lives on earth in his church, and the philosophy of life which she consecrates is his philosophy. It seems very plain that it is the only sound one; and with a simple truth like this realized by a man with Azarias' power of exposition, and underlying all that he says, we are not surprised at what Dr. Smith tells us about the effect that his ways produced on men who met him, and his essays on those who fairly read them.

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* *Brother Azarias: The Life Story of an American Monk.* By Rev. John Talbot Smith, LL.D. New York: William H. Young & Co.

He thought clearly because the fundamental principle was clear, he spoke and wrote so as to convince because his wide and accurate knowledge enabled him to see where the errors of others' reasonings lay, and he did both with such a spirit of charity that it was obvious he did not aim at victory but persuasion. So we have a very beautiful character amid the æsthetics which are only lovely by convention. We have a testimony to the beauty of the soul, which is a beauty apart from the external garb, which owes nothing necessarily to material conceptions of harmony, though these are the chief, if not the sole, sources of the modern science of the beautiful. From the conception of beauty within him, Azarias found in poetry such as Browning's a grace and depth where others discovered obscurity and want of harmony. It is more than likely in such passages Browning himself did not take in the full suggestion of his own thought, that he had only the partial discernment of the truth he preached—a degree of it which every poet must possess if he stirs one heart or arrests one intellect; but to Azarias they seemed so clear through their inter-relations that he thought all should see them as well.

The reader will be delighted with this biography. Even if Brother Azarias were not as successful in literature as he proved himself, we should be thankful for the affection which caused Dr. Smith to give us this biography. We see a good deal of his own frank character in the performance—not obtrusively, not unconsciously either, for he very distinctly knows the effect of every sentence—and this gives it a great charm almost like that of a conversation with the subject of the memoir himself. The effect produced upon Dr. Smith by his intimacy with the man is reflected throughout; so that we have a picture of him as real as Boswell's Johnson or Fitzpatrick's Life of Dr. Doyle. Our impression is that Mr. Fitzpatrick never met Dr. Doyle—could not have met him, in fact—but by the marvellous power of assimilating materials for biography he was gifted with, he produced a work hardly second to Boswell's. Dr. Smith enjoyed the advantage of close contact with his subject, and we think he can handle materials left as skilfully as Fitzpatrick. We have in the result a most agreeable, and in some respects a very instructive work.

Just to slightly indicate our meaning, we refer to the chapter entitled "Table-Talk." In this Dr. Smith tells what Azarias thought would be the great epic that should leave Homer, Virgil, Dante, and Milton "far behind." The editor and the subject of the biography were only discussing the possibilities for such an epic. Azarias gave the opinion that the great epic of human history would be a summary of the spiritual life: "a soul carried through the purgative, illuminative, and unitive conditions, and closing its career in heaven, whose splendid activities would find some description in the poem."

There is a revelation of the man, with regard to his age, in this observation, which could only be transmitted in the casual utterances of acquaintance. No man would say a thing like this in a work for publication; the scoffer of all things is abroad as well as the school-master, and so ridicule would kill it. But it has a profound meaning. He thought that such a poem would be the manifestation of the triumph of Christianity over a godless and material world; in it he heard the song of the heart so long imprisoned in formulas whose sanction was an irresistible force of social wrong that quenched the spirit of the just and humane, and compelled them to close their ears to blasphemies against God and shut their eyes on inhumanity to man. In bringing about such a consummation Azarias has done a man's part, though great quarterlies have not thundered about him, or learned societies of the old world and the new admitted him to their honorary freemasonry. Indeed, it is because he sought that consummation he was not noticed by them—no more than, as he well pointed out, the whole circle of Catholic thought was noticed by them. He saw how the men of science and the literary men of great cities, the lights of the world who knew so much, missed the great fact of the Church among them; one hand resting on the vanished civilizations of the remote past, the other on the little child born in poverty and carried to the baptismal font amid the curses, the thefts, the loud lies, the profligacy, and the race for wealth which constitute the civilization of to-day. With wonder and pity he saw these guides of a moribund world leading it down the primrose-path with their sophisms of convenient morality, interested justice, complacent virtue, with their theories of legislative might constituting right, their creed of free competition being the robbery of the poor, with their apotheosis of wealth, their false æsthetics, with all that renders that which is tangible to the eye and hand the only beauty and truth.

We recommend Dr. Smith's work with confidence to our readers. Those who had the good fortune of knowing Azarias will meet him again in these pages with his wise smile, his charity that spoke no evil, his rare conversational powers that delighted ear and mind, and to others as well as to these will come the ripe scholar, the sage and saint of his writings.

The preface to this book * is by Father Rivington, who say he has no hesitation in introducing it to the public. Coming recommended by such an authority, the book must be a safe one, and, moreover, it must have value of some kind as the transcript of experiences in the evolution of thought and the action of grace, the combined influence of which led a minister of ten years standing in the Established Church of England to the Catholic Church. Historical conversion is, of course, a most important study from the ecclesiastical and political points of view; but its utility to the inquirer, bewildered in the midst of contending claims, is not so obvious. There are minds so constituted that they would be led into the church by the history of great movements; but there are not many such minds, precisely for this reason, that as the basis for faith any useful inference from the conversion of masses of men, surrounded by different conditions from one's own, requires the most exact knowledge of the events of the time and the power of seeing their relations to each other.

But there is one class of evidence which he who runs may read; and that is the honest account of mental experiences, the unfolding of one's struggles, of his troubles of all kinds from the contact of the spirit within with the facts without, or, as our friends the evolutionists would say in their jargon, often so unmeaning, the adjustment of the individual to his environment. How is an honest man to become adjusted to a great injustice? a truthful man to an established lie, even though it has

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* *Ten Years in Anglican Orders.* By "Viator." London: Catholic Truth Society; Catholic Book Exchange, 120 West 60th St., New York.

its worship in the high places, and priests who eat of the fat of the land and drink of the sweet and strong, even the sweet wine upon the lees? We believe there are honest and truthful men in the English Establishment, men who have no doubt of their position; but when doubt begins and grows into certainty with one, that one is in the wrong place, we should like to know how a weak man's life is to react upon and mould the huge mass of a fabric whose prestige is great and whose wealth immense? He must escape from it, or surrender his soul to formulas cold and cruel to himself because of their falsehood, and to the crime of insisting upon them as the guides to others in the one matter which is the supreme concern of existence. The writer of the little book before us is a witness to such a conflict.

There is a terrible, a tragic interest in this story of struggle, the most valuable years of a life apparently blighted as by some malignant power, but in reality controlled by God, until the difficulties and trials ended in the land promised to all who are obedient to his calls. The rest that descended upon him when he found the truth is the reward below, and the presage of the reward in the world to come if he be faithful to his grace.

In his first chapter, which tells of his ordination to the ministry by the Established Church, he states that he was older than men usually are when they seek ordination in it, that his mind was open in the matter of doctrinal religion and the systematic definitions of revealed truth; but that he was anxious to gain a real insight into the system and principles of the church whose minister he was about to become. We have his word for an early tendency to think seriously of life and death and of individual moral responsibility. He was fortunate in clearly recognizing facts of moral consciousness involving primary truths for which the rationalistic philosophies of life failed to account.

This mental attitude, we think, is important in dealing with his testimony concerning the processes by which his conversion was wrought under the operation of God's grace. So far as the naked facts testify to the quality and condition of his mind, we see no reason, in the light of experience of other minds, why he was not led to atheism, or why he did not find in the Establishment the contentment of a respectable existence. Given the limited and rudimentary knowledge of God and our relation to him which the facts of the inner consciousness bring to the mind, this knowledge is only logically consistent with a fuller revelation than the facts of consciousness can supply. But men are not always logically consistent, and there are some who, strangely enough, would find in so small a degree of knowledge the pessimistic conclusion that life is a tangled affair at the best, so hopeless a puzzle that there is nothing to be relied upon except science; and there are others who would rest content with making the best of what they had, treading in their father's footsteps to the extent of imitation, even though they had secretly abandoned their father's belief, and leaving to death the solution of the problem.

We have said so much to help our readers in coming to our conclusion that "Viator" is a valuable witness to the truth that God has revealed himself, and guides his church in the preservation and definition of what he has revealed. If there be problems involved in the facts of the consciousness, if there be a knowledge of divine things carried by them to the intellect, and this knowledge only leaves a hunger in the soul, a yearning for fuller and more explicit knowledge, it would seem that God must have provided some means to supply such knowledge. This, we hold, is the way to argue the matter; and this is what our author has evidently done, although he does not give, he has no need to give, us all the steps of the process. The moment we get from the facts within the consciousness, the knowledge of certain relations to them, we have some law that condemns one class of acts and approves of another, and the responsibility of the individual for his acts. Where is the account to be demanded? It is only for known acts that responsibility to the external forum attaches; it is more than conceivable that for acts condemned by conscience, but only known to it, or at least not provable in the external forum, a man may escape punishment in this life. But responsibility attaches to his acts; consequently it must be exacted in the life to come. Now we are face to face with the mysteries of life and death, and the relation of man to God, who governs these mysteries—man's relation to a Power that sways all that is folded in them; but we want more light, and we think such a Power should, from the law of his being, give it. He must be just; that much we have in the fundamental principles of morality. We have it in the sense of duty we all possess and from which we know there is no escape; in that spirit of justice to which we appeal in others, though we so often violate it ourselves; we have it in our admiration of virtues entailing sacrifice, though we may not practise them; in our reverence for great souls, though we cannot or we will not imitate their heroism. But we are groping in the dark; why does not such Power give light? The pale beam of reason within me only makes the misery, the sin and crime, the suffering and sorrow darker still. Better the blind life within the brutes, because not vexed by such problems of despair.

Consequently, it is to be expected that such light would be given by God; and we think that the system which says he has given it is the only rational philosophy, and that having given the light, it should be seen. We say that this is the true Light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world; and taking this fact of the coming of the Light and the history of the church, with the revelations inherited by her from the primal world, the philosophical test of a sound theory is satisfied, namely: Does it account for the phenomena we want to have explained?

Our author in this early time had, as he informs us, become convinced that Christianity was the one power in human life to ease the pain, to fill the void which lay at the root of all the evils by which it is beset. The reader may perceive that the temper of his mind was rationalistic, though he was no mere Rationalist, and that to such a temper a narrow view of the scope of revelation and of the direct continuous action of God on the church would commend itself. To such a mind the severe outlines of Evangelical practice would be preferable to the stately ceremonial which seems best placed in "the dim religious light" of Gothic windows, the forest-like gloom of upper spaces, the long vistas of the columns, the solemn grandeur of a thousand years. Therefore he comes out with the superadded credit of a hostile witness anxious to believe another thing and tell it; and for this and the other considerations mentioned we accept him as a capable witness to facts of an intellect under the action of God's grace. These facts themselves are very consoling when we see in society so much to foster the despair of the pessimist and afford food for the mockery of the sceptic.

We are sure our readers have not come across for some time anything more likely to interest and instruct them than *Ten Years in Anglican Orders.* We have a chapter telling the difficulties of his second curacy, another with the title, almost pathetic—"Drifting." Here we find him on the right track, having become convinced that in a religion so distinctly historical as the Anglo-Catholic it should be possible to ascertain, by an historical method of research, what the early undivided church had taught; and he enters on such a method to obtain the requisite information.

The remaining chapters are: "My Incumbency," "Almost Persuaded," "On the Threshold of the Church," "At Peace," and we ask our readers of all classes to obtain this little work, which we have no hesitation in saying will be found a very valuable manual of Catholic as distinct from Protestant doctrine, without purporting to be such, and a very entertaining autobiography of ten years of a life torn by conflicts of the mind and heart—conflicts that made for him a very confessor's robe of pain and fidelity.

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A COMMENTARY ON THE APOSTOLIC FACULTIES.*

Of the value and importance of this work, now in its fourth edition, there can, of course, be no doubt. It is by no means something merely of use to those who are learned and specially interested in canon law; but it is eminently practical, and we may say necessary, at any rate as a work of reference, for all who have occasion to use the faculties of which it treats; that is, to the great majority of the clergy of this country. The cases in which these faculties are to be used are often necessarily very complicated, and even in the simpler ones grave mistakes may easily be made by those merely familiar with the treatment of these subjects found in the ordinary manuals.

Numerous improvements and additions have been made in this edition over those which have previously appeared, and the work is probably as perfect and satisfactory as anything which could have been prepared on the important subject with which it is concerned.

To give some idea of how very practical this manual is to the priest engaged in active ministerial work, a cursory view of the subjects treated may be useful. There are very fully discussed the intricate questions of matrimonial dispensations—questions that are now growing more and more important owing to the number of converts received into the church as well as to the increasing laxity of the marriage obligations of those outside the church; the important question of dispensation from interpellation; and there are also chapters referring to the establishment of confraternities and the aggregation of the same. All these important questions come more or less frequently into the lives of clergy who have even an ordinary parochial charge, and to those with the most limited cure of souls these questions are often up for discussion in the conferences of the clergy. For these and for many other reasons this *Commentary on the Apostolic Faculties* is extremely useful to the priests of the country.

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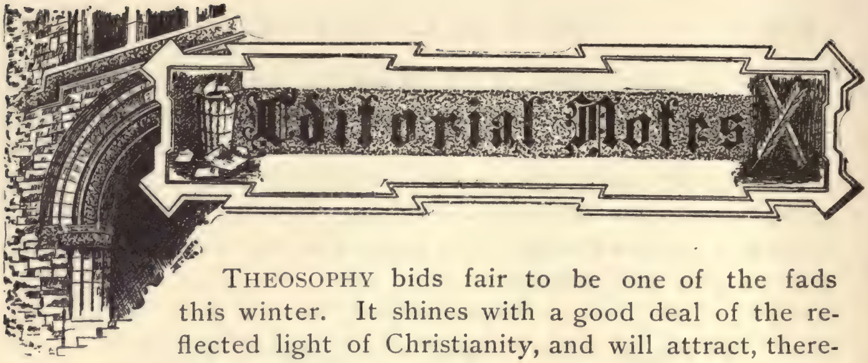
* *Commentarium in Facultates Apostolicas concinnatum ab Antonio Konings, C.SS.R.* Editio quarta curante, Joseph Putzer, C.SS.R. New York: Benziger Brothers.



Editorial Notes

THEOSOPHY bids fair to be one of the fads this winter. It shines with a good deal of the reflected light of Christianity, and will attract, therefore, many of the intellectual moths. But all is dark within and the other side is scarred with the burnt-out fires of passion. We commend the thoughtful article published in this number.

The recent Catholic Scientific Congress at Fribourg, in Switzerland, is commanding international attention. The reverent spirit which animated the members of the congress in their discussion of the religious problems which lie on the borderland of science, as well as the profound up-to-date and exhaustive knowledge manifested in the discussion of purely scientific subjects, show that the Catholic scholars of Europe are fully awake to the great questions of the day. Social questions came in for a very large share of attention. It is in such gatherings as these, when one studies the broad and progressive spirit displayed, that one sees to what extent the master-mind of Leo has dominated the intellectual life of the age. For the first time American scholars took a large part in the discussions. The University at Washington, young as it is, is making itself felt in the intellectual and scientific world.

We shall publish in the near future a masterly review of the religious situation in England from the pen of Rev. Luke Rivington. The movement towards ecclesiasticism, involving a clearer idea of sacrifice and the need of a consecrated and consecrating priesthood, has been going on with ever-increasing momentum during the last fifty years. It has intellectually and spiritually changed four-fifths of the Anglican ministry. While rushing on with all the height and strength of a tidal wave, it has met with a rockfaced barrier in the Papal Encyclical condemning Anglican orders. What will be the outcome? Father Rivington, and there is none more capable, will discuss this burning question in an early number of this magazine.

AUTHENTIC SKETCHES OF LIVING CATHOLIC AUTHORS.

HENRY AUSTIN ADAMS was born in Santiago de Cuba on September 20, 1861, and baptized on the Feast of the Circumcision next following, in the cathedral of that ancient Spanish city. His father was William Newton Adams, of the firm of Moses Taylor & Co., of New York, whose interests were largely in the West Indies. His mother was Maria del Carmen Michelena, of the old and powerful family of that name in Venezuela. She lived and died a Catholic. After the death of his parents Henry Austin Adams was sent to school in Baltimore, and there received his first external impressions of Catholicism. He was educated by private tutors after leaving school, until ready to enter the General Theological Seminary (Episcopalian) in New York. He was graduated with honors from this college in 1892, and was soon after ordained to the ministry of the Episcopalian Church. He was successively rector of churches in Wethersfield, Conn., and Great Barrington, Mass. After being a few months in charge of All Saints' Cathedral, Albany, he was appointed preacher at "Old Trinity," New York City, where he remained over three years. He then became rector of St. Paul's Cathedral, Buffalo, which he left to come to his last charge, the Church of the Redeemer, New York.

While connected with this parish Mr. Adams became convinced of the divine claims of the Catholic Church, and resigned his position in July, 1893, in order to seek admission to the one fold.

Mr. Adams married, in 1883, Miss Flora Carleton Butler, of Brooklyn, and a son and two daughters have blessed their union. He had the happiness of seeing his wife become a whole-souled Catholic at the time of his conversion, and, needless to say, the children are being educated under Catholic influences. Mr. Adams is now lecturing professionally.

MISS LILIAN A. B. TAYLOR began to compose at the age of seven. She "lisped in numbers" before she was able to commit the "lispings" to paper. It was as wondrous as it was interesting to see her in those early years, when called from playing "horsey" or "pussy," stand up and deliver, "trippingly on the tongue," her last composition. If there should happen any defect in rhythm or metre, she was the first to detect the fault, and she alone was permitted to make the correction.

LILIAN A. B. TAYLOR.

Her mother generally committed to paper her lines, after she (Lilian) had composed and polished them. These compositions had so accumulated that it was thought well by her friends to preserve them. So in her fourteenth year a collection was made of these verses, and they were published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, in a neat little volume, under the appropriate title of *May Blossoms*, by "Lilian."

While the child's most ardent admirers would not claim for these pieces anything bordering on perfection, and while some, as might be expected, betrayed the simplicity and inexperience of the mere child, yet others, even of those written before her twelfth year, are truly remarkable, and lead one to believe that the genius of Poesy must have been present with her guardian angel at her entrance into this world of prose. Although not yet out of her "teens," some really beautiful pieces from her pen have appeared in our leading Catholic magazines—THE CATHOLIC WORLD and others.

Miss Lilian is of good descent, her mother being a daughter of the distinguished Commodore Bullus, of the United States Navy; and her father, Dr. Taylor, also of the Navy, being a cousin of the poet, Bayard Taylor.

In consequence of a delicate constitution and highly nervous temperament, in her earlier years Miss Lilian could not, without injury to her health, be sent to school. Her first rudiments were received at home, at first under the care of a loving mother, and later under the tuition of a governess.

At the age of thirteen she entered the Academy of Mount de Chantal, Wheeling, West Virginia, conducted by the Sisters of the Visitation. After a distinguished course of four years at this institution, Miss Taylor was graduated with the highest honors of the academy on June 13, 1894, when but seventeen years old, having been born September 4, 1876.

Since her return to her home in New York Miss Taylor has written some, chiefly for her own amusement, or for the pleasure of the earlier admirers of her genius. She is now, however, naturally ambitious to occupy a place among the writers of the day. She has all the necessary ability, and with a little encouragement we doubt not that she will succeed in attaining that eminence for which she is so well fitted by her natural genius and acquirements.

E. M. LYNCH describes herself, in a recent racy letter, as "an object-lesson in Irish history." In the diary of her great-uncle, Warren Johnson, an entry explains the anglicizing of "MacShane" into "Johnson," and the previous arbitrary suppression by English policy of all historic, patriotic names which had forced his ancestor—son of that O'Neill who fought against Elizabeth and was murdered by Scots at Dungannon—to call himself simply Mac (son of) Shane (John). It is not commonly known that at one period England forbade the use of all such patronymics as had historic or martial associations for the Irish. In pursuance of this system, the dwellers in one Irish district were ordered, one and all, to assume the name of Green; in another, Black; in part of Ulster, White. The statute took no account of former appellations.

MRS. E. M. LYNCH,
Warrenstown, County Meath, Ireland.

"Thus," says Mrs. Lynch, "I was born Johnson by the power of England, but O'Neill I am by favor of Heaven!"

Another great-uncle was Sir William Johnson, known in American-Indian warfare, and the "Sir William" of Robert Louis Stevenson's *Master of Ballantrae.*

Mrs. Lynch has delighted in writing from her childhood. At thirteen she was busily writing a novel which a merry-hearted governess used to extract piecemeal from her school-room desk and read aloud to the family, when the juvenile aspirant was safe in bed. Later on she began to write successfully for monthly magazines, but the final stamp was perhaps given to the character of her work by an interview with the then editor of a great London daily, whose identity will easily be guessed by our readers. Mrs. Lynch having written an article for his paper which had been accepted, presented herself with the proof and was sent for by the editor, with the explanation that he liked to know his contributors personally. He delivered "a most eloquent sermon" to her on the aims and duties of a journalist, winding up with the query, "Is it for mere vanity you wish to write? Or why do you want to be a journalist?" She replied that she wished to be a journalist because she would thus be able to "help every cause she cared about," and that she especially looked towards his paper because it was always fighting for justice to women and justice to Ireland, and she, in her humble way, was also fighting for both. Whereat the great man bade her go on and prosper, and so long as he edited a daily paper made her free of its columns occasionally. She wrote for the same journal under his successor and for other newspapers.

Mrs. Lynch published her first book, *The Boygod, Troublesome and Vengeful*, three years ago. She has also adapted *A Parish Providence* from a novel of Balzac's for the "New Library of Ireland," and a third work, *Killboylan Bank*—an account of how some Irish peasants and other characters concerned themselves about "co-operative credit"—has just been published in the "Village Library."

Mrs. Lynch's permanent residence is in Warrenstown, County Meath, Ireland; but she is at present staying in Italy and writing steadily for the periodical press.

THE NEW SUPERIOR-GENERAL OF THE PAULISTS.

REV. GEORGE DESHON was elected Superior-General of the Paulists during the sessions of the General Chapter which closed Thursday morning, September 9. At the close of the last session the affecting ceremony of "installation" took place. The newly-elected Superior, seated, received the members of the Community one by one, each one as he stood before him kissing his hand in token of obedience and receiving from him the fraternal embrace in token of the bond of brotherhood existing in the Community.

Father Deshon is the last surviving member of the original founders of the Paulist Community, and the superiorship fell to him by natural lot. Although a man of seventy-five years of age, he wears his years well, and is as active in mind and as vigorous in step as men twenty-five years his junior. He was born in New London, Conn., of Huguenot stock. In his adolescence he was sent to the West Point Military Academy, entered the same class with General Grant and others of military fame, was graduated with distinction, and for five years was professor at the Academy. About this time, as happened with so many of his generation, the deeper thoughts of the religious life entered his soul; he sought for the truth and found it in the teachings of the Catholic Church. Desiring a more perfect life, he entered the novitiate of the Redemptorist Fathers, and was ordained a priest among them in 1855. After his ordination he immediately entered on the work of giving missions, and continued to be exclusively so occupied until the separation from the Redemptorists of the five missionaries who organized themselves into what is now the Congregation of St. Paul, or the Paulist Fathers.

As a Paulist, Father Deshon's life-work began in reality. He continued as a missionary his efficient work begun as a Redemptorist, and became known from one part of the country to the other as a preacher and instructor of exceptional ability. The work of giving the early morning instruction fell to him on account of his peculiar talents and his general adaptability, and thousands throughout the country will recall with interest the sturdy form and high, strong voice giving the five o'clock instruction, and remember the many touching and interesting stories told by him, from "the man overboard" to the serving girl who struck the imprudent suitor with the fire-tongs.

Besides his career as a missionary, Father Deshon was always the matter-of-fact man of affairs about the Paulist establishment at Fifth-ninth Street. He was gifted very largely with the constructive faculty, and the big stone church of the Paulist Fathers, as well as the surrounding buildings, have all been built under his immediate superintendence. It was a familiar sight fifteen or twenty years ago, when the church was in course of erection, to see Father Deshon in and out among the working-men, directing here and advising there; and if the people of the Paulist parish can point with pride to a massive church and splendid school and printing-house, it is because Father Deshon has had a very large share in the management of things. His practical turn of mind very largely supplemented Father Hecker's original views and Father Hewit's scholarly talents. What is said of Father Deshon's talent as a builder may also be said of his economical and prudent management as a financier.

Father Deshon's military training at West Point seemed to be so inbred in his bones that it has become a marked feature, both of his physical bearing and his mental make-up. The cognomen of "soldier priest" has had a peculiar fitness in its application to him. The strict discipline of his early life has given him a hardy nature, a brusque manner, an austere exterior, but under all this there is the warmth and affection of a generous and devoted heart. To many, on first acquaintanceship, he seems cold and severe, but once the external reserve is penetrated, one finds within a cordiality and friendliness that are very attractive.

During the last years of Father Hewit's superiorship, what with a disinclination to interest himself in practical affairs, a residence at the University at Washington, and later on, the declining years of feeble health, the immediate management of the affairs of the Paulists was delegated to Father Deshon, and his election as Superior-General means in no sense the inauguration of any new policy, but the carrying on with greater vigor of the special works that have been already initiated by the Paulists. The parochial works, with their large element of social betterment and their endeavor to bring to the masses the blessings of the religious life; the temperance work, which has in it the possibilities of the social uplifting of the people, and other features of social reform so absolutely necessary in this city if we would save it for God, and the people to a Christian life—all these will be continued with greater practical effectiveness. Besides these home works, the work of the non-Catholic missions, which have met with such marvellous success during the last few years, will be pushed with the same energy as in the past, and the work of the Apostolate of the Press carried out through the printing-house, which was started under Father Deshon's direction, will claim more and more the endeavors of the ones who have it immediately under their superintendence.

If Father Deshon could indulge a little vanity, he might look back with pride to the special works that have been started under his direction during the last few years. An article in the September number of the *American Ecclesiastical Review* says that "the activity of the Paulist Fathers in the fulfilment of their external vocation has radiated chiefly in eight directions," and mentions these eight avenues of work to be—1st, The preaching of missions to the faithful; 2d, The splendor and exactness in carrying out the church's ceremonial; 3d, In the reform of church music; 4th, In opposition to intemperance and the liquor-traffic; 5th, In the elevation of sermonic standards and the encouragement of Catholic literature; 6th, The Apostolate of the Press, represented by their printing-house, which during the last year sent out over a million books, pamphlets, etc. 7th, The preaching of missions to non-Catholics; 8th, The formation of the Catholic Missionary Union and the publication of *The Missionary*, its official organ. It is not claimed in any sense that Father Deshon originated all these special movements, but under his broad, liberal, and approving administration they have grown of themselves and are calculated in the years to come to work out their best results.

The aforementioned article in the *Ecclesiastical Review* concludes by saying: "The Paulist Congregation is not stagnant. Not in purpose, in numbers, nor in good works is it quiescent. It is steadily moving forward, according to its means, its opportunities, and the co-operation of the rest of the Church in the United States, towards the consummation of its apostolic vocation—the conversion of non-Catholic America."

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

READING Circle Day at the Champlain Assembly was celebrated on August 20. Short addresses bearing on the reports presented by the representatives of Reading Circles were delivered by the President of the Summer-School, Rev. M. J. Lavelle, LL.D.; Rev. John Talbot Smith, LL.D., and the Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P., representing the Columbian Reading Union. Fourteen Reading Circles were reported from New York City, while Philadelphia showed twenty-three, with a membership of over six hundred. Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, of Altoona, gave an instructive statement of the assistance rendered by the Reading Circle under his charge in the work of university extension lectures. Mr. Warren E. Mosher, in his annual report, announced the gratifying news that four hundred and thirty-six Reading Circles had been formed. His statement opened an animated discussion on the best ways and means to extend the movement. The fact was developed that in many family groups the Reading-Circle plans are followed; the same is true of numerous individuals living in small towns and rural districts where the formation of a circle is impossible. It was announced that the following subjects would be outlined in the pages of the *Reading Circle Review* during the coming year:

Poetical Epochs,
Practical Art Studies,
English Literature,
Controverted Points in Church History,
Current Social Problems,
Scientific Studies,
French Language and Literature.

Any one desiring more information regarding the plan to be followed in starting a Reading Circle, or in getting suggestions on new lines of study for self-improvement, should enclose at least ten cents in postage and write at once to Mr. Warren E. Mosher, Youngstown, Ohio. From him also may be obtained sample copies of the *Reading Circle Review*, and the official report of the Summer-School Lectures.

* * *

One of the most interesting reports was presented by Miss Anna M. Mitchell, representing the Fénelon Reading Circle of Brooklyn, N. Y. It is here given to aid others in forming plans for the coming year:

The work that the Fénelon Reading Circle has accomplished during the past year shows no retrogradation, but a continuous movement onward and upward. The membership at present is three hundred and twenty-five, two hundred and seventy-five associate and fifty active members, with a waiting list occasioned by the fact that our active membership is limited. The subject which received careful attention from the members during the past year was Buddhism, considered chiefly from the stand-point of its relation to Christianity. Ten carefully prepared papers were read by the members at the business meetings during the year. They comprised such subjects as reviews of Schlachtenweit's work on Buddhism, and Father Clarke's Essay on Theosophy, and the Abbé Huck's

Journey in Thibet. We closed our year's work with a study of Edwin Arnold's two poems, "The Light of Asia" and "The Light of the World," on which a critical essay was written. We had six lectures during the year, which were given by prominent laymen and clerics of Brooklyn and New York, and two distinctly social entertainments, one of the latter being a reception to the Rev. M. J. Lavelle, LL.D., president of the Catholic Summer-School, and the other was a reception to the Right Rev. Charles McDonnell, D.D., Bishop of Brooklyn.

During the past year we became affiliated with the New York State Federation of Women's Clubs. We are the only distinctly Catholic society in this organization and joined it at the earnest solicitation of the officers of the Federation. This indicates that the Fénelon has a well-recognized position among the leading women's societies of the State. We endeavor to always keep in mind that as a representative body of Catholic women we should preserve somewhat of a conservative position among women's clubs; and while showing at all times a ready and willing spirit to engage in any movement that will tend to enlarge the sympathy of women, and call into play the noblest instincts for the uplifting of our sex, we systematically frown down the blatant element, which makes woman a spectacle for public ridicule rather than a refined and quiet influence for good in the community. In this respect we hope to prove an object-lesson to some of our sister societies of non-Catholic women. The Fénelon is fast assuming proportions that will make it, in the very near future, far too unwieldy. We were, therefore, pleased to observe during the past year the birth of new Reading Circles in Brooklyn which were offshoots of the parent stem. There is abundant material in our city for many circles, and if the Fénelon succeeds in generating leaders who will take up the good work and form local branches in different parishes, we shall regard these circles with a spirit of parental pride and at all times extend to them the assistance which our greater experience, rather than our greater wisdom, has enabled us to dispense to others. The Fénelon stands out somewhat conspicuously among the Reading Circles for its rather unique plan of organization, and its vitality is largely, if not entirely, due to this system of organization. Under it each member feels that she has a governing voice in the proceedings of the society. Individual hobbies must be kept subservient to the will of the majority, and it is only by giving every member an opportunity to voice her sentiments in executive session and seal it by a yea and nay vote that this can be accomplished. Parliamentary tactics, if judiciously used, cannot fail to facilitate the transaction of business. Like every other good thing it may be abused, and it then behooves the members to bring into use the leaven of common sense and administer the check that will adjust the pendulum if it has swung too far in one direction. Organization is looked at askance by some promoters of Reading Circles, because they fear it will cause the development of what is labelled the "strong-minded woman." In this age of the higher education of women, when even our Catholic University is throwing open her doors to us and urging us to come in, surely no woman worthy of the name of Catholic desires to be considered feeble-minded. Between the blatant woman of the public platform, who keeps up a constant clamor for her rights, and the superficial society woman there is a happy medium which might be designated the common-sense woman. It has been said that "common sense is a most uncommon thing"; but there is nothing that will develop this desirable quality more effectively among our women than a judicious method of organization and legislation in our Reading Circles. The assignment of different matters pertaining to the interests of the society to small committees divides up the labor and enables more ground to be covered than could possibly be compassed by one person. When the chairman of a committee makes a report, she is obliged to formulate the information received in concise language, and this is of as much educational value as the writing of an essay. She learns the value of promptness when she is obliged to have this report ready at a specified time. Methodical discipline of this nature is sadly needed among our women. The Fénelon not only aspires to develop literary taste among its members but to develop all the best faculties in the possession of women for the transaction of business matters. The term of office is limited by our constitution to one year, and no officer can hold the same office more than two consecutive terms. This necessitates the development of new leaders who will be ready to take the reins of government in hand at the expiration of each term. In this way we act somewhat in the capacity of a training-school, not only utilizing for ourselves the talent we have developed, but sending out from our midst zealous workers to found other circles on the same plan. If the foundation of Reading Circles were solidly laid in this manner they would be able to withstand the storms of adversity.

That is what the Fénelon has showed itself able to do; and it has grown from a little band of wavering women five years ago to a powerful phalanx of three hundred and twenty-five women to-day, who stand ever ready to do earnest battle in the interest of Mother Church.

* * *

The Ozanam Reading Circle of New York City was represented by Miss Mary Burke. She read the following report for the season of 1896–97:

Addison says, "Reading is to the mind what exercise is to the body." To determine how much of this intellectual exercise to take is one of the duties of the directors of Reading Circles.

In the selection and guidance of its studies during the past year the Ozanam Reading Circle has had these points kept constantly before it by its worthy Reverend Director. Some of the principles that have been inculcated might be stated as follows:

Read something every day. Think deeply while reading.

"Learn to read slow; all other graces
Will follow in their proper places."

Read so as to be able to reproduce what has been read. Do not read to kill time. Mr. Henry Austin Adams remarked in one of his lectures that some people are so astonished at having an hour of leisure that they immediately proceed to kill it.

The plan of holding a public meeting each month, to which were invited the honorary and associate members, has been carried out during the past year. The circle has been entertained and instructed at these meetings by many able speakers and lecturers, among whom were: Miss Helena T. Goessman, Ph.B., who chose as her subject "My Impressions of the Summer-School"; Rev. Francis W. Howard on "The Development of Industries"; Henry J. Heidenis, Ph.B., read a paper on "The Periodical Press"; Mr. Alfred Young gave a masterful interpretation of "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; and Thomas S. O'Brien, Ph.D., at the closing meeting on June 7, gave an appreciative exposition of the books and selections in a vast literary field which would be most profitable reading.

As heretofore, the social gathering was held on Washington's Birthday, February 22, when Mr. John Malone recited an original poem.

The regular meetings were held every Monday evening, beginning at eight o'clock and lasting one hour. At these meetings the members have become familiar with some of the works of John B. Tabb, Richard Malcolm Johnston, James M. Barrie, Mrs. A. Craven, George Meredith, Dante, Keats, Bryant, and Hawthorne. The severer work of critically examining the book or selection assigned for an evening's discussion was given to three members. The lighter task of selecting passages for quoting was left to the remaining members. In some cases a copy of the questions to be asked about an author's life and works was presented to each member, so that if the appointed member failed to give a correct answer, the others would be prepared.

The amount of time given during the previous year to the reading of Church History was this year devoted to the book by Brother Azarias, *Phases of Thought and Criticism*. Five minutes each meeting were assigned to the actual reading, and the following five minutes were for the reproduction and individual comments on the selection read. A clear conception of the purpose and scope of this collection of essays is awakened by the fascinating pen of Rev. John Talbot Smith, LL.D., in his recently published book on the life of Brother Azarias.

Dr. Smith holds that "'The criticism that busies itself solely with the literary form is superficial. For food it gives husks.' . . . What a contrast to this spirit and method does the *Phases of Thought and Criticism* offer! Topics which usually awaken the hidden prejudices of writers aroused in this monk no display of feeling. The spiritual sense, its nature and use, being his theme, he lays down his principles in the opening chapter. He devotes the second chapter to the reason, and gives suggestive paragraphs on thinking; but he seems most concerned with hearty denunciation of mental lethargy as displayed in routine thinking, teaching, and studying. The chapter on habits of thought is one of the best in the book. With the essay on the spiritual sense the constructive part of the book comes to an end. Brother Azarias next proceeds to illustrate his principles by seeking out the spiritual significance of three master-pieces—the Imitation of Christ, the Divina Commedia, and In Memoriam."

All who would know the early social environment of Brother Azarias, its effect upon his character, his tenacious adherence to intellectual work and his love of study, and how accurately he prepared his criticisms of books, should read Dr. Smith's keen and scholarly presentation of the life and works of that great American monk, as he is called in this volume.

Aside from the regular work on Monday evenings, the circle held a section for the reading of works on pedagogy. Those of the members and their friends who were interested in this study met Friday afternoon, twice a month, for six consecutive months. The meetings were presided over by Rev. Thomas McMillan, Director of the circle. The aim was to encourage the thorough study of four books, and by a close examination to select the most practical and profitable passages.

The good that has accrued to each individual member from the many advantages which the circle has enjoyed during the past season cannot be measured in a report. Emerson wisely says: "'Tis the good reader that makes the good book. A good head cannot read amiss. In every book he finds passages which seem confidences, or asides, hidden from all else, and unmistakably meant for his ear." ***

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RT. REV. EDWARD P. ALLEN, D.D.,
Bishop of Mobile,
Sometime President of Mount St. Mary's College.

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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JUDGMENT.

No Judgment Day? Ah God, the dole
Of endless sinning of a soul!
To-day, to-morrow, for evermore,
A starless deep and an unseen shore.
Repentance—none;
Just a new sin when the old one's done.
God with averted face—
God's shadow on the race.

Terrible is judgment—yea,
But more terrible no Judgment Day!

If I be judged, 'tis well;
The heaven I wrought, I wrought the hell.
But if no judgment on me fall,
Worse hell for me, and worse for all.
The Judge shall be the sinner's friend,
Who of his sinning makes an end.

Terrible is judgment—yea,
But more terrible no Judgment Day!

JAMES BUCKHAM.

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DR. BENSON ON THE PRIMACY OF JURISDICTION.

BY REV. GEORGE McDERMOT, C.S.P.

THE late Archbishop of Canterbury at the close of thirty years of labor finished his life of St. Cyprian.* He did not live to see it through the press, so it comes with a certain melancholy interest to the public, but spoiled, we fear, to candid minds by frequent touches of polemic bitterness. In the Introduction, which is an essay separated from the body of the book, he shows himself at home in that Proconsular Africa of which the Latin African was as proud as a Roman citizen of the *Urbs*, which he truly regarded as the centre of power and law.

If we had a fair history of St. Cyprian's life the work would interest scholars as an account of the contact of a commanding intellect with the political and social influences about him. Benson, however, uses Cyprian to assail the primacy of jurisdiction of the Roman See, and he founds his arguments on some words which, he maintains, were interpolated into the text and used by the advisers of the Holy See at the Council of Trent. He illustrates his argument by a reference to the ancient Gallican liberties, but the connection of St. Cyprian with "the ancient Gallican liberties" †—that is, the so-called liberties of the Church of France—seems as close as the union between Nabuchodonosor and Columbus, which Max Adler weaves in one of his amusing papers. But people animated by religious prejudice will fail to see the absurdity, while the view Dr. Benson takes of the principles enunciated in Cyprian's writings in respect to a particular discussion at the last sitting of the Council of Trent owes all its controversial value to his blind or deliberate selection of an unscrupulous guide.‡ But we see nothing of the formative influence of St. Cyprian on the Church of Africa, though we are told of its power upon the universal Church; and we are bid to believe that it survives in the episcopate of the Church of England. Yet, we think, if that influence were powerful anywhere it would have been so in Africa; but the morality of its masses was hardly touched, so that when the Moslems came such Christianity as existed became easily their prey.

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* *St. Cyprian: His Life, Times, and Work.* By Edward White Benson, D.D., D.C.L., some time Archbishop of Canterbury. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

† This matter, though irrelevant, is most unfairly stated.

‡ Sarpi.

Of course the church had done work in that proconsulate. The "unknown people" were among the population as in the city of Rome under the twelve Cæsars. They were in some way recognizable before the time of St. Cyprian, in Carthage and the surrounding country. They were peaceful and law-abiding, but they stood in tranquil hostility to pagan rites and observances. Before the public they were free from reproach, yet the public believed them guilty of secret crimes and abominations. But coming to St. Cyprian's time, among the Latin stock, men of wealth and learning were beginning to be caught hold of. He himself is an instance of the kind. Among the lower ranks of the Latins the faith was spreading; no house without a Christian son or a Christian slave, until at length we find traces of the faith even among the descendants of the Phœnicians and other races of which that population was composed.

CYPRIAN, THE LAWYER, ON UNITY.

The most brilliant lawyer of Africa, "nursery of pleaders," became a Christian and Bishop of Carthage. There is one formative influence which cannot be denied to the great convert: the power to define accurately according to the time and its needs, and a mastery of argument in support of doctrine and ecclesiastical policy which has not often been surpassed. In his tract on the Unity of the Church and in the letters of which this subject forms the burden we see two things very clearly—great insight and great clearness of exposition. We recognize the evolution of doctrine in the sense of unfolding as distinguished from that of innovating; we see that the views expressed are the fuller statement, according to the time and subject, of what had been always held, and not the note of novelty. If St. Cyprian be right in his views, Dr. Benson was wrong in his whole life as a clergyman and a bishop of the Church of England. If the episcopate begins with the successor of St. Peter, resting upon him as the foundation and the corner-stone, both together binding the undivided body into one,* what part of the edifice is occupied by the living stone that now wears the mitre of St. Augustine and St. Thomas of Canterbury?

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* This is St. Cyprian's view.

In the treatise on Unity St. Cyprian finds the cause of heresy and discord in this, that men do not go to the successor of him to whom it was said: "Thou art Peter; and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven." "Upon one he builds His Church," * says St. Cyprian, and to this proposition is mentally linked this other as the motive, "in order to exhibit † unity." To gather the meaning of the passage, the words "and although he gives to all the Apostles after his resurrection equal power, yet," are not in point. They express a divine truth rather than an opinion of St. Cyprian, but they are irrelevant to the matter in hand, and are simply introduced by way of parenthesis, lest an inference should be drawn that Cyprian meant the other Apostles had no authority save what they derived mediately through Peter from our Lord, instead of immediately from our Lord. We discern something of the lawyer's reserved habit of mind here, a habit often calculated to suggest inferences of a kind foreign to the question. That is, in his desire not to overstate, the lawyer so fences round his propositions by safeguards that the mind of the opponent may go off at a tangent. So much the worse for the latter if he have a purpose to serve in treating irrelevancies as chains in the reasoning. The forensic victory is gained on the real point at issue. However, we have no hesitation in saying ours is the true interpretation of the text, the correct mode of handling it. Consequently we wonder, with the proceedings of the Council of Chalcedon before him, that Dr. Benson did not see this. In fact, he lost sight of a great question, a great truth, owing to his intense desire to prove forgery, fraud, and tyranny against the Holy See and its advisers in 1563 because they decided to retain a text deemed authentic in 581, and which has not even yet been shown to be an interpolated one. But suppose he established his allegations of forgery,

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* "Upon one he builds his church" is a disputed reading, but Benson admits it as genuine. Clearly it belongs to the text. There is another reading: "Upon that one he builds his church." He disputes the authenticity of the demonstrative "that." In another note we show that the thought expressed in the line is simply a cardinal principle of Cyprian's teachings. The undisputed text seems somewhat pointless. The edition of Erasmus leaves out the words; another Protestant, Fell, follows Erasmus. They are contained in Rigault's (Paris, 1648), an edition carefully compared with ancient manuscripts; in Pamelius and other editors. Another disputed line is "The primacy is given to Peter, that the Church of Christ may be shown to be one and the chair one." These words are quoted by Pope St. Pelagius in his second letter to the bishops of Istria, in 581—and neither pope nor bishops questioned their authenticity; this being so, they could not have been manufactured for use in 1563, but to establish this is mainly the purpose for which Benson compiled his volume.

† Manifest.

fraud, and tyranny in bringing out that text in 1563, he would have gained nothing, for the supremacy of Peter's successors is a divine institution which cannot be effaced by crooked methods of policy adopted by individual pontiffs or their counsellors, any more than by lives badly lived by them. However, he has failed in his proofs; but more than that, he has used them dishonestly in every way that unfairness could enter into the presentation of proofs.

THE QUESTION WAS ON THE SOURCE OF JURISDICTION.

We shall see the grounds for the hard things he says about the Holy See and its advisers with reference to a passage in the tract on Unity. This passage he regards as having exercised overwhelming influence in forcing the decision of the Council of Trent on the question whether bishops possess their powers as of divine right or of papal right. He informs us that to secure a decision that they were of papal right, certain words not found in the best manuscripts were retained, against the advice of scholars employed by the Holy See to bring out the edition of 1563. Now, the disputed words could only be of value if the question were as to the nature of the origin of the episcopate, namely, whether it was papal or divine. This is what Dr. Benson tries to make out the question to have been. But he is quite mistaken. The question was one not of the order of bishops at all; it was a question of the source of their jurisdiction. The divine origin of the order was never in dispute; it was assumed by all as the basis of debate on the source of jurisdiction, and if St. Cyprian's writings could come in at all as an authority—and we doubt that they did—they only came in as such on what was largely a dispute about words—at most a speculative point of no practical utility. It would seem to any sensible man that it is of no consequence whether it is said the jurisdiction of bishops is directly from the Lord or mediately from Him through His Vicar, provided that unity is secured by beginning with and resting on the Vicar, who is Peter still, though called Pius, "the rock," "the one." As we said, it is a question of phraseology, or at the most a speculative one, though we may admit that the debate on the point was warm; but bishops in a council are still men and are liable to excitement in the course of controversy. It is a mistake to suppose that men will not become heated on a purely speculative question. Dr. Benson himself, critically examining manuscripts alone in his study, is not free from that fever of partisanship; no, so far from that, he permits himself language that might have been heard in Exeter Hall when fools ranted about the Pope and the Scarlet Woman, her seat upon the seven hills and the cup of her abominations!

EPISCOPATE LIKE A "JOINT-TENANCY."

Now, why does Dr. Benson lay such stress on this warmth? Clearly that it might be inferred that there was a party in the council who felt that the existence of the episcopate was at stake, and that it was right in thinking so. There was no danger to the episcopate; nothing but crass stupidity or a profound regard for the temporalities of sees would say so. The sovereigns were at that time, as well as at all times, desirous that the livery of sees, the investiture, should spring from themselves. The Holy See all along had waged a war against the princes on the right. It was in maintenance of it that Gregory VII. endured years of anguish and died in exile, and that the great St. Thomas was assassinated—murdered for defending the rights of the very see the temporalities and privileges of which gave an enormous income to Dr. Benson and placed him first of the peerage after the royal dukes. There was no party which felt the existence of the divine institution was in danger, but there were men who desired to please their sovereigns, and they may have thought, or have tried to think, that their verbal independence of the Pope in the origin of jurisdiction was consistent with their union with and dependence on him in the matter of doctrine. For this view no countenance can be found in St. Cyprian, although very plainly this is the position which Dr. Benson's monumental work endeavors to assign him. He quotes a passage without grasping its significance when read with "the church was built on one," a passage which he declares is the position concerning the episcopate maintained in all the writings of that Father: "The episcopate is one, of which a part is held by each, in one undivided whole";* but if it be the position of

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* This is best interpreted by such passages as "There speaketh Peter, on whom the church was built" (Cyprian, Ep. 69). This is the thought running through St. Cyprian's writings. In the letter to Antonianus he uses the expression "place of Fabian," meaning a recently deceased pope, and explains it by the words, "the place of Peter and the rank of the sacerdotal chair." In the same letter he makes communion with Saint Cornelius, the pope, communion with the Catholic Church (Ep. 52). In Ep. 55, to St. Cornelius, he warns him against schismatics "who dare to cross the sea" "with letters from schismatical men to the chair of Peter, and to the governing church, the source of sacerdotal unity." Writing of the lapsed (Ep. xxx. 111) he says: "Our Lord, whose precepts and warnings we ought to observe,

St. Cyprian, it is no wonder that Protestant divines and scholars of distinction find the Cyprianic doctrine irresistibly leading to Roman supremacy. This passage describes a moral entity resembling the legal one called by lawyers "joint-tenancy," meaning that as the title in the latter case was one, so the origin in the former; as the possession was undivided in the latter, so the corporate existence in the former was shared by each. Read in this way we understand the meaning of the words in the same passage: "Yet there is one head," which is intended to be the common origin of the episcopate, a title springing from the "one" who sits in the "one chair" which the Lord established to be "the origin of the same unity." That Dr. Benson had some uneasy sense that there might be an interpretation leading by another route to the conclusion we have just expressed is probable, for he laments that St. Cyprian failed to see the "invisible church," the "invisible unity."* Of course he did, for there is no such thing as an "invisible unity" in a society of men, there is no such thing as an "invisible church," ecclesia, assembly on earth, any more than there is an invisible Congress, an honest thief or a chaste prostitute. If the dictum, "The episcopate is one, of which a part is held by each in one undivided whole," were taken to heart by a predecessor of Dr. Benson, he would not have allowed himself to be ordained archbishop while the imprisoned bishops of the province were protesting against the authority that ordained him. Then Canterbury was separated from its suffragan sees, from the world-wide episcopate; and it was separated because its occupant chose to build upon a king, or rather to receive power from a king, than to build "upon the rock,"† "upon the one," or to receive his authority from the "governing church whence episcopal unity has taken its rise."‡ Now, this governing church is the equivalent, in the same sentence, for "the chair of Peter."

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determining the honor of a bishop and the ordering (*ratio*, Oxford translation) of his own church, speaks in the Gospel and says to Peter, 'I say unto thee, thou art Peter, and upon this rock, etc.'" To this point he is always returning, and when he asks Peter's successor to excommunicate Marcian, Bishop of Arles, he must have believed that "the rock" meant, among other things, a primacy of jurisdiction, because deposition would necessarily follow excommunication.

*This is not intended to be a gibe, but the distinct effect of Dr. Benson's observation. If the reader prefers "grasp," he may put it in place of "see."

† St. Cyprian's words.

‡ "Principalis" means governing, and not "mother" or "ancient," very distinctly, according to the use of the word by Tertullian, Cyprian's "master." We are breaking a fly upon the wheel.

FIRST FOUR COUNCILS.

The fact is, Dr. Benson ruled in Canterbury on the term, among other conditions, of accepting the first four councils of the church. We have no choice but to say that the authority of Chalcedon bound him to recognize in St. Peter's successors a primacy of jurisdiction as well as of honor and precedence. To another man the objection might be open that Leo's assertion of authority and its unquestioned acceptance by the council were based upon a straining of St. Cyprian's teachings, or on an undue development of power not morally different from usurpation or on any other principle of action, or from accident, or from some mysterious source, or from any influence whatever under which institutions come into being in this chance-ruled or demon-ruled world ; but the objection does not lie in the mouth of him who has taken the authority of that council as springing from the Holy Ghost, and in consequence of that belief has filled a great place in the social and religious life of his country. If Dr. Benson on entering orders in the Church of England swallowed this article while he did not believe it, he cannot be considered a man of stern, inflexible morality ; if he enjoyed good things for many years in important though subordinate positions in the Establishment because he could only do so by pretending to believe that article, it would seem that he could for a personal interest bend essentials to the standard of the indifferent, and if when, at the end, he was called to the place of a high priest and judge in Israel, he could reconcile the irreconcilable in doctrine, we think he ought to have practised towards the memory of Pius IV. and those about him some measure of charity in construing their acts at a time of great anxiety about and of peril to the countless souls depending upon their counsels.

What has he done instead? He has taken up a passage in one of the writings of St. Cyprian,* a passage from which we have quoted one or two dicta already, and has put forward the charge that the text was corrupted by the interpolation of statements, and this was done by "princes" and "dukes" and "cardinals" and "Roman advocates" against the protests of "broken-hearted scholars." Now, the portions we have cited are part of the text that he admits to be genuine, so the alleged fraud cannot affect what we have said. But something more remains: we deny that there has been any fraud in the matter; and we have already stated if there had been, it could have been only to decide an academical question as to the origin of episcopal jurisdiction, and not the profoundly practical and the divine one of the primacy of the Pope.

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* On Unity.

ST. CHARLES BORROMEO AND THE INTERPOLATED TEXT.

There can be no question but that St. Charles Borromeo was the principal influence on Pius IV. in his cares for and watchfulness over the deliberations of the council at this its closing session, and when all its work had been accomplished except the small matter of declaring the source of a bishop's jurisdiction. The Holy Father's health had given way under the strain of great anxieties. If he should die before the acts of the council were ratified, all its labor would have been in vain. In the condition of Europe then it was impossible to predict when another council could be summoned; the Protestants were everywhere fierce, aggressive, desperate, unscrupulous. Elizabeth a few years before had said to her own Bishop of Peterborough, protesting against the granting of the demesnes of his see to Cecil: "Proud prelate, you know what you were before I made you what you are! If you do not immediately comply with my request, by God I will unfrock you!" Scotland had trampled the Church under its feet, France was drifting to Protestantism, almost the middle and the south having practically gone over. Northern Germany was lost, so were almost all the Swiss cantons; and everywhere disorder, licentiousness, spoliation marked the triumph of the new doctrines. Dr. Benson gives St. Charles Borromeo credit for desiring to restore what he is pleased to call the genuine text of Cyprian by, we suppose, the exclusion of the disputed words. It is as plain as daylight that St. Charles could not be a party to an intrigue for any purpose; he could not be a party to a conspiracy to foist upon a general council, sitting under the guidance of the Holy Ghost, a false text to secure a particular declaration. No doubt the matter in question was not dogmatic; as the Cardinal of Lorraine truly said in his noble address, it was only a speculative point on which opinion was divided; but there would have been an impiety nothing short of sacrilegious to attempt what Dr. Benson insists Pius IV. and his advisers accomplished, even though the point was only speculative.

The truth is that the passage appeared in manuscripts with the words which Dr. Benson would have omitted. It appeared in manuscripts without them. St. Charles may have been of opinion that the latter contained the more genuine text, but he would not have been guilty of the folly and presumption of requiring the Holy Father to decree that words coming from antiquity, as these words came, did not belong to that text. As reasonably might it be asked, on Dr. Benson's principle, that the words describing Josue's command to the sun should be expunged from his book on scientific grounds. Now, if the "broken-hearted scholars," Paulus Manutius and Latino Latini, arrived at the conclusion that certain words did not belong to the text of Cyprian, they had doubtless good critical grounds; but they were in the service of the Holy See, they were treated with great distinction and liberality, as all scholars have ever been by that most munificent patron of learning, unchangeable in this whatever changes in the men who held the place, and their duty was to edit an edition for their employer and not for themselves.

Dr. Benson thinks he makes a good point by telling us that Charles Borromeo "procured" "the Verona manuscript" "for the restoration of the text of Cyprian to its primitive integrity," and the inference must then be that his uncle, Pius IV., was a crafty politician who waived aside the honest counsel of his nephew. St. Charles would be entitled to have the edition he thought purest published, as any private scholar might; he was not weighted by an awful responsibility such as then pressed on the shoulders of his uncle; but for the Pope to subordinate his great place in the church to the pettishness, capriciousness, and overweening vanity of thankless servants, and that merely on an open question of text, would be as fatuous as mischievous. The very technical and querulous disposition of these scholars can be judged by their complaint that some of the manuscripts of St. Cyprian had been so copied as to give the words of the Vulgate in the commission to Peter rather than the words found in the older manuscripts; that is to say, because some copyist preferred the best Latin version of our Lord's words to the Latin of the earlier manuscripts, the text had been tampered with! Latino refused to take the Vulgate words, and in doing this he showed the spirit of a conceited and insolent pedant; but of course Dr. Benson weeps tears of ink over his broken heart. We think any honest man will say the Pope and his advisers would have been criminal if they published an edition calculated to protract a debate on a point of no practical value at a time when it was of vital importance the council should conclude its work. But will it be believed that the edition had no particle of influence on the debate, that many of the bishops had seen no texts except from manuscripts without the words, that most of the bishops, probably all of them, were aware that there was a dispute as to their genuineness, and that the debate dropped by the adoption of the view of the Cardinal of Lorraine?

BENSON RELIES ON SARPI.

For the intrigue in bringing out this so-called corrupt edition of Cyprian, Dr. Benson's authority is Sarpi's *History of the Council of Trent.* He seems fond of dishonest witnesses. He tells us nothing about Sarpi, nothing about the auspices under which, or the place where, his work was published. The work was published in London and dedicated to James I., who claimed to be the head of the Church of England. Long before this time Sarpi had been excommunicated. He had manifested from his early days, when a Servite friar, a rebellious and intractable disposition; later on he won the praise of being "the Hater of the Papacy and the Popes." Dr. Benson introduces with a flourish of trumpets the edition of Baluze because it appears without the disputed words. We need say no more of Baluze than that Dr. Benson thinks it necessary on his behalf to perform the office of compurgator; we therefore decline to receive him as an untainted witness.

The doctrine of the supremacy of the pope is in no way affected, because it in no way depends on the words which are questioned. A primacy of order or bare dignity is asserted by Dr. Benson, and by many Anglicans far more Catholic in thought than he is. But this is beating the air. From Tertullian, whom St. Cyprian calls "Master"; from Cyprian himself, who speaks of the pope as sitting in the place of Peter; from St. Irenæus, seventy years before Cyprian, through all the Fathers witnesses to the primacy of jurisdiction, down to to-day, when men of every race and tongue acknowledge it, the doctrine stands clear in its exercise of authority and clear in its definition. We shall waste no time in discussing it; we shall conclude by expressing our amazement that the greatest dignitary of the English Church, a scholar, a man charged with grave responsibilities, should devote thirty years of his life to prove what is of interest to no one, and even if it were of interest would be of value to no one.

A FATAL FRIENDSHIP.

BY GRACE CHRISTMAS.

I.

"The more thou knowest, and the better, so much the heavier will thy judgment be, unless thy life be also more holy."—*Imitation of Christ.*

CONSTANCE NEVILLE was one of the cleverest girls at the Convent of the Sacred Heart at B——. She was one of the handsomest too, but her talents were of far more account to her than her beauty; perhaps because she had not as yet realized her possession of the latter gift.

For eight years she had carried off all the prizes, acted as ringleader in various escapades, laughed, romped, studied, and occasionally wept, in that gray old building with its high stone walls and cool, green gardens; and now it was time to bid its inmates farewell, to "put away childish things" and become a woman.

The idea was distinctly displeasing to her. The path of knowledge, which many of her companions found so rough and objectionable, was to her a pure delight, and every fresh obstacle she greeted with joy, for here was something to be mastered and eventually overcome by the force of her intellect.

In addition to her dislike of abandoning her studies, the future, so far as she could see, held nothing especially attractive for her in its outstretched arms. Her parents, who were converts, had both died when she was very young; she was an only child and possessed no Catholic relations, and her life was to be spent under the roof of a Protestant aunt, a woman in whose estimation this world was the only one worth thinking about, and whose ambitions were limited to giving smart receptions, wearing Paris frocks, and shining as a social success.

Attractive or not, however, the unknown future had to be faced. The last few weeks of her school-girl's existence fled by with lightning-like rapidity and now it was the eve of her departure.

"Constance," said one of her companions, coming up to where she sat listlessly on a bench in the rose-garden, "Reverend Mother wants to see you in her room. A farewell conference, I expect," she added with a laugh. "*How* she will impress on you to avoid the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, etc."

There was no answering smile on the girl's finely-cut lips as she rose to obey the summons. In her present mood the "pomps and vanities" which she saw looming in the near distance were eminently distasteful to her; and she felt, for that reason, that no virtue would lie in their avoidance.

"Come in," said a sweet voice in answer to her knock, and entering a plainly-furnished room, which looked out upon the sunny garden, she found herself in the presence of the superior of the convent. Sister Mary Francis was a woman of a marked personality, which impressed itself upon all with whom she came in contact. Her governing powers were of no mean order, her bump of organization was strongly developed, and at the age of forty she ruled over the community, many of whom were her seniors, both wisely and well. Like her namesake of Assisi, she was *thorough* to the core. There were no half-measures about this calm-faced nun, with her ethereal beauty and her speaking eyes. She lived up to her own standard, which was a lofty one, and though she could sympathize with those whose aim was lower, and whose efforts at perfection more feeble, there was, perhaps, underlying the sympathy just a touch of contemptuous pity for those who were cast in a weaker mould than herself.

"So you are going to leave us, Connie?" she said, stroking the girl's golden brown hair as she knelt beside her. "Going to take your place in the world and make it all the better for your presence in it, eh?"

"I don't know, mother," was the somewhat dubious reply. "I do not want to have anything to do with it at all. I would far rather go on with my studies and not be bothered with society and all that kind of rubbish."

The nun smiled. She had heard this phrase so often from girlish lips, and knew by experience how effervescent are the ideas and moods of youth.

"So you think now," she returned quietly, "but I fancy by this time next year you will have a very different story to tell. You are placed *in* the world, so far as we can judge at present, and you must fulfil your social duties and live according to your position, always bearing in mind that God and your religious observances must come first."

"I didn't mean I wanted to be a nun, mother," said Constance naïvely. "I meant I would rather go on studying by myself, instead of being bothered by balls and dinner-parties."

"Your love of study is a little inordinate, my child, and you are far too much inclined to neglect more absolutely essential matters on its account. A brilliant intellect is an immense gift, but you must always remember that it *is* a gift, and that none of its merit is due to yourself. Beware how you use your talents, Connie, and never lose sight of the fact that the cleverest men and women are invariably the most humble also. Above all, remember that your life, at any rate for the next few years, will be passed in an heretical atmosphere, and live up to the high standard of your religion. Let the world see that a Catholic woman may be bright and clever and attractive and play her part gracefully in society, and at the same time be absolutely uncompromising where her religious principles are concerned. You need not go about with a puritanical expression and a dowdy gown, as is the mistaken custom of some pious souls. Catholics should be as well dressed as any one else. There is no reason why they should hide themselves in the background, and every gift of mind and person should be developed to its farthest extent for the greater glory of God. More is always expected of those who belong to the one true faith, and"—with a smile—"it must be your part to see that the supply is equal to the demand."

There was a brief silence while the speaker's words sank deep into her listener's heart. This was an entirely new theory to her. Her mother, on becoming a Catholic, had acted in the injudicious manner affected by a certain class of converts, and had tabooed dances, theatres, and well-fitting frocks from the hour of her conversion. She spent the greater part of the day in church, to the utter neglect of both her social and domestic duties, and was never entirely happy except in the society of priests or friars. This had been Constance Neville's first childish idea of Catholicity, and now here was a cloistered nun advocating dinner-parties and encouraging the wearing of pretty gowns!

"With regard to your studies," continued the superior, "a girl's education in many cases only begins when she is supposed to be 'finished off,' and a course of serious reading will increase your stock of knowledge enormously, and besides, you must keep up your languages and accomplishments. But, my child, again I say beware of your choice of books, and never under any circumstances allow any one to induce you to dabble in the pernicious free-thinking literature of the present day and the scientific treatises which profess so glibly to explain away everything in heaven and earth. I will pray each day that you may live the life of an earnest, fervent Catholic, *in* the world and conforming to its usages, but not *of* it, and do you, child, pray also for help and strength, for *if* you fall, it will be through your *intellect!*"

Then, after a few more tender, motherly words of counsel and advice, Constance was dismissed, and returned to the schoolroom with the nun's warning ringing in her ears: "If you fall, it will be through your intellect."

"Well, Connie, how about the pomps and vanities?" inquired her special chum, Agnes Lisle, whom she met in the long corridor. "Did you promise never to ride a 'bike' or dance a waltz, when you go out into the wicked world?"

"Not I," was the unexpected rejoinder. "The mother says I am to go to balls and dinner-parties, and have a 'good time' all round; at least she implied the latter part of it." And, with an amused gleam in her hazel eyes at her friend's mystified expression, she disappeared through the swing door.

II.

"If it seem to thee that thou knowest many things and understandest them well enough, yet know that there are many more things of which thou art ignorant."—*Imitation.*

It was six months later, and Constance Neville had made her curtsy to Her Majesty and been formally launched on society, under the auspices of her mother's sister, Lady Langton. So far the reality exceeded her anticipations, which had never been of a very lively nature so far as social dissipations were concerned. The never-ending discussions on "chiffons," as well as the interminable hours spent with her aunt's dressmaker, bored her excessively, and the daily visits and afternoon "at homes," the salient features of which consisted in weak tea and strong scandal, proved a distinct weariness of the flesh to the young *débutante*, whose heart was still in her studies. On the other hand, she was not too learned to enjoy a good waltz with a skilful partner, his other claims to attraction being for the present immaterial, and she was thoroughly in her element seated beside a leading scientific light or an eloquent, long-haired professor at one of her aunt's dinner-parties.

With the golden youth of the day Miss Neville was not altogether a success. The "Berties" and "Algys" whom she met at dances and receptions, with their hair parted in the same way and all wearing "the latest thing" in collars, appeared to her to be formed on the identical pattern of a score of others, and, what was fatal to her chance of attracting them, she made no efforts to conceal her weariness in their society. By degrees she learned to know exactly what they would say to her on a given occasion, and the effect which her remarks would produce upon them, until she grew to regard them in the light of so many musical boxes warranted to play a limited number of tunes when you pressed the spring. There was one man, however, amongst those she met who appealed to her in a distinctly different manner.

Hugh Radcliffe was an atheist and a free-thinker, a brilliant conversationalist, and magnetic to his finger-tips. Just the type of man to interest a clever, impressionable girl in her teens, who valued her acquaintances according to their intellectual powers. The inherent refinement of his nature, rather than any lofty motives, restrained him from indulging in ordinary masculine vices, and it may have been this exemption which caused him to consider himself in only a microscopic degree "lower than the angels," and to look down upon the common herd from a pedestal of calm superiority. He had lately retired from the army, where he had commanded a smart cavalry regiment, finding the life uncongenial to his tastes and ideas, and was now living by himself in an artistically furnished flat in Kensington, dabbling a little in literature, and leading the somewhat desultory existence which he preferred to any other. It was at one of the little dinners for which Lady Langton was so famous that he first met Constance Neville, and something in the girl's proud, fearless expression and bright, racy talk attracted him even more than her undeniable beauty of feature and coloring. She was an anomaly in that Hyde Park *ménage*, where materialism was apt to shunt spirituality into a very remote place in the background, and a pretty girl who neither flirted, smoked cigarettes, nor talked slang was a distinct novelty to this *blasé* man of the world, and appreciated accordingly. Before very long they had struck up a tremendous friendship, rather to Lady Langton's dismay, for Colonel Radcliffe, though fairly well off, was by no means eligible from her point of view, and his attentions would, she argued, "spoil Connie's chances in other directions." Matrimony, however, was very far from Hugh Radcliffe's thoughts, and it had certainly not entered into

Constance Neville's calculations so far as he was concerned. This "episode" was over long since in the days of his hot-headed youth, and all that remained was a handful of dead embers, which not even the many charms and talents of this convent-bred girl had the power to rekindle. They were friends, therefore, without a particle of sentiment on either side; for such a condition of affairs, though rare between two persons of different sexes, is still perfectly possible under exceptional circumstances. Lady Langton, however, was dubious. Platonics did not enter into that volatile lady's scheme of existence, and her fixed idea at present was to bring about a brilliant marriage for her handsome niece. The fact that this would be no easy task had already dawned upon her. Constance had lost no time in informing her that she would never consent to marry a Protestant, and six months' daily intercourse with the girl had taught her that what she said she invariably carried out. Rich unmarried Catholics were few and far between; indeed she could only number one amongst her acquaintances, and he was a confirmed bachelor, with, it was said, strong leanings towards the priesthood. Her only hope was that Constance herself would lose her heart to some eligible heretic to an extent which would render her willing to renounce her principles on the subject, or else that she might meet with some wealthy and accommodating young lordling whom it would be possible for her to convert to her own ideas. With regard to Lady Langton's own religion, her beliefs were many and varied, according to the views of her last pet preacher. She had even been known to speak in approving terms of the Catholic faith—"Such a pretty, poetical religion, don't you know, especially in dear Italy, where they have such charming *festas* of the Madonna"—but lately she had sat at the feet of a celebrated theosophist, and sang the praises of esoteric Buddhism to any one who would listen to her.

"What are you reading, Connie?" she inquired one hot, drowsy afternoon in July, when she and her niece were, for a wonder, alone together in the former's dainty boudoir.

A faint flush rose to Constance's face as she glanced up from the pages of her book.

"It is one Colonel Radcliffe lent me, *The Downfall of the Creeds.*"

Lady Langton held up her white, jewelled hands in affected horror.

"*What* a title!" she murmured. "I thought you Papists were so particular about what you read. It is as bad as that fearful pamphlet *The Triumph of Materialism*, or some such name, which you and he were so excited about, the other day, at Mrs. Blake's 'at home.'"

"Oh! but I did not agree with *that* at all," put in her niece quickly. "This is very different, and takes a much wider view of things."

"Well, my dear, I suppose you know best. Of course it is very nice to see you take such a *liberal* view of things—Roman Catholics are so one-sided usually."

As she spoke, a picture from the but recently vanished past rose up before Constance Neville, and, as in a vision, she saw the sweet, grave face of the mother superior, and listened to her prophetic words, "*If* you fall, it will be through your intellect." Her childhood's guide had warned her with regard to the so-called "liberality" of this end of the century, which like a false beacon flickers before the eyes of even good, practising Catholics, leading them on to the rocks of unbelief. And now she, a girl brought up in a convent, was accused of this vice by the lips of a Protestant! For the past month or so Hugh Radcliffe had, as he expressed it, "taken her education in hand." The sight of so much faith was as obnoxious to him as was that of the other angels to Lucifer when he fell from heaven, and by dint of delicately administered doses of flattery concerning the present waste of her intellectual powers—her most vulnerable point—he had succeeded in instilling into her mind a longing to eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil. It is undoubtedly only the first step which costs. The whispers of conscience, which had assailed her ears while she read the first book Hugh gave her, were becoming fainter and more stifled every day. Now she had the tenets of the "New Rationalism" at her fingers' ends, and there *had* been moments when she wondered whether, after all, it was possible that the Sacred Scriptures were merely a prettily invented fable. So many of the events mentioned therein, so Colonel Radcliffe told her, tallied exactly with the legend of Buddha; and she had a very exalted opinion of her mentor's discriminating powers. Another fact which was against her, at this critical period of her spiritual existence, was the total lack of intercourse with members of her own religion. With the exception of her confessor, with whom she was on slightly reserved terms, she never spoke to a Catholic from one week's end to another, and the "heretical atmosphere" spoken of by Sister Mary Francis was beginning to tell.

"What a bore it is, having to go to this dance to-night," remarked Lady Langton suddenly.

Constance roused herself with a start from the reverie into which she had fallen.

"What dance? Oh, the Damers'? *Must* we really go?"

"Why of course," returned her aunt briskly, slightly irritated at being taken at the foot of the letter. "Besides," she added a trifle maliciously, "your dear Colonel Radcliffe is going."

The girl's eyes lit up with pleasure.

"Is he really? He said he had another engagement, when I asked him yesterday."

"Well, I had the fact from his own lips this morning in the park, while you were talking to young Fortescue; that is all I can tell you. And I *do* hope, my dear"—with a sudden change of tone—"that you will not make yourself as conspicuous with him as you did the other evening at Blair House."

"Conspicuous! What do you mean, aunt? He is my *friend*," was the indignant rejoinder.

"Nonsense, child! Friendship is a fable in most cases, but especially so between a man and a woman. Mark my words, Connie—one of these days you will regret your friendship, as you call it, with Hugh Radcliffe."

And it was with this warning ringing in her ears that Constance Neville left the room to dress for Mrs. Damer's dance.

III.

"I am He that in an instant elevateth the humble mind to comprehend more reasons of the Eternal Truth than if any one had studied ten years in the schools."—*Imitation.*

Three years had gone by since Constance Neville had left her convent home, and now it was early autumn, and she and Lady Langton were revelling in the gorgeous tints of an Umbrian landscape, and enjoying the delights of a sauntering tour through the fairest province of beautiful Italy.

It was principally upon Constance's account that they had come abroad. For some time she had been looking pale and drooping, and out of sorts generally, and her aunt's medical adviser—a bland, pompous person, with a silky manner which constituted a little fortune in itself—had pronounced her to be "wanting in tone," and recommended "immediate change of air and scene." It was Lady Langton's private opinion, however, that mental trouble, and not physical ills, was at the root of her niece's altered looks and listless demeanor; and for once that sprightly little lady was correct in her estimate. Constance's friendship with Hugh Radcliffe, the avowed atheist, had indeed proved a fatal one, and her eager and prolonged study of works which breathed rationalism and open infidelity in every line had finally culminated in her soul's shipwreck. Her doubts had, under his skilful tuition, resolved themselves into a certainty that religion was a mockery and faith a delusion, and at one-and-twenty this girl, brought up and educated by pious and devout women whose lives were one long "Credo," had arrived at the conclusion that man's reason and intellect were his only reliable guides, and that in her scheme of existence there was no place for an Almighty and Creative power. She had abandoned God and cut herself adrift from his church, and she no longer feared, because she had lost all belief in an eternity when he in his turn would abandon her. She *had* fallen, and it was through that intellect which she magnified into something abnormal in its grandeur; but the warning words of her childhood's counsellor had long since ceased to haunt her, for she had severed herself from all connection with her old associations.

Lady Langton was anything but pleased with this alteration in her niece. In common with a great many Protestants, she had a lurking respect for genuine Catholics, and felt that, as their standard was a more lofty one than that of other people, it was only fitting that their lives should correspond. As we have said, her own convictions were in a highly unsettled condition, but it went quite against her ideas of respectability that a woman should be without any religion whatsoever.

"If Connie was determined to leave the Romish Church," she would complain pathetically to her dozen or so of dearest friends, "*why* could she not have come with me to St. Mary Magdalen's, where they have such *dear* little boys in white surplices and burn such delicious incense? But no; she calls that 'humbug,' and says that when the age of reason comes there will be no church services anywhere. I am sure, according to her theories, that it will be a very uncomfortable time when it *does* come."

Then there would ensue a sympathetic murmur from the tea-drinking circle, and the conversation would veer round to "chiffons" and the merits of the last new tenor.

Constance was still Miss Neville. She had been admired by a certain class of men who had grown a little weary of the yielding feminine type of womanhood, but on the whole she was not popular with the other sex. She had refused one offer, greatly to her aunt's chagrin, and had lately announced her intention of retaining her own name to the end of the chapter. Contrary to society's expectations, Hugh Radcliffe had remained contented with his position as friend and mentor, without making any attempt to exchange it for a nearer and dearer tie. Lady Langton averred that his perpetual presence prevented aspiring suitors from declaring themselves; and as men usually "fight shy" of "platonic friendships," it is possible that there may have been some foundation for this belief.

For the last week the two travellers had been indulging in a "feast of frescoes," as the elder lady put it, in the quaint old town of Spello; and now their thoughts were turning towards the Birthplace of the Friars, which would be new ground to both of them.

"You would like to see Assisi, I suppose, wouldn't you, Connie?" inquired Lady Langton one morning, when they had been gazing for the twentieth time at Pinturicchio's lovely frescoes in the ancient church of San Lorenzo.

"Oh, yes! as we are so near it we may as well," replied her niece in the listless manner which had become habitual to her.

"But you used to be so enthusiastic about St. Francis, and his roses, and his little birds, and all that!" exclaimed her aunt volubly; and then, as recollection came to her—"Oh! of course, *that* was when you were a Roman Catholic. *Now*, I suppose, you disapprove of him!"

Constance Neville's already ivory pale face grew perceptibly paler. Her conscience was not as yet so entirely deadened but that a chance allusion to her former faith had still the power to stab her.

"I admire St. Francis now," she said quietly. "He was in earnest, if mistaken in his convictions, and he was intensely thorough." As she spoke, there flashed across her a sudden memory of the saint's namesake and her fervent devotion to her glorious patron. Sister Mary Francis was an eminently clever woman—*that* was an undeniable fact—how was it, then, that she possessed such blind, unreasoning confidence in what she called "divine revelation"? It was a problem which baffled even the intellectual powers of this newly avowed young atheist!

"How dull you are, Connie," remarked Lady Langton impatiently. Thought of any kind was abhorrent to her lively, superficial nature, and gloomy reflections, which prohibited the exchange of small chatter, especially so. With an effort Constance roused herself, and, as she mentally expressed it, "talked *down* to her aunt's level" until it was time to return to their apartment for lunch.

Two days later they were established at a picturesque little hotel within a stone's throw of the tomb of St. Francis, and the nameless, undefinable charm of Assisi had enfolded them in its magical embrace. Even Constance felt its influence. Something of the spirit of the Seraphic Friar lingers still today in the steep, cobble-paved streets, and dim old churches, where the exquisitely tinted frescoes, painted by the mighty masters of old, gleam from the sombre walls. To Catholics every inch of the ground is hallowed by countless associations and tender memories, and those outside the church are insensibly impressed with sentiments of veneration hitherto undreamt of in "their philosophy."

It was at the "Angeli," the afternoon after their arrival, that Constance encountered a "ghost from the past" in the person of her former school friend, Agnes Lisle, now developed into a fair-faced young woman with a quantity of fluffy hair and a bright, winning manner.

"Connie, how delightful!" was her enthusiastic exclamation as they met. "What luck! Fancy meeting you here! What have you been doing all these ages since we last saw each other? Tell me directly."

"That is a large order," replied Miss Neville calmly. She was by no means charmed at this unexpected meeting.

"Isn't this place too utterly sweet?" went on the girl, her blue eyes sparkling with delight. "And what a lot of prayers you must have said there," pointing to the Portiuncula Chapel, "for your dear Sister Mary Francis!"

For a moment Constance hesitated. Should she allow her friend to remain in ignorance of what had befallen her since they parted, or would it be more honest to boldly proclaim the change which had taken place within her? Perhaps it would.

The happy smiles faded from Agnes Lisle's face and were replaced by a half-incredulous look of horror and bewilderment as she listened.

"Is it possible, Connie? *You* to renounce your faith? You must be mad." Then in a softer tone, "God help you, you poor foolish girl; how I pity you!"

Constance drew herself up proudly. She was accustomed to the commendation of Hugh Radcliffe, and others of his ilk, for having "freed herself from the degrading shackles of religion," and this was the first occasion on which she had met with anything that savored of reproof. "*Foolish!*" this girl had called her. The idea of Agnes Lisle, whose prizes had been few and far between, and whose intelligence was on a distinctly low level, daring to "pity" her, the brilliant student and the independent free-thinker! She listened in scornful silence to a few earnest, pleading words, uttered from the depths of her old school-fellow's trusting heart, and, seizing the first opportunity, bade her a hasty farewell.

The drive home was a very silent one, and it was only when they reached the hotel that Constance volunteered a remark: "Colonel Radcliffe talks of joining us here. I heard from him this morning; he is at Rome."

"Oh, does he?" answered Lady Langton carelessly. She had learned wisdom where her niece was concerned, and consequently refrained from any further comments on the information imparted to her.

IV.

"And the fool says in his heart, 'There is no God.'"

That same evening Hugh Radcliffe made his appearance on the scene. He professed to be weary of sight-seeing and longing for purer air, and absolutely declined to crane his neck gazing at Giotto's frescoes, or to go into raptures over anybody's Madonnas. He had taken up his quarters at the small hotel midway between the town of Assisi and the Church of the Angeli, but the greater part of his day was spent with Lady Langton and her niece—or, to put it more accurately, with her niece alone.

"I wash my hands of you, Connie," said her aunt plaintively, when the girl had announced her intention of going for a long, rambling walk with her newly arrived friend. "It seems to me you will soon throw *propriety* overboard as well as religion. What the poor natives will think I don't know. I suppose you must have your own way, as you *always* do, and one consolation is that *all* the English are considered more or less mad!"

Which speech, freely translated, signified that Lady Langton did not at all relish the prospect of acting *chaperone* on a hot sunny morning, and was rather relieved than otherwise at her niece's openly expressed contempt of Mrs. Grundy.

"You are not looking well, Constance," remarked Colonel Radcliffe, as they began to ascend the hill leading to the Poor Clare Convent of San Damiano.

He had adopted the habit of dropping the formal prefix when there were no strangers present.

"I might return the compliment," she answered playfully, glancing up at the pale, powerful face, with its clearly cut, strongly marked features, which impressed her afresh each time she saw it. "Have you been ill, or worried, or what?"

"I have had a pretty sharp touch of my old malady, the heart," was the careless reply. "It is quite on the cards, you know, that I may 'solve the great problem,' as they call it, at any moment. As if there were *any* problems left to solve," he added musingly.

"Why did you not tell me sooner?" exclaimed Constance, with a reproachful look in her hazel eyes. "You ought not to be going up hill at all! Oh, *do* be careful of yourself!"

Hugh Radcliffe laughed lightly. "Don't look so concerned, child," he said caressingly; "we old fellows must move on to make room for the younger generation."

"Old!—at forty-five?" she exclaimed indignantly. "What nonsense clever men *can* talk sometimes!"

"Besides," he went on, "why should you grudge me my well-earned rest? I have been buffeted about the world long enough, and am of no use to any one in it; why not be annihilated then, and sink into a restful nothingness, an interminable sleep, which shall know no waking?"

"To sleep? Perchance to dream!" murmured the girl half to herself.

"What heresy are you muttering, Constance?" asked her mentor sharply. "After death's icy finger has once touched us there will be neither dreams nor awakening. I hope the romantic associations of this place and all its saintly legends have not been putting foolish ideas into your head."

"No, Hugh, I think not," she answered simply. "The quotation only happened to come into my mind at that moment."

"It was not a particularly apt one," he remarked with a slight trace of irritation in his manner.

Colonel Radcliffe felt that in robbing Constance Neville of her early illusions, and destroying her faith, he had achieved a distinct triumph, and he was therefore proportionately fearful of any backsliding on the part of his pet pupil.

The remainder of their walk was spent in a discussion on the respective merits of Kant and Hegel's doctrines, but an indefinable shadow had clouded the brightness of that autumn morning as far as Constance was concerned, and the thought that her friend's days on earth were numbered weighed heavily upon her spirit. It sounded so dreary as he put it—to end in nothingness! Of course she believed it too, but—there was no denying that it was an unpleasant theory to hold. Then came the reflection, *if*, on the other hand, immortality should prove to be no fable, what would be the eternal fate of herself, and Hugh Radcliffe, and the thousands of men and women in the world who daily denied their Creator?

She gave a little shiver in the sunshine and turned her thoughts to other subjects; but the idea, once presented, kept perpetually recurring to her mind during the days which followed. Notwithstanding Colonel Radcliffe's objection to sight-seeing, he resigned himself to the inevitable, and consented to admire the stately Church of San Francesco, to gaze incredulously upon the blood-stained rose-bushes in the friar's garden, and to visit the stable where the Seraphic founder of the Franciscan Order first saw the light, and the little cell whence his pure spirit winged its flight to heaven.

"There was something distinctly impressive about Francis of Assisi," he said one evening, as he and Constance stood on the balcony of Lady Langton's sitting-room, watching the dying sun sinking to its rest in a glory of gold and crimson. "There were no half-measures about his Christianity. I do not wonder that superstitious, impressionable people are taken with the Catholic religion. After all, it is the only logical one."

Constance gazed at him in bewilderment. "Are you defending it?" she inquired.

"Not I, child," he answered lightly. "I defend *no* religion, for I have learned the shallowness and unreality of every creed. I only mean to say that of all the many forms of superstition clung to by the human race, which Carlyle describes as 'mostly fools,' it is the most venerable, and the only one which will hold water. It is more ingeniously *invented* than the others, that is all."

Constance remained silent, her eyes fixed on the purple mountain tops and drinking in the exquisite beauty of the scene before her. Assisi had impressed her, as well as her companion, though she would have died rather than acknowledge the fact, especially to him. In her school-days St. Francis had always been the object of her particular devotion, contrary though the whole spirit of his life was to her self-willed nature, with its reckless impulses and pride of intellect; and every step in the quaint little town sanctified by his presence, and every incident recorded of his words and actions, were familiar to her as household words. According to Colonel Radcliffe's theory, and—yes, of course—hers too, the Friar of Assisi no longer existed. He had died several centuries ago, and been annihilated, for there was no life beyond the grave—*that* ended everything!

"Why are you so silent, Hugh?" she asked suddenly, wishing to be directed from her own thoughts, and turning to look at him as he leant beside her with his arms folded on the railing of the little balcony. Then, as she noticed the ashy grayness of his face, she gave a horrified exclamation, which immediately brought Lady Langton upon the scene.

"Ring the bell, aunt, quickly!" she said hurriedly as she half led, half supported him into the sitting-room. "Tell them to bring some brandy. He is fearfully ill!"

Hugh turned towards her with a faint attempt at a smile on his agonized features. "I am dying, Connie," he murmured. "Going to nothingness, sinking—sinking—ah!—" and with one long-drawn breath his head fell back on the sofa-cushions, and the soul of Hugh Radcliffe, the atheist, went before the judgment seat of God.

A second resounding peal of the bell brought a group of agitated waiters, who bore the lifeless body to another room to await the arrival of the doctor, and Lady Langton and her niece were left alone, stupefied by the events of the last few minutes, and feeling as though they were the victims of some hideous nightmare. Constance stood motionless, gazing before her with unseeing eyes, her thoughts rendered almost stagnant by the sudden shock. A moment ago her friend was here by her side, avowing his unbelief in God and religion, and now—where was he?

"He has gone to nothingness," she murmured at last in the manner of one talking in her sleep.

"He has gone to *hell* more likely," said her aunt, her overstrung nerves finding sudden relief in decisive speech. "For goodness' sake rouse yourself, Constance! The doctor and those odious municipality people will be coming presently to ask us all sorts of disagreeable questions. It is a most tragical affair altogether, and so *horrid* for us to be mixed up in it!"

Her niece still continued to stare blankly in front of her, with the perplexed air of one striving to understand the drift of what was said, and then, as nature suddenly reasserted its sway, she sank down on the sofa where her friend had died and burst into an agony of tears.

A year had passed away since that glowing October evening when Hugh Radcliffe and Constance Neville had watched the sun set behind the Angeli, and the superior of the Convent of the Sacred Heart at B—— was kneeling in the little chapel where the sanctuary lamp gleamed redly through the gathering gloom. Presently one of the sisters interrupted her at her devotions. "A lady is waiting for you in the parlor, Reverend Mother," she said. "She wishes to speak to you in private." It was past the usual hour for receiving visitors, but some undefinable impulse prompted the superior to accede to the request. As she entered the room the slight, graceful figure of a woman dressed in black rose to her feet and stood before her.

"Have you forgotten me, mother?" she said in a voice which trembled with an uncontrollable emotion.

"Forgotten you, child? No, indeed!" was the nun's reply, as she clasped both Constance Neville's hands within her own and drew her towards her. Then all at once a sudden chill crept into her manner. "What brings you here? Agnes Lisle told me you had renounced your religion and denied your God!"

The quiet tears started to the hazel eyes, whose beauty had become somewhat dimmed with much weeping.

"What she told you *was* true, mother," she faltered, "but since then God, in his marvellous mercy, has opened my eyes and given me back my faith."

Then she briefly told the story of the past five years: of her doubts and waverings, her friendship with the atheist and his fatal influence upon her life; of her visit to Umbria, and of how the holy associations of Assisi had worked in her behalf; of Hugh Radcliffe's sudden death at sunset, and her own long and dangerous illness, which followed closely on the heels of that tragical event, and resulted in her conversion, brought about through the intercession of the Mother of Mercy.

"When I was so ill," she said, "my aunt insisted upon my seeing a priest—she never approved of my unbelief—and though I was too proud to ask for one, it was what I had secretly been longing for. He came, a pious, learned Dominican, one of the cleverest men I have ever met, but simple and holy as a little child, and I told him everything without reserve. The devil still had some amount of possession over me, however, for my ideas had been so deeply rooted, and a foolish feeling of loyalty to Hugh Radcliffe's memory stood in my way. Then Father —— began a novena to our Lady of Mercy, and persuaded several pious people to join in it, and before the ninth day *she* had brought me back again to her Divine Son. Now I feel that a lifetime will not be long enough in which to atone for my sin."

"God be thanked!" murmured the nun as she folded the penitent in her arms. "There are *two* roads to heaven, my child—Innocence and Penance. The latter path is still yours to follow, and, with Mary's help, it will lead you safely on to the glorious end."

St. Joseph's Chapel, Glastonbury Abbey. Erected between 1101 and 1120, by Abbot Herlewinus, on the site of St. Joseph's Cell.

THE CHURCH IN BRITAIN BEFORE THE COMING OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

BY J. ARTHUR FLOYD.

THIRTEEN hundred years have passed since St. Augustine and his companions landed in England, and sending to its pagan Bretwalda—Ethelbert of Kent—"signified that they were come from Rome, and brought a joyful message, which most undoubtedly assured to all that took advantage of it everlasting joys in heaven, and a kingdom that would never end, with the true and living God." It was essentially an "Italian Mission," due in its inception to Pope St. Gregory the Great, and brought to a successful issue by the Papal missionary, St. Augustine.

The land thus benefited by the great Pontiff's vigilance lay without the then bounds of civilization, wrapt in that environment of mystery and awe with which the deeds of its Saxon conquerors had invested it. Ages before, its people had been subjected to Roman rule, and the Roman policy of draughting the pick of the nation's manhood into the legions entrusted with the protection of the distant provinces of the empire had drained the island of its chief means of defence. The day came when the imperial eagles were withdrawn, and "the south part of Britain, destitute of armed soldiers, of martial stores, and of all its active youth, which had been led away never to return, was wholly exposed to rapine, as being totally ignorant of the use of weapons." Thrown on their own resources, the Britons fell an easy prey before the pagan tribes—the "sea-wolves," as they were called—who swarmed over from the Low-German lands on the Frisian shore and the mouth of the Elbe. The culture and refinement introduced by the Romans soon became a thing of the past, and the worship of Woden and Thor supplanted the teaching of the Cross. A desire to recover for the church the land thus wrenched from its bosom had long filled the mind and heart of St. Gregory. At last it found practical expression in the mission of St. Augustine, and the recently celebrated thirteen hundredth anniversary of its arrival renders not inopportune some account of the earlier British Church which had existed from time immemorial, and which in St. Augustine's days still flourished in Wales and those parts of Britain in possession of its ancient inhabitants.

No documentary evidence contemporary with the dawn of the early period of which we write is extant to tell us when, and by whom, Christianity was first introduced into Britain. About the year 547 the native writer Gildas breaks the long silence; Nennius writes in the seventh century, and in the eighth Venerable Bede composes his Ecclesiastical History and other works. Our information is, in the main, derived from the above writers, from certain ancient Welsh MSS., and a series of mediæval legends expressing the belief of ages much nearer the events they record than our own, the accuracy of which the chroniclers could test by reference to documents which have since disappeared. Whilst subjecting such legendary information to a critical examination, it is well to bear in mind the dictum of the Protestant historian, Dean Milman. "History, to be true," he says, "must condescend to speak the language of legend," for "the belief of the times is part of the history of the times."

Certain such legendary accounts of missions said to have been conducted to Britain by one or other of the Apostles are, both by Lingard and the Anglican authorities Haddon and Stubbs, discarded as incapable of proof. "It is, however, certain," says Lingard, "that at a very early period there were

Christians in Britain," and that "before the close of the second century it (Christianity) had penetrated among the independent tribes of the north." "From the beginning," Gildas tells us, "the Christian faith did entirely remain in Britain till Diocletian's persecution." Commenting on our Lord's words, "I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it," St. Chrysostom tells his readers: "The British Islands, situated beyond the sea, and in the very ocean, have experienced the force of the promise, since churches and altars are there erected." We have also the interesting testimony of certain documents of Syriac origin now preserved in the British Museum; by competent authorities they are said to date back earlier than the year 325. "The City of Rome . . . . and Britain," so they record, "received the Apostle's ordination to the priesthood from Simon Cephas."

PART OF THE INTERIOR OF ST. JOSEPH'S CHAPEL, GLASTONBURY ABBEY.

It is probable that the earliest introduction of Christianity into Britain was in a great measure a result of the Roman conquest, for where the Roman soldiers marched the priests of the church followed, and thus by their hands Britain may have received "the Apostle's ordination from Simon Cephas." A consideration of the intimate relations between the British provinces and the imperial city supports this view. "Whilst," says Camden, "I treat of the Roman Empire in Britain . . . it comes into my mind how many colonies of Romans must have been transplanted hither in so long a time; what numbers of soldiers were continually sent from Rome for garrisons; how many persons were despatched hither, to negotiate affairs, public or private; and that these, intermarrying with the Britons, seated themselves here, and multiplied into families." They civilized the Britons, introduced their laws, customs, and arts, and without doubt spread abroad that holy faith to which an ever-increasing number had become zealous converts. The Roman stamp on the church of the period is indeed so unmistakable that a recent writer has broached the theory—untenable on other grounds—that the church of the fourth-century Britain was "the church of the resident Roman population, not of the people of Britain," and that on the departure of the Romans, in 410, a new Christian church, that of the Celts, arose and developed so rapidly that it was already flourishing in 450.

The imperial authorities allowed many of the subject British chiefs to retain the title of king, as well as part of their territories, but under conditions that rendered them well-nigh powerless. Of one of these native princes "it is related in annals of good credit," says William of Malmesbury, "that Lucius, King of the Britons, sent to Pope Eleutherius, thirteenth in succession from St. Peter, to entreat that he would dispel the darkness of Britain by the light of Christian instruction. . . . In consequence, preachers sent by Eleutherius came into Briton." "Eleutherius was raised to the apostolic seat at Rome," says Fabius Etheiwerd, "and for fifteen years he constantly persevered in his glorious preaching to the Christian people, and his holy doctrine went forth, not only through the cities subject to him, but from the rising to the setting sun. For the same most blessed servant of Christ visited even Lucius, king of this island, both by message and by letter; instructing in the faith and in Catholic baptism." The incident, substantially the same as related in the earlier history of Bede, is accepted as an historical fact by Dr. Guest, late master of Caius College, Cambridge, whom as an archæologist Professor Freeman placed foremost of his time, although Abbé Duchesne treats it as an interpolation, which subsequent chroniclers are supposed to have copied. Anyway, the chronicle of Ethelwerd—so far as the period in question is concerned—is pretty certainly known to represent a recension of the Saxon Chronicle no longer extant, which, when Ethelwerd wrote (between 975 and 1011), could claim such high antiquity that it may be taken as embodying the living tradition of the Anglo-Saxon Church in its earliest age. The interpolation in Bede—if such it be—must have found its way into his pages almost before the ink was dry on the vellum on which his amanuensis had been engaged up to within a few hours of Bede's death, in 735. It certainly did not give birth to the tradition, for long before the days of the venerable monk of Jarrow, in the Liber Pontificalis, dating back to about 527, we find that Eleutherius "received a letter from Lucius, King of Britain, that he might be made a Christian by his orders."

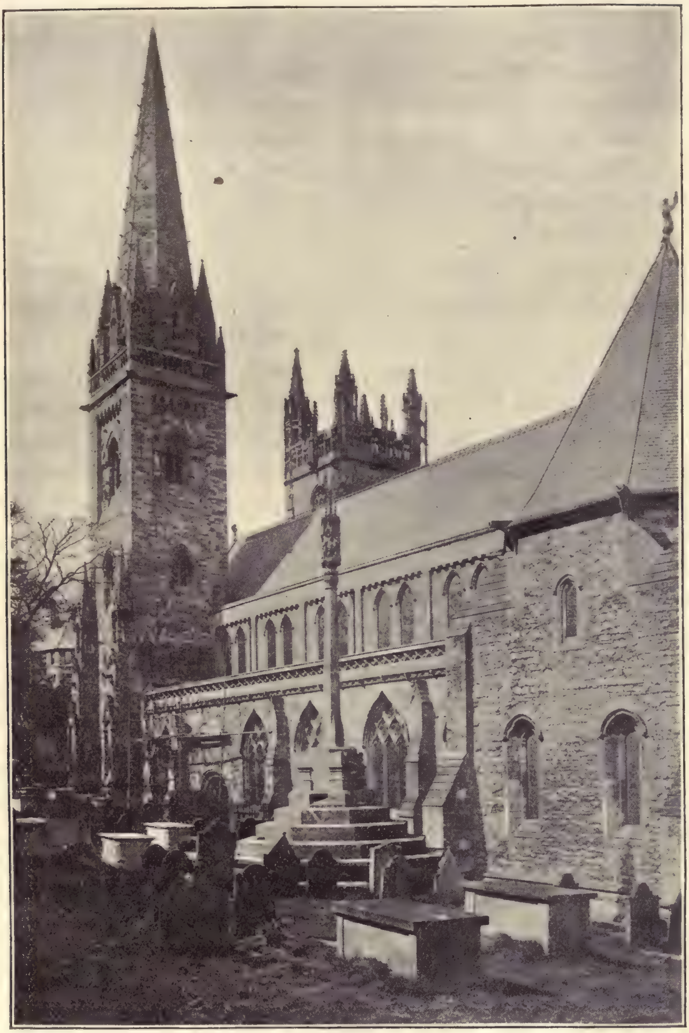
Lucius was prince or king of Morganwg, a dominion co-extensive with the diocese of Llandaff, and his appeal to Rome resulted in the sending thence of two bishops, St. Faganus and St. Duvianus, and with them returned the messengers who had been sent out by Lucius—Elvan and Medwy. Elvan is said to have received episcopal consecration in Rome, and succeeded Theanus as second Bishop of London. These early missionaries acquainted Lucius "with the great joy caused at Rome by his happy conversion, and how in compliance with his desire they were sent by the holy Pope Eleutherius to administer the Rites of Christianity. And hereupon both the king and his whole family, with many others, received Baptism according to the course and ceremony of the Roman Church." In a lecture recently delivered by Mr. Francis King before the Historical Research Society of London, it has been pointed out that "Lucius was the first Christian sovereign in the whole world, and was, therefore, the eldest son of the church." He ultimately laid aside his crown, and setting out as a missionary to Germany ended his life by martyrdom at Augsburg.

The teachers sent from Rome "dedicated to the honor of one God and his saints those temples which had been founded to the worship of many false gods, filling them with assemblies of lawful pastors." Bede tells us that "the island was formerly embellished with twenty-eight noble cities"; in ancient times they had been the seats of as many Druidical Flamens, or chief priests, to counteract whose false teaching the Roman missionaries decreed that they should be made episcopal cities. In process of time this is said to have been done, and the

Bishops of London, York, and Caerleon seem to have been invested with what afterwards became known as archiepiscopal jurisdiction in their several provinces. Ralph de Diceto, appointed Dean of London in 1181, informs us as to the extent of the three provinces. "In the time of the Britons," he tells us in his History of the Archbishops of Canterbury, "there were three archbishoprics in England: one in the City of London, to which Loegria and Cornubia were subject; another in York, to which Deira and Albania were subject; the third in the City of Legions, that is Caerleon, which is now called St. David's, to which Cambria was subject." The River Humber divided Loegria and Cornubia from Deira and Albania, and Cambria embraced Wales and that part of England west of the Severn and Wye. In the province of York there were seven sees, the same number in St. David's, and fourteen in London. Evidence pointing to the very early establishment of these archiepiscopal sees is afforded by the decrees of the celebrated council held in 314 at Arles, in France. Three British representatives were present and signed the decrees: Eborius of York, Restitutus of London, and the third, Adelphius, was probably Bishop of Caerleon.

Amongst the remains of the church of the period of the Roman occupation the ruined church of St. Mary-le-Castro at Dover may well claim first attention. By some authorities it is said to have been built by the Romans themselves, others suppose it is the work of native converts. Built of Roman brick, probably in the fourth century, its foundations are in the form so venerated by Catholics—that of a cross. It is probably the most ancient piece of Christian architecture in England. A church of somewhat later date was that of St. Pirian (friend and contemporary of St. Patrick), which was built on the coast, near St. Ives, in Cornwall. The building was 29 feet in length, 16½ feet in width, and 19 feet in height. It consisted of a nave and chancel, was furnished with a stone altar, and was erected earlier than the sixth century, since St. Pirian was buried within its walls before the year 500. The remains of this church were for long buried beneath an accumulation of sand and shingle, and thus preserved till brought to light some sixty years since.

On the site of the ancient Roman city of Calleva, some eight miles from Reading, there have been discovered what the Society of Antiquaries recognize as the foundations of a church which may date from about 350. "Its extreme length was 42



LLANDAFF CATHEDRAL.

feet. It had a semi-circular ending (apse). It was divided into a small nave and two aisles. It had a very large porch at the east end. The church stood east and west, the altar being at the western end, not at the eastern end, as is usual now. The floor was laid with brick tesseræ an inch square. The position of the altar is marked by a large square of mosaic. The colors in this mosaic are quite fresh, and are black, white, red, and greenish gray. The red is of the usual brick, the greenish gray is Purbeck marble, the white hardened chalk, and the black is limestone. . . . The plan of the building is perfectly marked by the foundations. To the east of the church is a little tiled platform, believed to have been a receptacle for water with which those who were about to enter the building might perform the usual ablutions."

Speaking of the Church of Glastonbury, from its antiquity called by the Angles, by way of distinction, "Ealde Chirche"—that is, the Old Church—William of Malmesbury says: "It is certainly the oldest I am acquainted with in England, and from this circumstance derives its name. In it are preserved the mortal remains of many saints. . . . The very floor, inlaid with polished stones, and the sides of the altar itself, above and beneath, are laden with the multitude of relics." It is said to have been built of "wattle-work" and roofed with dried rushes. It was 60 feet long, 26 feet broad; had a window at the west end, one at the east, three on each side, and two doors. A drawing of this old church may be seen in a document preserved in the British Museum, and is said to have been copied from a still more ancient brass engraving from the abbey church of mediæval times.

The traditional account of the association of St. Joseph of Arimathæa with Glastonbury is thus recorded by a recent writer:

The life of St. Joseph was in imminent danger from the Jewish priests on account of his attention to the body of our Lord after the crucifixion. In the same number of persecuted ones were St. Philip, Lazarus, St. Mary Magdalen, Martha her sister, and Marcella their servant. Banished from the Holy Land by the Jews, they reached Marseilles in France; and here Philip remained preaching the Gospel, but sent Joseph of Arimathæa, his son, and ten other faithful companions into Britain to convert its pagan inhabitants. On the spot where they landed St. Joseph planted his staff; it took root, and ever afterwards blossomed at Christmas-time; and near at hand the first church at Glastonbury was erected and dedicated to Our Lady.

The year 449 saw the landing of the Jutes, under Hengist and Horsa, in Britain. Saxons and Angles followed in their wake in ever-increasing numbers, and soon these pagan allies developed into terrible foes. "They plundered all the neighboring cities and country, spread the conflagration from the eastern to the western sea, and covered almost every part of the devoted island. Public as well as private structures were overturned, the priests were everywhere slain before the altars; the prelates and people, without any respect of persons, were destroyed with fire and sword; nor was there any to bury those who had been thus cruelly slaughtered." At length, towards the end of the sixth century, the archbishops of London and York, seeing all the churches which had been subject to them destroyed, with many other ecclesiastics, retired into Wales, carrying with them the sacred relics of the saints ; and England relapsed into paganism.

The Welsh province of Caerleon—subsequently known as St. David's, or Menevia—is thus invested with peculiar honor, since it alone never lost its faith down to the time of the so-called Reformation. During the three centuries following that calamity the Welsh sees remained vacant. Then, in 1850, at the command of Pope Pius IX., the hierarchy was restored, and again a successor to St. David occupied the throne of Menevia by favor of the Apostolic See. By the authority of Peter's voice that see was first established in Caerleon when the martial tramp of the Roman legions resounded within its walls, and by the authority of that same voice its authority has been finally merged in the newly-created Welsh vicariate.

In ancient times there were in Caerleon two other churches in addition to the metropolitan church of the province : one dedicated to St. Julius, to which was attached a community of nuns; the other, served by an order of canons, was dedicated to St. Aaron. The lives of these two tutelar saints bear witness to the influence of the See of Peter on the church of early Britain. The authority of that see drew them on, and, journeying over land and sea, they "applied themselves to sacred studies" at the foot of the Apostolic throne. On their return to their native land the Diocletian persecution broke out. They were seized as adherents of the proscribed faith, and, "when they had endured sundry torments, and their limbs had been torn after an unheard-of manner, yielded their souls up, to enjoy in the Heavenly City a reward for the sufferings which they had passed through." After St. Alban and St. Amphibalus they have ever been esteemed the chief of the protomartyrs of Britain.

The storm of the Diocletian persecution ceased. Then "the faithful Christians, who, during the time of danger, had hidden themselves in woods and deserts and secret caves, appearing in public, rebuilt the churches which had been levelled with the ground ; founded, erected, and finished the temples of the holy martyrs, and, as it were, displayed their conquering ensigns in all places." The churches erected to commemorate the sufferings of St. Alban, St. Julius, and St. Aaron were doubtless amongst those referred to in the above passage from Bede, and within their walls, associated with the cross, the emblems of their martyrdom may well have been depicted in characters of gold as amongst the "conquering ensigns" of the faith of early Britain.

Very interesting, too, is the history of the cathedral church of Llandaff. From an ancient list of the bishops of this see, published as an appendix to the Book of Llandaff, we find that the earliest rulers of the diocese were the Roman missionaries, St. Duvianus and St. Faganus. St. Dubricius, its earliest bishop of whom we can speak with historical certainty, is thought by Cardinal Moran to have been consecrated by St. Germanus of Amiens—a martyr bishop, of Irish nationality, not to be confounded with his spiritual father, St. Germanus of Auxerre. About the year 490 St. Dubricius succeeded to the archbishopric of Caerleon. For some time the district had been troubled by the spread of the errors of the Welsh heresiarch, Pelagius; then St. Germanus of Auxerre, commissioned by Pope Celestine, had come over from France, accompanied by St. Lupus of Troyes, in order that, after having confuted the heretics, he might direct the Britons aright in Catholic faith. For a time peace was restored to the church; but now, when the episcopate of the venerable archbishop was drawing to a close, the old trouble again cropped up and threatened to pervert the land. A council of bishops, abbots, and religious men of several orders, together with certain of the laity, met a Brevi in Cardiganshire. Exhortations were made and sermons preached, but "the people were so deeply and incurably poisoned that no reason or persuasion could reduce them to the right path of Catholic faith."

In this emergency the council turned to St. David, who was not present, but whose eloquence, learning, and sanctity were known to all, and who had but recently been raised to the episcopate. To him St. Dubricius first sent messengers, then went in person, filled with confidence in his power to refute the heretics and restore peace. St. David perhaps foresaw how the matter would eventuate, and that Dubricius would endeavor to transfer to his own shoulders the weighty archiepiscopal cares which had become too great a burden for his own advanced years. There could, however, be but one path to follow when duty marked out the way, and so St. David sacrificed his desire to spend his days in the cloister and set out for the council. His power to sway the minds of his countrymen fully justified all anticipations, and his matchless eloquence was assisted by the far more eloquent appeal of a pure and holy life. The Divine grace co-operated with his exposure of the errors of Pelagius, and "the said heresy vanished almost at once and was extinguished." A second council followed, which ratified the decrees of the first; those decrees "became the guide and rule of all the churches of Wales," and St. David took care to procure for them the "approbation of the Roman pontiff."

LLANDAFF CATHEDRAL, INTERIOR, LOOKING WEST.

With the concurrence of St. Dubricius, by the general election and acclamation both of clergy and people, St. David was elected archbishop of the province, and Dubricius ended his days in a monastery that had been long established in the island of Bardsey. "As his survivors had venerated him, so they afterwards applied to him as an intercessor with God, and the defender of all the saints of the whole island and of the whole country." So great was this veneration that the old British kings and princes associated his name with that of St. Peter in their bequests to the church. "I grant," so such bequests read, "to Almighty God, to St. Peter, to holy Dubricius —— acres of land, that the holy Sacrifice of the Mass may be offered up for my soul and the souls of my wife, children, and forefathers."

The desire to shut himself off from worldly ambition and unnecessary distractions induced St. David to make it a condition of his acceptance of the primacy of the Cambrian Church that he should be allowed to translate the metropolitan see from Caerleon to Menevia, "a place which, from its remoteness, solitude, and neighborhood of many saints and religious persons in the islands and territories adjoining, was most acceptable to him." There the archiepiscopal residence was placed. At once it developed into a monastic establishment of the greatest service in carrying on the work of the diocese, and the life of its founder invested it with such sanctity that in after ages, "when any one had a desire to go in devotion to Rome, and was hindered either by the difficulties or dangers of the journey, he might equal the merit of such a pilgrimage by twice visiting the church of St. David's."

Another monastic house, that of Bangor-Iscoed, in Flintshire—which place must not be confounded with the cathedral city of Bangor, in Carnarvonshire—is spoken of by Bede as the "most noble monastery of the Britons." According to report, he says, "there was so great a number of monks that the monastery, being divided into seven parts, with a ruler over each, none of those parts contained less than three hundred men, who all lived by the labor of their hands." The monks "were their own masons, carpenters, and blacksmiths. Their life consisted of a round of prayer, work, and study. True to their Celtic instincts, they spent much time in singing and at the Holy Sacrifice, and in the evening, when they returned from the work-shop or the field, a loud burst of harmony broke forth from their humble chapel, often attracting numbers of the country people from the hamlets scattered around. Thus every monastery became a centre of civilization, religious and material. The monks, too, were the constant referees in disputes, and many a fierce feud was brought to a peaceful conclusion by their gentle arbitration." The Rule of St. David provided that they should refuse all gifts or possessions offered by unjust men, that they should live by the labor of their hands, should reveal every temptation and evil thought to their superior, and should ask his permission in all that they did.

It is not difficult to understand that the poor recruited the monasteries in large numbers, for poverty and obedience were their ordinary lot. But that the grace of God led many of the nobles to deny themselves the comforts and pleasures of their position, in order to humble themselves to the will of another, is a testimony to the beneficent influence of the church common to every age of its existence. Great indeed must have been the benefit to the district at large when a religious vocation called its warrior chief from his ordinary pursuits to the cloister, and when, clothed in the monastic habit, he dispensed to the poor and the sick the necessaries which his wealth procured. We read, for instance, of St. Cadocus, son of the British prince Gundleus, that when he became Abbot of Llancarvon "he reserved a portion of his father's principality to be charitably distributed to such as had need." "He daily maintained a hundred ecclesiastical persons, as many widows, and as many other poor people, besides strangers who frequently visited him."

In the monastery of St. Asaph, founded soon after 543 by St. Kentigern, Bishop of Glasgow, the divine praises were kept up without intermission. The community consisted of 965 monks. "The care of the land, cattle, and of other temporalities, occupied 600. The remaining 365 were divided into companies, so arranged as to preserve in the church a succession of the Divine praises all the day and all the night." St. Kentigern was succeeded in the abbacy by his pupil, St. Asaph, and from him the town of St. Asaph, with its episcopal see, takes its name.

In the monastic school of Llantwit—the Welsh university of the period—St. Patrick is said to have spent some years of his life. For some time prior to 398 he had been living with his uncle, St. Martin of Tours, and at his death returned to Britain. "At this time Sen Patrick enjoyed a great reputation as a learned priest in South Wales, and on arriving at Llantwit his more illustrious namesake placed himself under his care. Of Sen Patrick Cardinal Moran writes (Dublin *Review*, January, 1880): "He was a native of Wales, and he adorned the schools and monasteries of that country by his learning and virtues. He was even for a time the tutor of our great Apostle; he was associated with him in evangelizing our people, but towards the close of his life returned to his native land, Wales. A portion of his relics were in after times enshrined at Glastonbury, another portion being preserved at Armagh." To South Wales St. Patrick turned for help when Pope St. Celestine commissioned him to preach the Gospel to the Irish, and "the boys who had reverenced him as a master now gladly gathered about the standard of the Cross, which he raised in 433, and became his devoted and indefatigable co-laborers." Right nobly Ireland repaid this her indebtedness to the British Church when, in the sixth century, she sent St. Columba to Iona, and thus founded the venerable monastery there that did so much to evangelize our Saxon forefathers.

Throughout the countries of Europe the footsteps of the children of the British Church may be traced in all directions. Montalembert gladly acknowledges that Armorica—Brittany, Lower Normandy, Anjou, Maine, and Touraine—was "converted and repeopled by British emigrants." St. Sampson, born in Wales in 496, was educated in one of the schools in his native land established by St. Germanus of Auxerre, and raised to the episcopate by St. Dubricius. Having passed over to France he founded a monastery at Dole, and on the death of the bishop of that city was elected in his stead, and in turn was himself succeeded by another Briton, St. Magloire, who had been his companion in exile; and the relics of both were preserved and venerated for ages in the land of their adoption. St. Gildas, too, is said to have led the life of a hermit for some time in France, till, yielding to the wishes of the people, he founded a monastery at Rhuys, in which he is supposed to have written his *History of the Britons*.

ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH, CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL IN THE BACKGROUND.

Towards the close of the sixth century the last of the British Christians seem to have fled from England, some "to the mountains of Cambria, others into Cornwall, and great numbers beyond the sea into Brittany and other Christian regions." Theonus and Thadioc—archbishops respectively of London and York—did the same in 586. They must have been about the last of the old hierarchy, since St. Gregory writes to St. Augustine soon after the landing of the latter. "As for all the bishops in Britain (Wales) we commit them to your care," but in the Church of England "you are as yet the *only* bishop."

In Canterbury alone the ancient faith was practised by Queen Bertha, daughter of Charibert, King of Paris, who in 590 had married Ethelbert of Kent, "upon condition that she should be permitted to practise her religion with Luidhard, Bishop of Senlis, who was sent with her to preserve her faith." In the Church of St. Martin at Canterbury, which had been restored for her use, she and her Christian attendants heard Mass and received the Sacraments at the hands of St. Luidhard. St. Martin's Church still stands, and the long, thin Roman bricks in its wall carry us back far beyond the days of Queen Bertha. It is, however, not the same building in which she worshipped, but was reconstructed from the old materials in the thirteenth century.

"Authorities, unquestionable and unquestioned, demonstrate the existence in the British Church of auricular confession, the invocation of saints, the celebration of the Mass, the real presence in the Eucharist, ecclesiastical celibacy, fasts and abstinence, prayers for the dead, the sign of the cross," veneration of relics, and the supremacy of the pope. The Britons, however, "followed uncertain rules in the observance of the great festival." Why? Because, as Bede tells us, they had "none to bring the synodal decrees for the observance of Easter," for they were surrounded by their foes, and for a time communication with Rome was suspended.

By the end of the sixth century the Saxon conquest was practically complete; Christianity had been driven out of England, but still flourished in Wales. A heroic act of virtue was required of the Welsh Christians: that they should preach the Gospel to the terrible enemies who had wrenched from them the larger part of their lands and possessions. This they would not do. They could not rise above the intense animosity with which the wrongs inflicted on them had filled their hearts, and, as a consequence, they "never preached the faith to the Saxons, or English, who dwelt with them in Britain." The watchful eye of the Chief Shepherd of Christendom saw all this; his heart was filled with compassion for the pagan Saxons, and the "Italian Mission" of St. Augustine was the result.

BE YE CULTURED.

BY ANTHONY YORKE.

FROM the time that Matthew Arnold cried down from his watch-tower of culture the message of "sweetness and light," a self-conscious generation set about, seriously it would seem, to follow his gospel and become cultured. Many in England, feeling the truth of the witty French saying that the English are a nation of shopkeepers, were awakened into a new life by the magic wand of the great high-priest of culture.

The truths of revelation, Mr. Arnold contends, are not sufficiently credible, and he would therefore dismiss religion and a future life and bend all his energy to making men cultured, according to his idea of the word. Culture becomes with him the "unum necessarium"—the one thing by which the world will be saved. Cease to be of the earth, earthy! Rise above the sordid majority! Get the trick of culture, and then you will be supremely happy! Then you will be "segregatus a populo." You will be as gods feeding on ambrosia!

To understand this kind of culture one must travel back twenty-two centuries, to the time of Plato. He is the great founder of Hellenic culture, and it is to him that the moderns look. I merely mention Plato in passing, as he is the foundation stone; and following the good advice given the novice who in his sermon was lingering on the Creation, "to pass on to the Deluge," I come to more recent times.

WINCKELMANN AND THE GREEKS.

According to Mr. Walter Pater, who is an authority in the matter, Johann Joachim Winckelmann was the first of the moderns to understand and rightly interpret Hellenic culture. Growing tired of Germany, and feeling within himself an attraction for the south,

"To the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome,"

he became anxious to find a means by which his ambition would be attained. Luckily for him, the papal nuncio, Archinto, heard of him and suggested Rome as the proper theatre of his work. Winckelmann was converted to Catholicism and a place was given to him in the Vatican Library. Goethe, who followed in the footsteps of Winckelmann, says that he cannot be excused from an act of insincerity in going over to Rome, as he still remained a pagan at heart. Mr. Pater ventures another solution to free Winckelmann from the charge of insincerity. He says: "On the other hand, he (Winckelmann) may have had a sense of a certain antique and, as it were, pagan grandeur in the Roman Catholic religion. Turning from the crabbed Protestantism which had been the weariness of his youth, he might reflect that, while Rome had reconciled itself to the Renaissance, the Protestant principle in art had cut off Germany from the supreme tradition of beauty."

Whether or not Winckelmann remained a pagan at heart to the end, does not concern us in the present writing. He was murdered at Trieste for the sake of a few gold medals he had won, and before he died he received the last Sacraments.

In the study of culture the name of Winckelmann is one to conjure with. He is to Greek culture, according to one writer, what Columbus is to navigation. As Columbus was at fault in his science, but had a way of estimating at once the slightest indication of land in a floating weed or passing bird, so that he seemed to come nearer to nature than other men, so too, in the world of culture, where others moved with embarrassment Winckelmann was by nature at ease. He was in touch with it. It penetrated him and became part of his temperament.

GOETHE.

After Winckelmann, but far surpassing him, came Goethe, who was in his day the great apostle of culture. Winckelmann, we are told, was so enraptured with Greek culture that he became a Greek of the olden times. Goethe thought to go further than this and to apply Hellenic culture to modern life.

In our own day Mr. Walter Pater is the one whose name is most closely associated with Greek culture. In his "Conclusion" to the volume called *The Renaissance* he sums up for us his own ideas in regard to culture: "Well! we are all *condamnés*, as Victor Hugo says; we are all under sentence of death, but with a sort of indefinite reprieve: Les hommes sont tous condamnés à mort avec des sursis indéfinis—We have an interval, and then our place knows us no more. Some spend this interval in listlessness, some in high passions; the wisest, at least among 'the children of this world,' in art and song. For our one chance lies in expanding that interval, in getting as many pulsations as possible into the given time. Great passions may give us this quickened sense of life, ecstasy and sorrow of love, the various forms of enthusiastic activity, disinterested or otherwise, which come naturally to many of us. Only be sure it is passion—that it does yield you this fruit of a quickened, multiplied consciousness. Of this wisdom, the poetic passion, the desire of beauty, the love of art for art's sake, has most; for art comes to you professing frankly to give nothing but the highest quality to your moments as they pass, and simply for those moments' sake."

Such is the culture which comes down to us from the Greeks. It is pagan to the end of the chapter. It means nothing more than the dedicating one's life to the attainment of the highest kind of pleasure which love of art brings with it. "L'art pour l'art!" To live for the sake of, and merely for the sake of, the ecstasy which devotion to art produces. What a little thing to feed an immortal soul on!

Culture, as Mr. Pater understands it, is altogether opposed to the Christian spirit. It is at best an empty, vanishing thing—a crown, if you will, but a perishable one, the attainment of which can never satisfy a Christian heart. We know of sweeter and better things than these false prophets tell us of. So we dismiss culture as they understand it. We are not pagans, to be suckled on a creed outworn. We have a commandment: "Seek ye, therefore, first the kingdom of God and his justice; and all these things shall be added unto you."

ARNOLD'S SWEETNESS AND LIGHT.

Come we now to that other modern prophet of culture—Mr. Matthew Arnold—the apostle of the vague and shadowy "Sweetness and Light." Mr. Arnold, in his introduction to the anthology entitled *The English Poets*, after expatiating on the great things which poetry will do in the future for the English race—how it will interpret life for us, console and sustain us—goes on to make this wonderful statement: "Our religion, parading evidences such as those on which the popular mind relies now; our philosophy, pluming itself on its reasonings about causation and finite and infinite being; what are they but the shadows and dreams and false shows of knowledge? The day will come when we will wonder at ourselves for having trusted to them, for having taken them seriously; and the more we perceive their hollowness the more we shall prize 'the breath and finer spirit of knowledge' offered to us by poetry." In this exaggerated passage we have Mr. Arnold's doctrine of culture.

These few phrases give us a very complete idea of his position in regard to religion, and the wonderful effects which he thinks will be wrought in the world by poetic culture, when "the higher classes will become less material, the middle classes less vulgarized, and the lower classes less brutalized." Mr. Arnold sets aside religion as something with which we have nothing to do—a thing not proven. We find ourselves in this world, and we must by using the things of this world attain our end. Creeds are shaken, dogmas are discredited, traditions are fast dissolving, and men if they would be saved must place their hopes for the future in what Wordsworth calls "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge," which is poetry.

Such are the sentiments of Matthew Arnold. He might very appropriately have stolen a title from Charles Dickens and labelled them "Great Expectations." I do not know what course others may take, but as for me this is all fine talk. "Words! words! words!" "Such stuff as dreams are made of." A Roman candle shot into the air; pretty coruscations of pink and blue lights, and then a stick falls to the earth—and so falls Mr. Arnold's doctrine of culture.

One thing which may be noted in passing is, that both Mr. Pater and Mr. Arnold agree that Protestantism "in se" is a direct enemy of culture. Mr. Pater explains Winckelmann's desire to leave Germany for Rome because he was sick unto death of "crabbed Protestantism." Mr. Arnold seems to have felt in the same way about it. He is credited by Augustine Birrell with having made a complete diagnosis of dissent. He is said to have been able, after a few moments' conversation with any individual Nonconformist, to unerringly assign him to his particular chapel, Independent, Baptist, Primitive Methodist, Unitarian, or whatever else it might be, and this though they had only been talking about the weather.

CULTURE IN LETTERS.

I have stated that as Catholics we start in the pursuit of culture with the well-defined principle that it is our duty to seek first the Kingdom of God. We are fully convinced that culture alone will never save a man's soul. It comes, if you will, after religion, but a long way after it. We consider culture a beautiful thing, but we are not to be fooled by Mr. Arnold or Mr. Pater into believing that it is the one thing to live and strive for.

Culture—to give a definition—"is the formation of the mind by which the judgment is able to discern real excellence in works of the imagination and the elegant arts."

In the present writing I wish to speak of culture only in so far as it is concerned with literature. Thus the subject is narrowed down to literary culture. In this age-end there seems to be a strong desire in the hearts of many to attain to literary culture. The winds that blow over the earth carry everywhere this message, "Be ye cultured!"

It was not always thus. In other times men busied themselves rather in tilling the fields and improving the face of the earth; in "seeking the bubble reputation even at the cannon's mouth," and in fighting for love and dying like the Spanish cavalier. But the old order changeth. In these days University Extension, Summer-Schools, and psychology classes for young ladies seem to be necessary in order to satisfy the craving for intellectual things.

In our own country more than in any other, perhaps, is this necessity of culture thrust upon us. All over the land universities are springing up like mushrooms. Prizes of thousands of dollars are offered as incentives to writers of fiction. Small towns vie with big cities in establishing free libraries. In crowded tenement districts, wives of rich men oft remind us we can make our lives sublime by attending their free readings from famous English poets. You enter a car on the elevated road during business hours and note that nearly every young woman has a book. It is weariness of the flesh to add further statistics.

Some time ago an English critic had the hardihood to give as his opinion that there were not in England more than two thousand persons capable of the spontaneous enjoyment of poetry. Taking this opinion as a basis of conjecture, one hopes it is not unpatriotic to say that when there is question of this side of the water, the number is beautifully less.

The anonymous author of *America and the Americans*, after noting the fact that in Chicago he found the air surcharged with Plato and Browning, waxes angry because of the incessant talk about culture when there is so little of the real thing in existence there. "I know men and women in France, in Russia, in Italy," he indignantly exclaims, "who speak and read half a dozen languages, who have travelled over all Europe and much of the East, who know and have learned much from distinguished people all over the world, who have gone through the hard continental school and university training, and who do not dream that any one thinks them men and women of pre-eminent culture.

"But here, God bless you! these women, who only just know how to write their notes of invitation and their letters properly, talk of culture. It reminds me of Boston, of Concord again, and of Plymouth, where, as here, the side issues of life, the fringe, the beads, the ornaments of the intellectual life, are worn tricked out on the cheap and shabby stuff of an utterly inadequate preliminary mental drill."

The charge made in the above passage is no new one, and I must confess that I believe there is a great deal of truth in it. We talk a great deal about culture, but one fancies there is not so much of it current among us. The country is young yet and time will do a great deal. For the present it would be well to free our minds from cant and learn not to parade as great knowledge what is merely its passementerie.

THE ROYAL ROAD.

In a recent essay Mr. Augustine Birrell points out the special mental exercise which, to his mind, will most likely cultivate a good taste. First, "a careful study of the great models of perfection existing in the subject you are dealing with." And he considers Homer, Virgil, and Dante better models of style and diction than Shakspere and Milton, because the difficulties attending the study of the former give a better training to the mind. Second, "Next to the accurate study of some of the great models of perfection I place an easy, friendly, and not necessarily a very accurate acquaintance with at least one other modern European language, and if it is to be but one, let it be French." Third, "I would urge upon the young people I see before me to form the habit of reading books of sound and sensible reputation." Fourth, "There is, of course, another kind of mental exercise necessary for the formation of taste, but it needs no time spent upon it. I mean the actual process of making comparisons!" "By labor and thought, by humility, docility, and attention, it is within the power of each one of us to acquire a fair share of good taste."

The opinion Mr. Birrell expresses in this last sentence is an encouraging one. Culture is not an impossible thing to attain. Patient study, with a few little virtues like humility and docility thrown in, will do the thing for us. Let us then be up and doing!

It is a race that must be run in the dust and the heat, but it is well worth the running. It will not do for us all that Mr. Arnold imagined, but it will save us from Philistinism and prepare the way for our doing great things for the church in this country.

"May the Curé's People love him better" (p. 197).

THE JUDGMENT LILIES.

BY MARGARET KENNA.

THEY had not been watered these ten years, and yet they bloomed on, the imperishable lilies! Jeanne knelt and gazed at them, as a woman gazes at a child she has parted from and sees only once in a sad while. The dew fell, wringing the fragrance from their deep hearts. A cobweb stretched from one blossom to another with a trail of tears across the distance. The perfume peopled the night with pleading faces.

She lifted her eyes to the white wings of her cap, then she looked over her shoulder to her wooden shoes and, clasping her gnarled hands fiercely, tried to assure herself that she was neither masking nor dreaming. It was Jeanne in the flesh—Jeanne Marie Marteau, one-time wife of Pierre Marteau, net-maker. Suddenly she felt there was some one on the steps. She looked. She could not mistake the figure there. It was Pierre, come over the hills, as she had come, to look at the house which they had left ten years ago to travel separate ways. A suspicion, scorn, and then the long, long silence! He was ten years older, in the actual shining of the sun or the wash of the waves—twice ten years older in his wan look. Over his once rosy face a shadow, as black as a crow's wing, hung. Moth and rust had not respected him in his grief. Jeanne saw it with sad eyes.

With a pitiful care, she had kept herself as fresh as a rose, but to-night her hair was seen to be silvering and she bent her face wearily over the lilies, blessing herself with quivering fingers. The old love was waking for Pierre. In her heart she felt it fluttering for speech and song.

When she could bear it no longer she crossed the garden to touch his sleeve. He was not there. It was his wraith, summoned by the lilies.

A man went by, one man among many in the dusk, for he stopped by the garden gate to smell the lilies, and Jeanne had never known a man to smell a flower save Pierre. She scoffed at herself for thinking the foot-fall was like his.

The lilies were like living souls in the stillness.

"We go on blooming whatever comes," they said to her. "We do not toil or spin. We cannot set the world aright.

The world rolls on, in the providence of God, but we wear the little garment of silver and snow which He gave us and we spend the passion of perfume in our hearts for His sake. That is all!"

"That is much," said Jeanne, trembling.

A sweet dreaminess fell upon her. She fancied herself in church. It was long since she had knelt in that little stall. The Communion-cloth was spread. She heard the delicate music of the children's voices; she saw the sunlight choosing the curé's white head to shine on. His blessing fell upon her in the crowd, while the candles glowed in the silver sticks on the altar, and the incense dimmed the morning lights. The sad past, the sadder present, took on a desolate vividness in this holy atmosphere.

With her heart in her throat, she rose from the grass and ran across the street to the curé's door.

"Yes, M'sieur le Curé will soon be here; yes, a gentleman waits to see him," said the placid housekeeper, and she led Jeanne into the parlor. The vision which the lilies had wrought had come before her—Pierre! She gazed, unabashed. Pierre glanced at her. Her blue eyes were filled with a silver light which blinded him.

The curé came at last. It was ten years since he had seen these two. Either he did not know them or he feigned forgetfulness.

"As you came first, I will hear you first, my good man," he said to Pierre.

She saw the wraith arise.

"I have been parted with my wife these ten years, mon père. I want to make my peace with her."

"And I—" Jeanne cried, "I want to make my peace with my husband."

They fell on their knees and the curé blessed them.

II.

Jeanne was many years younger now, as she sat at her spinning. Her little boy lay at her feet, watching the black shadows of the grape-vine on the lattice. Jeanne herself was looking out over the meadow. In the blue distance she saw the hay-maker spring from his load and kneel a moment at the wayside cross.

"Your father is coming home," she murmured to the child, and he left her and toddled down the road, falling and getting to his feet and falling again, until Pierre snatched him up, white with dust.

"What did papa bring you?" asked Jeanne, when Pierre flung him into her arms.

"A boat!"

"What did he bring mamma?" said Pierre.

"Himself!" whispered Jeanne, all softness.

"No," said Pierre; but he said no more as he went off to unload the hay.

Jeanne came to the door when she had tucked little Jacques in bed. The stars were scattered like wayward clusters of marguerites over the sky. She saw the moon strike Pierre's huge fork, with a bunch of hay in its teeth. She heard the bleating of lambs in the meadow. Peasant as she was, she knew the beauties of a night at home in Brittany.

Soon Pierre came back to her, singing.

"What did you bring me, Pierre?"

"Myself!"

"Yes; but, Pierre—?"

"Well, then, news—a sweet piece of news. You remember"—his deep voice changed as if for a softer phrase in music—"that I told you it was the fragrance of the lilies in our old garden that sent me to the curé that night?"

"Yes; and I told you it was the lilies sent me!"

"And we thought the lilies bloomed on, with only heaven to water them?"

"Yes."

"To-day the housekeeper told me that all those long years the curé went out every night after dark to water them."

Jeanne caught her breath, then slowly, reverently made the sign of the cross.

"I remember that the curé once told me, when I was a little child, that God often worked a miracle through the fragrance of a flower. I remember that I dreamed of it that night. Pierre"—Jeanne looked out over the hills—"I wonder if he is asleep yet? Let us say a prayer for him."

She knelt and he followed. They lifted their pure faces to the skies.

"May the curé's people love him better," murmured the sweet, sweet voice of Jeanne, "may his bird sing sweeter, may his big dog guard his sleep to-night and always—may Pierre and Jeanne and little Jacques be as lilies before the Tabernacle for him, living for him, dying for him—" The voice of the man took up the prayer—"And may Pierre and Jeanne and little Jacques know the curé in heaven!"

THE HYPOTHESIS OF EVOLUTION.

BY WILLIAM SETON, LL.D.

> "J'ai toujours pensé qu'on avait tort de prendre vis-à-vis de l'Évolution une attitude irrévocablement agressive. . . . Il y a des idées aux quelles il faut que l'on s'accoutume, parcequ'il semble que l'avenir leur appartienne." (Albert de Lapparent, professor of geology at the *Institut Catholique,* Paris. Letter of February 9, 1886, to the learned Dominican, M. D. Leroy.*)
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> "The doctrine of Evolution has thus come to be an acceptable and accepted doctrine to the general bulk of the men of science of either hemisphere. For my own part, I continue, as I have done for so many years, cordially to accept it, etc." ("Evolution and Christianity," by St. George Mivart, *The Cosmopolitan,* June, 1892.)

IN discussing the doctrine of evolution one fact strikes us at the outset, namely, that those who do not accept the doctrine are those whose lives have been devoted to the study of the classics, whereas those who do accept it have given their best years to natural science. Without asking which are the more likely to have formed the better opinion—the classical scholars, or men like Mivart, De Lapparent, Cope, Marsh, Wallace, and a host of other world-known scientists—we propose to say a few words in behalf of evolution, or the doctrine which teaches that the numberless plants and animals which we see around us, instead of being separately created, have been slowly developed from a few original forms created by God in the beginning.

And let us first appeal to classification, which all the best authorities look upon as telling in favor of evolution. Long before our day naturalists had observed that there were undoubted facts of structural resemblances in plants and animals, extending through groups subordinate to groups, and in order to represent these facts in a systematic manner the old-time naturalists established a tree-like system of classification. Now, the very fact that the natural affinities of countless organisms could lend themselves to such a tree-like arrangement of natural groups, pretty plainly suggested a genetic affinity between all species. In this arrangement the lowest part of the tree of

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* Author of *L'Évolution restreinte aux espèces organiques.*

LE PÈRE M. D. LEROY, LEARNED FRENCH DOMINICAN.

life may be taken to represent the lowest organisms—so low down in the series that we may say, "no complete separation exists between the two kingdoms"*; that is to say, between the vegetable kingdom and the animal kingdom. But when we mount a little higher the trunk divides into two trunks, one of which plainly stands for the animal and the other for the vegetable kingdom. Then mounting still a little higher, these two trunks throw out limbs which represent classes; and these limbs in turn throw out other and smaller limbs or branches which represent orders, and these smaller branches again branch off into yet smaller and smaller branches representing families and genera, until at length we come to twigs, which we may take to represent species. But, although this tree-like arrangement of organisms undoubtedly suggested that the successively arising forms are linked together by ties of genetic affinity, the old-time naturalists were so imbued with the idea of separate creations that they either remained silent when asked to explain their tree, or got out of their quandary by saying that the trunks, limbs, branches, and twigs on it represented so many separate acts of the Creator. It was not until about the middle of the present century that a change came over the scientific world, and it was then recognized that the long and tortuous chain with so many links, which wound up and around the tree of life, and which had so puzzled the old naturalists, was nothing else than heredity as expressed in family resemblance. Hereditary characters had been gradually modified through the geological ages to suit changing conditions of life imposed by a changing environment. The fact that the earlier forms of life were, as a general rule, simpler in organization, or, as naturalists would say, more *generalized* than the forms which came after them, and that these succeeding forms continued, as a general rule, to grow progressively more and more unlike—larger groups shading off into smaller groups, and these successively diminishing in size until at length we come to Species—received a natural and intelligible explanation through the doctrine of evolution.* And let us say that among the first to accept evolution was the distinguished Catholic scientist, St. George Mivart, while not long afterwards his example was followed by Albert de Lapparent, the eminent French geologist, who is to-day professor of geology at the Institut Catholique, in Paris.

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* Chalmers Mitchell, *Outlines of Biology*, p. 100.

From what we may call the Classification Tree let us now turn to the Palæontological Tree, which in the opinion of the highest authorities tells also in favor of evolution. And here we come to the testimony of the rocks. But let us say at once that while geologists have been able to make a tolerably complete record of the several geological formations, the record of the fossils which may be contained in these formations is by no means complete; only a small portion of the earth has been geologically explored. Not only are the vast majority of fossil deposits hidden from sight in sedimentary rocks, but three-quarters of the earth is to-day buried under the sea. But in order to better appreciate the imperfection of the geological record we ask the reader to read chapter x. of

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* The original idea of evolution we owe to the Greeks.

Darwin's *Origin of Species.* It is one of the most interesting chapters in the book, and St. George Mivart probably had it in mind when he wrote (referring to the absence of intermediate forms): "This difficulty was, however, met by Darwin, and we think satisfactorily met, by a recognition of the great and necessary imperfection of the geological record. Of the myriads of animals which die daily, how few leave traces of their existence behind them! Only under exceptional circumstances do the remains become fossilized at all, and how small a part of the earth's whole surface has been geologically explored in a satisfactory manner!"* Nevertheless, the palæontological tree throws not a little light on the history of the life system. The trained eye recognizes in the vast majority of diverging branches of ever-multiplying fossil forms, from the lowest on the tree up to the highest, a gradual advance from the simple to the complex, from the general to the special; and this progressive change from the low to the high, from the simple to the complex, receives a natural explanation through evolution. An excellent example of *generalized* characters is to be seen in the earliest bird, Archæopteryx, whose fossil remains were discovered in the Jurassic strata of Bavaria. Its teeth, the unreduced, scale-covered digits of its wings, its long, vertebrated reptilian tail, composed of twenty-one joints, point not dimly to an ancestral form from which reptiles and birds diverged. Indeed, a few authorities, despite the feathers, consider archæopteryx a bird-like reptile, instead of a reptilian bird. Mounting a little higher in the strata (cretaceous) we come to Marsh's toothed birds, which are somewhat more like modern birds. Hesperornis regalis has only twelve joints in its tail; but it still has a comparatively small brain, while its biconcave vertebræ resemble the vertebræ of fishes and many of the ancient reptiles. And now turning from birds to mammals, we find the argument from the palæontological tree strengthened by Marsh's discovery of thirty-seven intermediate fossil forms of the horse family.

The eocene horse†—Eohippus—whose remains were found in strata belonging almost to the dawn of the mammal age, is only sixteen inches high; on its fore foot we see four toes and a rudimentary one, and on its hind foot are three toes, and it is hard to believe that this well-nigh five-toed pigmy is the ancestor of our horse. In somewhat higher strata appears an animal, still very small, yet plainly more horse-like than eohippus; and so on and on, as we ascend higher and higher in the strata, we discover other fossil remains which look more and more like the horse as we know it, until at last, in the quaternary, Equus appears. Now, of course, these thirty-seven intermediate forms—extending through more than a million years—may represent thirty-seven separate, special creations: the Almighty may have seen fit to make the horse little by little. But if a natural explanation of these many changing forms is given to us by the doctrine of development, we surely need not accept a supernatural explanation of the phenomena. But it would require too much space to cite the whole body of evidence derived from palæontology in support of evolution; we therefore beg the reader to read Cope's *Primary Factors of Organic Evolution.*

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* "Evolution and Christianity," *The Cosmopolitan*, June, 1892.

† American Museum of Natural History, New York City.

And now, turning from the palæontological tree to the embryological tree, we find a striking correspondence between them; and their evidence likewise corresponds with the classification tree. The science of comparative embryology—founded by Von Baer—in a number of cases gives the family history repeated in the individual history. By this we mean that the life history of the individual is a recapitulation of the various forms which the individual has passed through in its long descent. Now, if we accept the doctrine of evolution, the transformations of the embryo become intelligible; otherwise they are unintelligible. For example, in all gill-breathing vertebrates the gill-slits and gill-arches are *permanent*, whereas in the air-breathing vertebrates the gill-slits on the sides of the neck and the gill-arches of the large blood-vessels are found as *transitory* stages of development; and observe well that at the very time when the embryo of an air-breathing vertebrate possesses these gill-slits and gill-arches, its heart has two chambers, like the heart of a fish. But when the embryo has developed a little further its heart becomes the heart of an amphibian; while developing still further, it has four chambers, which belong to the double circulation of birds and mammals. Moreover, the lungs of an air-breathing vertebrate—which finally take the place of gills—become during embryonic life modified from the swim-bladder of a fish.

Do not these progressive modifications suggest a descent from a far-off aquatic ancestor? To quote again St. George Mivart:* " . . . each individual animal in the process of

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* 'Evolution and Christianity," *The Cosmopolitan*, June, 1892.

M. ALBERT DE LAPPARENT, THE DISTINGUISHED FRENCH GEOLOGIST.

its individual development goes through a series of stages in which it successively presents a series of general resemblance to other animals of lower kinds. Thus, a very young dog is (long before its birth) in many respects like a fish, etc." Now, as these various changes displayed in the developing embryo of this vertebrate have no relation to the dog's ultimate mode of life, it seems not unreasonable to see in them different stages of its ancestral history. And let us add that in the other great branches of the tree of life, embryology furnishes, in many cases, the same evidence as in the case of the vertebrates—evidence of continuous descent with adaptive modifications.

But if we are to believe that species were separately and directly created, then it does seem passing strange that during embryonic life there should appear such indications—yet such misleading indications—of development from lower forms. Here we quote again from Professor Mivart: "If we assume that new species of animals have been evolved by natural generation from individuals of other kinds, all the various indications of affinity just enumerated thereby simultaneously acquire one natural and satisfactory explanation; while we can think of no other possible explanation of the enigma." *

If we were asked why we have written these few pages in behalf of evolution, we could truthfully answer that it is because we ardently desire those who belong to the Old Church—the church which is to live and spread when the other forms of Christian worship have melted away into agnosticism—to lay aside their aggressive attitude towards this doctrine. Evolution is to-day very generally accepted by the men of science of America, England, France, Germany, Spain, Italy, Russia; and since the church does not forbid Catholics to accept it—provided we believe in God and in immortality—it were well and wise for many of us to devote more time than we do to natural history; for it is only by a deeper study of animated nature, as well as by more enthusiasm for palæontology and geology, that we shall be able to justly weigh and appreciate the converging evidence in favor of evolution, and then with our increased knowledge will come greater charity towards those who reject the old-time theory of the special creation of species. Here we give another and a last quotation from St. George Mivart; it is taken from a very significant letter written a few months ago to the London *Tablet:* "In my contention with Professor Huxley, as in my subsequent contentions with others, I have always had two objects in view: the first of these was to show non-Catholics to be mistaken in thinking the church condemned what to them were evident scientific truths. My second and far more important object was to hinder those who (with a want of charity to me appalling) would close the portals of the church against all who in science, history, or criticism were less ignorant than themselves. We often hear warnings against scandalizing the weak; is no charity due to the strong?"

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* "Evolution and Christianity," *The Cosmopolitan*, June, 1892.

FAMINE IN THE DIAMOND JUBILEE YEAR.

THE Viceroy of Ireland has directed the Under Secretary to send to the correspondent of the New York *World* a message to the effect that the predictions of an approaching famine "are unjustifiable." He may be officially correct in denying that anything so disastrous could happen in the year in which the Diamond Jubilee of Her Majesty's reign has been happily celebrated. It is social shrewdness to lock the closet that contains the skeleton. Whether it is sound policy to conceal a national calamity is another question. It may be opportunism, but it is not statesmanship. We do not know whether the festivities of the Jubilee were clouded by an occasional thought of plague and famine in India. To all appearance the crowds that lined the road of the procession were in holiday humor. A procession through the streets of Rome attending the triumphal car of Nero could not have been more successful than the march of the army, the colonial cohorts, the mercenaries of the subject races through the streets of London on that day. We are ready to believe that the cheers along the Appian, the Vicus Appolinaris, or the Via Sacra, which thundered at the sight of Nero, could not exceed in volume those that expressed the enthusiasm of London, the United Kingdom, the colonies, the dependencies, at sight of the carriage in which sat the plain, motherly woman who rules so many lands by the Bill of Rights.

And that Bill of Rights secures to Irishmen the privilege of dying of famine amid the matchless pasture lands of their country; to Indians, that of starving in the granary of India; to Africans, the joy of dying in mines to make the fortunes of speculators, stock-jobbers, dukes, and royal princes. From balcony and window Irish landlords and their families, dressed in the height of fashion, gazed on the spectacle. Who, seeing them, could think fair rents had ruined them, or unpaid rents had made them beggars? They should have kept up the farce of living in poor lodgings, wearing threadbare clothes, if they hoped that the Scotch hotel-keeper who represented them in Parliament should win a hearing for their tale of woe. They are still asking for alms from the state, as they have been since 1876, when competition from America and Australia threatened their rentals. The only difference is in the tone; the whine of mendicancy has been changed to the highway robber's demand, "Your money or your life!" The government of the Crimes Act is again in power, and so they have thrown away the mask of humble and unmerited misfortune and brazen out their claims upon the public purse with all the effrontery of sturdy beggars.

They are the disgrace of Ireland, as they were always the cause of her misfortunes. In their heyday their insolence and swagger were the theme of English satirists and pressmen. Buffoons in comic papers and buffoons in society ridiculed them. The private secretaries and body-servants of ministers regarded them with horror. They haunted the back-stairs by day and night, asking for appointments for sons, for cousins to thirty degrees, for namesakes. It would not do to treat them rudely, for they had one redeeming quality. They could fight. But so could a highwayman or a sturdy beggar. They gave Englishmen the excuse for saying that Ireland was the blot upon the fair shield of England. They now draw great rents when rent cannot be raised in England. They have no mercy, no thought for their tenants, in a worse condition than negroes under the West Indian planters. For them the tenants worked without sufficient food through hopeless lives. They did nothing but squeeze rents until they went beyond the capacity of the tenants' credit to produce them. Then followed eviction with its consequences, a page of social misery which no pen can write, no mind conceive.

How Lord Cadogan and the landlords behind him can deny the gravity of the present crisis is inexplicable, when the Irish Tory papers are unanimous in the opinion that the people are face to face with the worst year since 1848. These organs cannot be accused of undue sympathy with the masses of the population. They have hitherto done the work of the government and the ruling class with unswerving fidelity; but it seems that there is a limit to the servility or corruption of Irish Tory journalism, and the limit has been reached, at least in this matter. The deaths in cabins where the creatures hid themselves from the dishonor of the poor-house, deaths on the wayside, in the fields amid half-devoured herbs, deaths at the poor-house door to which so many dragged themselves, yielding up their decent pride in the struggle with that calamity which abases the greatest to the level of the least, must have come across the editors of those papers with a force that would not permit them to remain silent when such things were about to occur again. Here we have the explanation of the language of the official or semi-official organs in direct contradiction to the message sent by the head of the Irish government to the people of America through the New York *World.* He has flung down his gage; we take it up, and so God defend the right! as men used to say in trial by wager of battle.

The lord lieutenant denies the reports of a disastrous harvest and pronounces the "predictions" of an imminent famine "unjustifiable." This means that government will not step in to save the poorer classes among the farmers and the laborers; in other words, that their only dependence must rest on private charity and such efforts as, within the limits of their powers, may be made by the Poor Law Unions. Practically, the unions can accomplish very little more than private charity. The persons to be relieved are bound to pay a portion of the poor-rate; many of those not likely to be reduced to the necessity of obtaining relief will be taxed beyond what they can bear; those who stand in the most favorable circumstances will feel the burden an oppressive one; finally, if the destitution should be anything in proportion to what the Tory papers maintain, the whole resources of the unions will be miserably inadequate to the occasion. In 1848 the poor-rate exceeded twenty shillings in the pound; at the present time in a number of unions it exceeds one-third of the valuation; in a few unions, for some time crying out for relief, the rates could not be levied because there were no assets or insufficient assets. This last statement is important, because Lord Cadogan ought not to be ignorant of the fact. Why is it? Because the Irish Local Government Board dissolved the boards of guardians in the bankrupt unions, and appointed in their place paid guardians from its own officials. These are now administering the affairs of those unions, in the same way as liquidators of an estate in bankruptcy or assignees of a bankrupt would administer his estate. The sealed order of the Local Government Board is sufficient to dissolve the boards elected by the rate-payers. This cannot have been done through economy, because the paid guardians receive large salaries, while the elected guardians serve gratuitously; it cannot have been through solicitude for the destitute, because these jacks-in-office are strangers, and not so accessible as the elected guardians, who are the neighbors of those needing relief, men who know all about them and their families, and who must possess the sympathy of ancient neighborhood. Then why have these boards been dissolved? To punish them for not accomplishing the impossible. It is one out of a thousand instances of the insolent disregard for public opinion exhibited by the bureaus which govern Ireland. These things can hardly have been unknown to the lord lieutenant, since Mr. Gerald Balfour, the chief secretary, is president of the Local Government Board, and is supposed to inform the head of the executive of all acts of administration. If he has not done so, Lord Cadogan may be officially ignorant of the bankrupt circumstances of those unions; but he is not an authority to satisfy us that the reports concerning the disastrous condition of the people and the gloomy forebodings it portends are "unjustifiable."

Official denial of destitution is by no means a new expedient. When Mr. Arthur Balfour was chief secretary, a few years ago, he treated similar representations with contempt. They came from every quarter and from classes worthy of credit; but he knew better than corporations, boards of guardians, town commissioners, clergymen. The only thing needed was a firm administration of the Crimes Act. He is a humane and honorable man, but he was in the hands of the official class, the landlords and their entourage. The most favorable judgment to be pronounced on his brother, the present chief secretary, is that he too is in their hands. It is likely we shall witness the same round. Some public men and some newspapers will use language of a wild sort, but natural under the circumstances. The first will be sent to jail, the papers will be prosecuted for seditious libel, thousands of the people will be allowed to die, if the charity of an impoverished country and of foreign nations will not save them. These few cold words tell the policy of government in Ireland. Is it not condemned on the bare recital?

It may seem invidious to say that the policy of the present government is due to the divisions among the Irish members of Parliament. It is an extraordinary policy, one about which it is hard to say whether it is more remarkable for contemptuous disregard of the interests of the people at large, or unwise concern for the privileges of a discredited section of the people. In no country except India would a small body of men be maintained in affluence at the expense of the rest of the population. But the partiality which saves from suffering the official class in India is based on the knowledge that it discharges functions of justice and administration. For these it is supported, but the Irish landlords are upheld in wealth and power for no services; so much are they the favorites of government that economic laws which affect all the world are blotted from the code of Providence in their regard.

Mr. Herbert Spencer once complained that particular legislation was attempting to repeal a law of nature, and therefore could not be successful. But he knew nothing of the defiant cynicism which informs the protecting spirit that presides over the fortunes of Irish landlords. At their pleasure the operations of nature are superseded. Harvests may fail, famine and pestilence may walk over the land, the competition of foreign products destroy the markets, but their rents must remain untouched. Men speak of the omnipotence of Parliament. It has passed laws to import some measure of equity into the relations of Irish landlords with their tenants. On the statute book the Irish tenant is now a favored being in comparison with his father, who dared not call his soul his own. But it is all a show, it is baseless as a dream, refreshing as dead-sea fruits that turn to ashes on the lips. One seeks in vain for words to tell his wonder at the influence and fortune that rise superior to all elements of the physical and of the moral worlds.

We are not exaggerating; up to this point we have been underrating the matter. The land laws are a dead-letter. Economic causes have deeply affected rents in England, they have no force in Ireland; but because land laws have been enacted which if fairly administered would lower rents, and because economic causes are spoken of as rendering land of little value, the state is about to compensate the Irish landlords as though the economic laws were really operative. In other words, they are to be compensated under this heading as if they sustained loss in fact instead of in theory. This need surprise no one, for Irish landlords possess a talent for making "commodity," as Falstaff would say, out of everything. If they meet with accidents in the hunting-field or attending petty sessions, they will demand police guards to protect them. The guards are found useful at the dinner-table, in the stables, in the garden, and the services of a butler, a groom, or a gardener can be dispensed with. However, all these privileges and advantages pale when placed side by side with the last scheme for endowing them for an imaginary loss of income.

It is difficult for strangers to take in the full meaning of the Irish landlord's position in relation to the state and to his tenants. If Parliament proposed to do for English landlords any of the things done for Irish ones, there would be a revolution. Still, the English landlord has at least an incomparably better claim to come on the public purse for loss of income owing to foreign competition than the other has. He has let his farm to the tenant fully equipped as a going concern. If free trade has been the means of reducing his income one-half, and this it is pretty generally stated has been the effect in the long run, he could only receive rent for the expenditure on the farm and not for the land. On the contrary, in Ireland all the expenditure has been made by the tenant; on this expenditure of his own he has been paying fines in the shape of increased rent, so that a possession of forty years under such conditions must have purchased the fee simple at least twice over. Now, this means that Irish landlords, instead of having an interest in their estates, are debtors to their tenants, taking the limitation of forty years for the entire fee simple that is the entire value of the estate.

This is a view which, so far as we know, has not been presented. It was dimly hinted in Mr. Parnell's famous declaration that the landlord's rent should be measured at the prairie-value, but, as the reader may perceive, the present statement is fundamentally different, because it not only extinguishes all equitable title to rent, but gives the tenant a lien on the inheritance up to its full value.* But while running up this debt to their tenants they were incurring debt in all directions. In the year 1880 the mortgages on Irish estates amounted to £160,000,000. At that time, exclusive of the cities of Cork and Dublin, the valuation of the country for taxation was a little over £12,000,000 a year. Deducting cities and towns, under improvement acts the agricultural valuation would be less than £11,000,000 a year. Allowing £1,000,000 a year as the rental of unencumbered estates, it would leave the valuation of the encumbered estates at the figure of £10,000,000, the capitalized value of which, when land still stood high in 1880, would be £200,000,000. Even at that time, before the Land Law Act of 1881 was passed, before there was a court created for the fixing of fair rents, the Irish landlords had not a scintilla of interest in their estates. On our figures it would seem they had an interest of £40,000,000. No such thing; for the interest on that sum would be £2,000,000 a year, but they paid £500,000 a year to their agents, solicitors, and bailiffs for the collection of rents, £500,000 a year for poor-rate, £60,000 a year for quit rent and crown rent, and about £300,000 a year for tithe-rent charge.† This would leave them, assuming the highly favorable circumstance of full and promptly paid rent, a margin of £18,800,000, but the familiar fact of non-payment of rent in a percentage of cases removes this; so that the whole value of the landlords' interest in the land disappears. Now, it is for these bankrupts that the people have been plagued by every kind of legislative, administrative, and judicial visitation since the year 1692. The skill of lawyers in Parliament was employed in devising enactments that would deprive them of any vestige of right under the ancient relation of tenure. The student of feudal law will remember that the policy of that system was to give protection by status connected with a manor or other lordship. This was gradually eaten away by acts of the Irish Parliament, an assembly more than two-thirds of which were owners of pocket-boroughs. The landed interest consequently was absolute. In the courts the same lawyers maintained at the bar and on the bench the policy of the enactments, in the executive the same lawyers and the landlords imprisoned, banished, executed the tenants into a proper state of submission to their will, which stood for the state, for all things human and divine.

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* Of course we do not use the word "equitable" in the legal-equitable meaning; that is, we do not mean an equity that could be enforced by a court of equity.

† It may have been a little more.

What we have been saying is very capable of proof. Up to 1845 there was a local or general famine, on an average, every four years. We have elsewhere said, that the history of the country for a century and a half can be measured by Olympiads of famine. From 1845 until 1849 famine swept off the inhabitants in myriads, and yet during these years the yield of the harvests was immense. It was sent to England and the proceeds went to the landlords. Almost every year since 1852 there has been great destitution in some parts of the country, and actual famine has reaped its harvest of death in some districts at intervals of three or four years. The population is, we think, very little above four millions and a half; it is still decreasing, but the poor-rate is rising and so are the other taxes, not relatively but absolutely rising. Those who pay taxes this year will probably be on the rates themselves next year, and so, blindfolded, the country is driven to some unimaginable doom. We write as if oppressed by a horror from which there is no escape. We cannot see light; everything seems governed by a capricious and malignant power whose acts no one can forecast and which nothing can resist. But, despite our despair, we hope there is among Irishmen in America and Irish-Americans a spirit that will send back to Lord Cadogan an answer to his message which shall be remembered as long as the British Empire grows great by the oppression, rich by the robbery of subject peoples.

VERY REV. WILLIAM L. O'HARA IS NOW PRESIDENT.

"THE OLD MOUNTAIN."

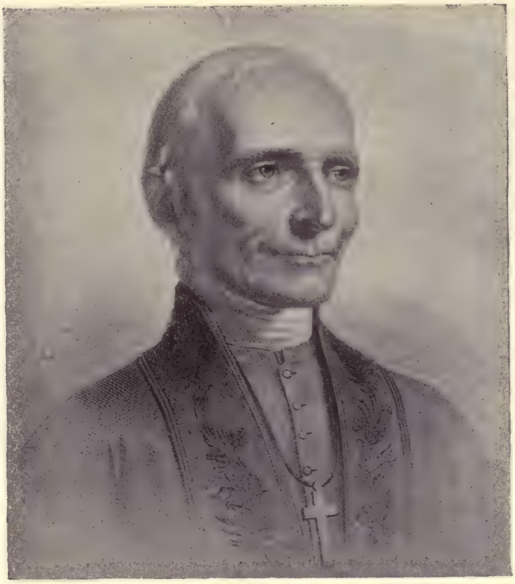
BY JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

THE story of "The Old Mountain"—Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md.—may almost be said to be the history of the rise and growth of Catholic education in the United States; nay, more—a prouder title still may be justly claimed for "The Nursery of Bishops," for out of her venerable halls, in her nearly ninety years of existence, have gone forth men who have been pioneers of the Faith, founders of great dioceses and noble institutions of learning in every part of our country, and who, with a long roll of distinguished laymen, have shed lustre upon the name of their Alma Mater.

In July, 1791, a young priest, flying from the fury of the French Revolution, landed at Norfolk, Va. Unable to take the oaths prescribed by the infidels then ruling France, he obtained a letter of commendation and passports from Lafayette, with whom he was acquainted. The young man was John Dubois, the founder of "The Mountain" and in after years the first Bishop of New York. He was born in Paris, August 24, 1764, and was educated in the College of Louis le

Grand—the Alma Mater of the great Charles Carroll of Carrollton. Bearing the letters of the friend of America, he was warmly welcomed by the Randolphs, the Lees, the Beverleys, by Monroe and Patrick Henry, and as a special mark of esteem was given permission to celebrate Mass in the State-house at Richmond, a hitherto unheard-of concession from the religious intolerance of the time.

Removing in 1794 to Frederick, Md., some twenty miles from the present college, Father Dubois attended a vast missionary field, for at this time he and the Rev. Mr. Badin, in Kentucky, were the only priests between Frederick and St. Louis. During this period the deep needs of the church and the almost total lack of Catholic education deeply impressed his mind. At length, selecting a spot midway on the mountain-side — the Blue Ridge Mountains—he erected a little church as a beacon-light to the entire valley and dedicated it to Mary, under the title of the Church of Mount St. Mary's. Bidding farewell to Frederick in 1808, he took possession of a log house near the site of the future college. Here were now erected the row of log buildings which served as the first substantial home of the little school.



FATHER SIMON BRUTÉ, "THE GUARDIAN ANGEL OF THE MOUNT."

Mr. Dubois' original intention was to confine his work exclusively to the preparation of candidates for the priesthood, and his first large accession of students came with sixteen young men who, in 1809, were transferred to him by the Sulpicians of the College and Seminary of St. Mary's in Baltimore, from a school founded by that order in Pennsylvania. In five years the number of students had risen to eighty, the course had been enlarged to embrace the chief branches of a collegiate education, and the seminary and the academical school, as yet without a charter as a college, became firmly established—each supplementing the other in the great work designed by the founder. In June, 1809, Mother Seton, the foundress of the Sisterhood of Charity, removed from Baltimore with a portion of her community, and took up land in the valley about two miles from the Mountain and near the then little hamlet of Emmitsburg. While the dwelling was being erected on this land, the little community occupied the log house on the mountain-side first used by Mr. Dubois, which he had left for the log buildings below. Out of the valley community grew the great institution of St. Joseph's Academy, the mother-house of the Sisters of Charity, that beautiful and ever-flowing spring of all good works.

AN IMPOSING STRUCTURE FAR FROM THE RUSHING LIFE OF CITIES.

But the labors of the seminary, college, and missionary work becoming too great, Mr. Dubois was relieved, in 1812, as spiritual superior of St. Joseph's, by Father Simon Bruté—justly called "the guardian angel of the Mount"—who in after years became the first Bishop of Vincennes. He, too, was a son of France. The honors of the new Empire were freely

THE OLD CHAPEL.

offered him, but his heart was set upon apostolic labors in the new world. Elected to the presidency of St. Mary's College, Baltimore, in 1815, he resigned after three years, and again sought his beloved Mountain. The log houses becoming too small, Mr. Dubois and Mr. Bruté set resolutely to work to erect a stone building. They labored with their own hands, helped dig the foundations, gathered the materials from the mountain-side, and at last, on June 6, 1824, finished the work. That very night a fire swept the new building with all its contents into ruins.

Standing beside the burning structure, Mr. Bruté, his face lit up by the flames, said: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Then he added: "There were defects in this; I will remedy them in the next." This was the spirit which glowed then in the breasts of the Mountaineers—the spirit that has lit, in the long years since, the flame of religion and learning on a thousand hills.

Within a year, so great was the growing strength of the institution, a new and larger building was erected, and became the centre of the group that was to spring up about it. This structure, so endeared to all generations of "Mountaineers," is known as "The Old White House." It is now occupied by the commercial department of the college. Soon after the opening of the new building Mr. Dubois was appointed first Bishop of New York, and it is a remarkable fact that each succeeding occupant of that see, including Archbishop Hughes, Cardinal McCloskey, and his Grace Archbishop Corrigan, has been a "Mountaineer." When Mr. Dubois opened his college-seminary there were only sixty-eight priests in the one diocese from Maine to Georgia, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. During the years of his work alone he sent out forty missionary priests, equipped hundreds of young men with a sound education, and inflamed them with lively faith and love of Mother Church.

THIS SPOT IS HALLOWED BY SWEETEST MEMORIES.

The first charter of the college was obtained from the State of Maryland in the session of 1830, under the presidency of the Rev. John B. Purcell, the late Archbishop of Cincinnati. In the succeeding years addition after addition was made to the college buildings, and the academical course of the institution was broadened and strengthened through the services of distinguished professors, cleric and lay. No story of "The Mountain" would be complete without a more than passing mention of Father John McCaffrey. This truly great man was a genuine product of "The Mountain," receiving there his earliest

THE QUIET HOURS OF STUDY.

education and preferring before all honors, even the mitre which could, many times, have been his, the home upon the mountain-side and the work which he held as his peculiar vocation. Dr. McCaffrey was president of the college from 1838 to 1872, and president emeritus from that year until 1882, the time of his death. During the period of his strength and activity he was famous throughout the country for his learning, his Christian zeal, and his eloquence. He was the golden link between "The Mountain" of the pioneer, heroic past and the present—the very incarnation of the spirit and traditions of the old place. Only second to him in this respect was Dr. John McCloskey—"Father John"—president from 1872 to 1877, and again in 1880—a true son of "The Mountain" from his youth to old age. Like Dr. McCaffrey, nothing could induce him to part from the love of his youth, and both these builders of heavenly things lie buried to-day in the little churchyard on the mountain-side. Nor would this period be complete without a mention of Dr. McMurdie. Born in London and reared in the Church of England, he followed Newman and Manning into the Catholic Church. During many years he taught theology, philosophy, and metaphysics at the college, and the fame of his learning became truly national. Likewise among the great men of this period, whose lives were linked with the "Mountain," was George H. Miles, the poet. He was professor of English literature. His tragedy "Mahomet" won the prize of $1,000 for the best drama written in America, and was produced by Edwin Forrest. Dr. Henry Diehlmann, the distinguished musical composer, was for many years, during this time, professor of music at the college, and among its staff was Father John O'Brien, the distinguished author of *The History of the Mass.* But before mentioning other noted sons of "The Mountain" we will briefly trace her story to the present.

SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH IS CULTIVATED HERE.

The outbreak of the war was a great blow to the institution. From its foundation it had been largely attended by Southern students, and at this period the chief attendance was from the Southern States. The ruin of the South's resources as a result of the war was, therefore, a heavy blow to the college; and, moreover, many of the Southern students remained at the college during the entire conflict, and, at the close, their home support had been swept away. This was a source of deep embarrassment to the institution, which had, from the beginning, waged a heavy struggle, without endowments of any kind. Now the college was loaded with a heavy debt and found, during the years immediately succeeding the war, its sources of ordinary income cut to a minimum. In 1877 the Rev. John A. Watterson became president, succeeding Dr. McCloskey. He

FATHER BYRNE, OF BOSTON, SAVED THE COLLEGE IN THE DAYS OF FINANCIAL DIFFICULTIES.

added greatly to the prestige and equipment of the institution under trying circumstances, and remained in charge until 1880, when he was elevated to the Bishopric of Columbus, Ohio—his present see. Like the typical "Mountaineer," amid the cares and labors of his episcopal charge he has never forgotten his Alma Mater and he has remained one of her staunchest sons and supporters. Dr. John McCloskey again took the presidency; but, worn by the labors of years and, doubtless, depressed by the growing difficulties of the situation, he died within the year. The Rev. William J. Hill, of Brooklyn, a "Mountaineer," succeeded to the presidency early in 1881, but already so great had grown the burden of the debt and the embarrassment accompanying it that the college was placed for a time in the deepest difficulty. At this crisis the Very Rev. William Byrne, D.D., vicar-general of the Archdiocese of Boston, a "Mountaineer" of the mould of the heroic founder, accepted the herculean task of saving the institution. He went to the

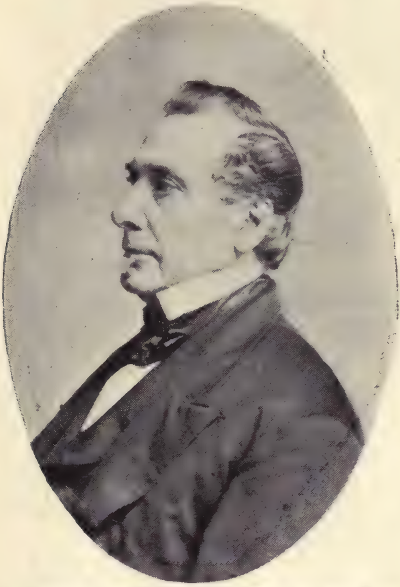
RT. REV. JOHN A. WATTERSON, D.D., BISHOP OF COLUMBUS.

Mountain and at once rallied to his support the sons and friends of the old college throughout the country. Among the first to respond were the Cardinal-Archbishop of Baltimore and Archbishop William Henry Elder of Cincinnati. The Rev. Father Mackey, a "Mountain" priest of the latter diocese, through the permission of Archbishop Elder, gave all his time to the work of uniting the friends of the college everywhere. In this he was singularly successful. The sentiment was universal that the college should not be allowed to go down, and through heroic efforts, under the direction of Dr. Byrne, the crisis was ended and the imminent peril of destruction averted. Nor can we who know the noble record of the old Mountain believe that, in her hour of danger, the prayers of her sainted

A GROUP OF GRADUATES.

founders and sons were withheld or were unavailing for the intercession of the patron Mother whose church looked down from the mountain slope. Dr. Byrne retained the presidency until 1884, when he was succeeded by the Rev. Edward P. Allen.

Dr. Allen was born in Lowell, Mass., in 1853. He entered Mount St. Mary's College and was graduated June 26, 1878. In December of 1884 he was ordained priest in the Mountain Church by Bishop Becker. Remaining until the following spring as professor, he was called to the mission by Archbishop Williams of Boston, and became assistant at Framingham. Two years later, through the efforts of Dr. Byrne, Father Allen was permitted to go to Mount St. Mary's to assist in the work of reconstruction. The college had been saved from immediate destruction, but it was still heavily loaded with debt and in need of many things. To the task of removing the debt of many thousands of dollars and the extension of material facilities Dr. Allen addressed himself. He had gone through all departments of the college, as a student, then as a seminarian, and was therefore thoroughly conversant with its needs. Joining to these qualifications the ability of an able financier, a close student of educational needs and the quality of a leader of men, he soon had the college far advanced on the road of prosperity and progress. The buildings and the grounds assumed a new aspect, improvements were noted everywhere, and the teaching staff of the college and seminary was strengthened by the addition of a number of learned professors. Among those who have for years been pillars of strength to the institution through their learning and devotion are Professor Ernest Lagarde, of English literature and modern languages, and Professor Charles H. Jourdan, noted throughout the country as a mathematician.



Dr. Henry Diehlmann, Professor of Music.

Among the faculty is the Rev. Edward F. X. McSweeny, S.T.D., the distinguished Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Canon Law, and the Rev. John J. Tierney, D.D., Professor of Dogmatic Theology, Sacred Scripture, and Hebrew. Dr. Tierney has studied and travelled much in the Holy Land. He has thus pursued a course of intimate practical knowledge,

THE MINIMS ENJOY OUT-DOOR SPORTS.

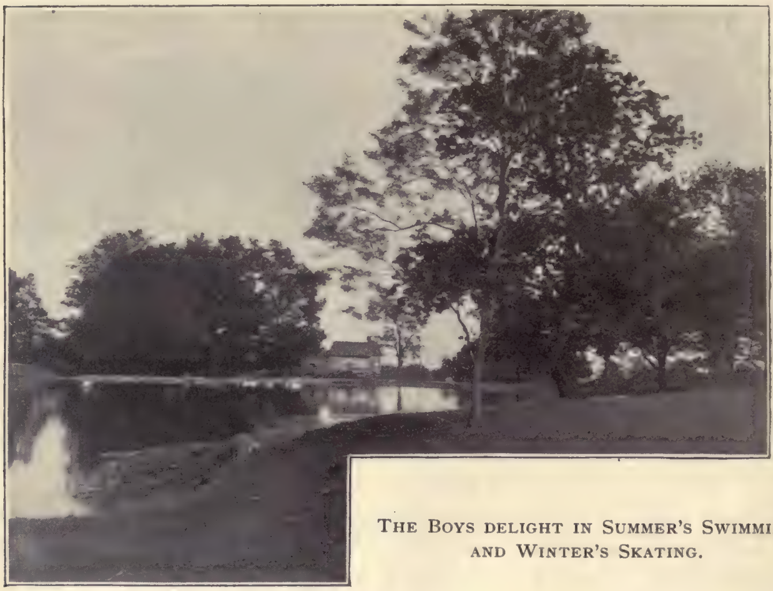
similar somewhat to that adopted by his friend the Rev. Daniel Quinn, of the Greek department of the Catholic University. Dr. Quinn, an ardent "Mountaineer," has acquired, by long residence and study in Greece, a perfect mastery of the Greek language and literature, and has won a place among the great Hellenists of the world.

The Rev. Dr. Grannan, another "Mountaineer," is also high in the corps of professors of the university.

Through the indefatigable energy of Dr. Allen and his coadjutors the debt of the college has finally been removed, the attendance has greatly increased, and a new period of usefulness inaugurated. Nor were the qualities of Dr. Allen that accomplished this great result unnoticed, for on May 16, this year, he was raised to the Bishopric of Mobile, and was consecrated in the cathedral at Baltimore by his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons.

During this period of reconstruction Dr. Allen's right arm in the work was the Very Rev. William L. O'Hara, the Vice-President and Professor of Moral Theology and Philosophy. It was most natural and fitting, therefore, that, upon the elevation of Dr. Allen, to Father O'Hara should fall the duty and the honor of the presidency of Mount St. Mary's. He was accordingly unanimously elected, last June, by the council and has now entered upon his office. Father O'Hara is a native of

Brooklyn, New York, and entered the college as a student in 1879 and was graduated in 1883. Entering the seminary, he was ordained in 1887. For a short time he was connected with St. Charles Borromeo's Church in Brooklyn, but soon after was recalled to "The Mountain" to act as Professor of Logic and Metaphysics. In 1891 he was elected Treasurer; in 1894, Vice-President.



THE BOYS DELIGHT IN SUMMER'S SWIMMING AND WINTER'S SKATING.

He is therefore, as was Dr. Allen, intimately acquainted with every phase of the college life. He is a typical "Mountaineer," devoted to the old place, steeped in her noblest traditions, and at the same time alive with all the ideas of the living present. As he can truly say of the present prosperous condition of the college "quorum magna pars fui," he can, with every hope for an unexampled growth of the institution, take up the great work so far advanced by the Bishop of Mobile.

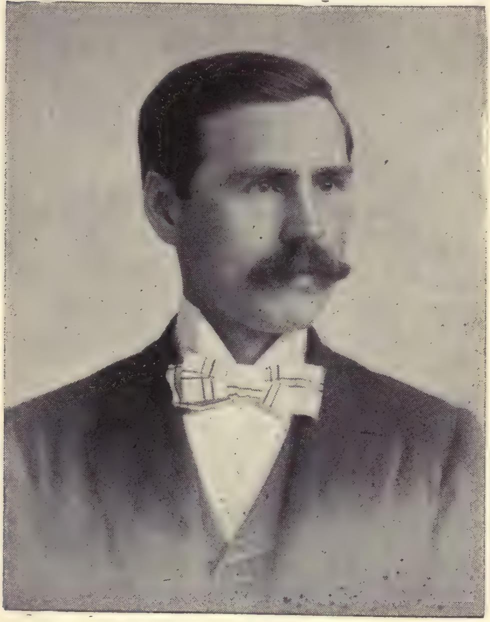
The promotion of Dr. Allen to the episcopate has led to many changes in the Faculty, and the new arrangement, that will conduce very largely to the intellectual advancement of both college and seminary, places Dr. McSweeny Director of the Seminary; Father Dominic Brown, Vice-President; Father Bradley, Treasurer, while Dr. Tierney holds his old chair. Fathers Coad and McGovern cultivate the classics. Professor Mitchell has the chair of Geology, Natural Philosophy, and

THE YOUNG MEN ENJOY AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

Mechanics; Professor Edmund J. Ryan, of English and Rhetoric; Professor Frederick W. Iseler, of Music; Professor John J. Crumlish, A.M., of Commercial Law and Bookkeeping. There are also many assistant instructors.

Among the students are a number of societies, literary, dramatic, and athletic. *The Mountaineer* is the college paper, edited by a staff of students, which last year comprised:

William E. Kennedy, '97, Editor-in-chief; Edward B. Kenna, '98, Exchange Editor; Leo A. McTighe, '97, Business Manager; Associate Editors: James Gibbons, '97; Michael P. Kirby, '97; John J. McEvoy, '98; J. B. W. Gardiner, '98; Daniel J. Murphy, '98; Bernard J. Mahoney, '99; William M. McCormick, '99; Leo H. Joyce, 1900.



A. V. D. WATTERSON, ESQ., DISTINGUISHED LAWYER OF PITTSBURG.

It is a noteworthy fact in the history of Mount St. Mary's that all who have ever come within her influence, either as students or professors, have ever afterward been devoted "Mountaineers." The loyalty of the sons of the Mountain to their Alma Mater is a never-failing characteristic. This fact has almost passed into a proverb: it is equally as true of the veteran of many years, whose college days date back to the early years of Dr. McCaffrey, as of the graduates of the latest scholastic term. Nor has graduation alone been a test; some of her most loyal followers did not complete their terms, but nevertheless took their degrees in devotion to the old college. This feeling, which is universal and persistent, is the foundation of the Alumni Association of Mount St. Mary's. Much of the vigor that now characterizes the association is due to the efforts and devotion of A. V. D. Watterson, Esq., a distinguished lawyer of Pittsburg and brother of Bishop Watterson, and Thomas J. McTighe, of New York, the well-known elec-

THOMAS J. MCTIGHE, OF NEW YORK.

trician, pillars of the "Mountain" among the laymen. Each has been president of the association, and no commencement appears complete without these staunch friends of the college. The association holds an annual banquet on a grand scale, which serves as an occasion for the glorification of Alma Mater and reunion of all generations of her sons. At these dinners, which are held in the leading cities by turn and occasionally at the college, bishops and archbishops, priests, judges, doctors, lawyers, and literary men of distinction sit side by side, on terms of perfect equality, with the latest graduate or student who has finished his studies. That is the charm of the assemblages. The old days are revived and the glories of the "Mountain" sung once more. The present officers of the Alumni Association are: President, John Jerome Rooney; Vice-Presidents, Thomas J. McTighe, A. V. D. Watterson, John W. McFadden, William T. Cashman, Haldeman O'Connor, Rev. James Callaghan, C. A. Grasselli, C. B. Ernst, Joseph Butler, John D. Lagarde, Rev. T. A. Doran, Rev. P. L. Duffy: Secretary, Rev. B. J. Bradley; Treasurer, Very Rev. William L. O'Hara (ex-officio).

The Mountaineer is naturally proud of the list of distin guished men, in every walk of life, who have owed their allegiance to his Alma Mater. And first in this connection may be given the names of the Presidents. These are: Right Rev. John Dubois, Very Rev. Michael Duborg Egan, Very Rev. John Gerry, Very Rev. John B. Purcell, Very Rev. James B. Jamison, Very Rev. Thomas L. Butler, Very Rev. John McCaffrey, Very Rev. John McCloskey, Very Rev. John A. Watterson, Very Rev. William J. Hill, Very Rev. William Byrne, Very Rev. Edward P. Allen, Very Rev. William L. O'Hara.

That the title "The Nursery of Bishops" is not undeserved let this list of "Mountain" prelates prove:

His Eminence John Cardinal McCloskey, Archbishop of New York; Most Rev. John Hughes, Archbishop of New York; Most Rev. Michael A. Corrigan, Archbishop of New York; Most Rev. John B. Purcell, Archbishop of Cincinnati; Most Rev. John Henry Elder, Archbishop of Cincinnati; Right Rev. Simon Gabriel Bruté, Bishop of Vincennes, Ind.; Right Rev. Francis Silas Chatard, Bishop of Vincennes; Right Rev. John Dubois, Bishop of New York; Right Rev. John Conroy, Bishop of Albany; Right Rev. George A. Carrell, Bishop of Covington, Ky.; Right Rev. Edward Fitzgerald, Bishop of Little Rock; Right Rev. Francis X. Gartland, Bishop of Savannah; Right Rev. T. A. Becker, Bishop of Savannah; Right Rev. Richard Gilmour, Bishop of Cleveland; Right Rev. John Loughlin, Bishop of Brooklyn; Right Rev. F. P. McFarland, Bishop of Hartford, Conn.; Right Rev. William G. McCloskey, Bishop of Louisville, Ky.; Right Rev. William Quarter, Bishop of Chicago; Right Rev. John Quinlan, Bishop of Mobile, Ala.; Right Rev. John L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria, Ill.; Right Rev. Richard V. Whelan, Wheeling, W. Va.; Right Rev. John A. Watterson, Bishop of Columbus, O.; Right Rev. J. M. Young, Bishop of Erie, Pa.; Right Rev. Henry P. Northrop, Bishop of Charleston, S. C.; Right Rev. Thomas McGovern, Bishop of Harrisburg, Pa.; Right Rev. Edward P. Allen, Bishop of Mobile, Ala.; Monsignor Robert Seton, Jersey City; Monsignor Daniel Quigley, Charleston, S. C.; Monsignor Thomas D. Gambon, Louisville, Ky. Fifteen other "Mountaineers" have been vicars-general. The Rev. Edward Sourin, S.J., a priest of the greatest learning, was a "Mountaineer," as was also the Rev.

JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

Charles C. Pise, D.D., the only Catholic chaplain of Congress. It might also be said that the colleges of St. John's, Fordham, N. Y.; St. Mary's College, Ky., and Seton Hall, N. J., owe their founding to "Mountaineers."

The Mountain likewise is proud of a distinguished list of lay alumni, among whom are: Jerome Bonaparte, Baltimore; George Miles, poet and author; Charles J. Bonaparte; the late Honorable Carroll D. Spence, Minister to Turkey; John Lafarge, the great artist and critic; General James M. Cole, of Md.; Governor John Lee Carroll, Md.; Judge William McSherry, the historian of Maryland; Justice White, of the Supreme Court; Judge N. Charles Burke, of Towson, Md.; Dr. Joseph Meredith Tonor and Mr. Lawrence Gardner, of Washington; Dr. Gunning S. Bedford, the great gynecologist of New York; Dr. Charles Carroll Lee, of New York. Many other names distinguished in the professions and in business could be mentioned, but these will show what manner of men some of the Mountain's sons have been and are.

The story of " The Mountain " would lack an essential touch if allusion were not made to the scene of natural beauty in which the old college is set. Overlooking the entire valley and visible for many miles, the Church of Mount St. Mary's rests upon the mountain-side. Its white walls and cross shine in the sun and serve as a beacon for returning " Mountaineers." The college buildings are on the slope a little farther down, the structures being of gray granite, hewn from the surrounding hills. Nothing can surpass the charm of the place, with its woods, streams, orchards of apple and peach trees, the near-by garden and vineyard, and in early spring and autumn these charms are heightened a hundred-fold.

Upon the mountain-side above the college is the beautiful Grotto—a shrine to the Virgin Mother under whose name and protection Mount St. Mary's has lived and worked. The topmost point of the mountain upon which the college stands—or rather of a twin mountain making two in one—has been named, from time immemorial, " Indian Lookout." From this rock a sweeping view of the valley may be obtained. The prospect is largely toward Pennsylvania, and the field of Gettysburg. Little Round Top and the historic road leading from Emmitsburg (" The Emmitsburg road " of the war reports) are plainly visible. It is a tradition that from this point some of the " Mountaineers " of the war period watched the movement of the troops and heard the booming of the guns during the great battle. Large bodies of troops passed the college before and after the fight.

Have you ever heard of the Mountain water? Old Dr. McCaffrey held, as one of the principles of his life, the duty of praising the truly crystal springs that bubble up on the " rear terrace " of the college grounds. And truly this water is superb. Many good bishops and learned judges have declared that they have come miles out of their way to taste the " Mountain " water—and no doubt, too, the " Mountain " hospitality, which flows as perennially as the springs.

Founded in a wilderness, with no apparent aid from fortune, by men poor in purse but rich in every noble quality and burning with the love of God and man, Mount St. Mary's College has grown and survived as by a special providence. To-day she stands on an unassailable foundation, strong in a new youth for the work before her, doubly strong and hopeful in the love of her sons and the admiration and support of all friends of higher Catholic education.

HOW SHALL WE WIN THE NEW-ENGLANDER?

BY REV. ARTHUR M. CLARK.

"WILL Catholic New England hold the place which Puritan New England has maintained in the intellectual, social, and political life of our country?" This question was asked lately in an article on New England.

Those of us who are so fortunate as to possess the inspiring hopes, the expectations of the late Very Rev. Isaac T. Hecker, are of the opinion that not New England only, but America will be dominated largely by Catholic sentiment, and that from New England will go forth a stream of Catholicity that shall influence religious opinion in the rest of the country, as political opinion from the same source has made its mark wherever the New-Englander has carried it. We are of the opinion that the winning of this land to Christ will be the greatest conquest which the church has ever made in the world, and we look with confidence for the day when it shall be accomplished. It is our hope now, but as we watch the trend of affairs that hope is being rapidly merged into conviction; and priests are now ordained who before they shall be called to their reward will stand at the doors of the church welcoming the multitude of seekers after truth and the searchers after God who will come to the portals of the edifice of faith.

Almighty God has not placed the church of his building in this last of the great empires of the world for naught. It is little short of blasphemy to suppose that his church is to shine here for a century or two, and then become lost in the darkness of irreligion; or to sound her voice for twenty decades, and then to allow the echoes to die away amid the clangor of a thousand voices that rave of anarchy, agnosticism, free-thought, and rationalism. No; "a city that is set upon a hill cannot be hid." "Shake thyself from the dust, arise, sit up, O Jerusalem: loose thy bands from off thy neck, O captive daughter of Sion. O poor little one, tossed with tempest, without all comfort, behold I will lay thy stones in order, and will lay thy foundations with sapphires." If ever there were in the world an opportunity to see the fulfilment of these wondrous prophecies of Isaias, it is in this our well-beloved country, and in the twentieth century upon which we are entering.

Taking New England as the type of this land of ours, how shall we go to work to win it to the truth? The question is answered partly by the momentous events which have come to pass during the past four years. Single-handed and alone, but full of the Spirit of the Lord, a priest went before the non-Catholic people and preached the Word of Life. People thought lightly of the probability of success when they measured the herculean task he had before him. A year went by, and the authorities of the church gave their approval to his work. Another year, and the Supreme Pontiff commended the missions to non-Catholics to all the bishops of the country. And now in sixteen dioceses the work has been started, and without presumption we can say, surely the finger of God is here.

Shortly the work will be begun in an organized way among the homes in the mountains of New England. How it makes my heart leap within me to think that there, among the people of my forefathers, the Gospel is to be preached by missionaries specially deputed for the work! There is no work dearer to the heart of a convert than the conversion of his own people. That ought to be for him the object of his prayers, and all his thoughts should be centred on the problem of the work and how to do it best.

New England is the home of learning and education, and of high development in religious thought. The missionary, therefore, to such a class should be a man of broad learning, and should know not only his own religion well, but he should have also the best information that he can obtain concerning the tenets of the sects. He should have studied them not from the destructive stand-point, but rather with a purpose of discovering the points of similarity with his own, of finding out what amount of truth is held in common, and then make himself the master of the synthesis. To start from the same standpoint will conduce to the attainment of the truth more quickly than to follow the old method of attacking and trying to build anew on the ruins. The New England priests know the New England character well, and know better than I can tell how to deal with it, from long experience. They know from the lips of these people what they profess to believe; and from daily contact they know the best methods of leading them into the church. These priests have been the pioneers who have laid the foundation-stone of the work about to be carried to completion. Not only have they been skilful in argument, but they have been kindly in their manner of approach and treatment of the Yankee with whom they have come in contact. This last quality of soul is a necessary requisite for every non-Catholic missionary, whether he be sent to America or to China. It is the one great virtue in which, we are told by the Apostle of the Nations, all other virtues are bound up. "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." It is the charity of our Divine Redeemer, who did not hesitate to go to the despised Samaritans and preach to them. It will be well for us to cultivate this virtue in their regard daily. I do not know how better to do this than to say the prayer for "the Conversion of Unbelievers" every day. This practice will keep the non-Catholic missions before our mind at all times. Many conversions are taking place in Old England, and I know that it is a custom for many priests and lay-people to say a Hail Mary whenever they pass or see one of the pre-Reformation churches. This they do for the intention of the conversion of England, and in honor of the desecrated altar that once stood in the church. So might we, by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, lift up our hearts to God for every non-Catholic soul with whom we come in contact.

Our missionary in New England will be quick to recognize the natural goodness that abides among these people. He will see with joy that there is a large class of people among whom natural virtues have always been cultivated, and he will enter on the delightful task of showing them how to supernaturalize these goodly natural traits. And who is there who better knows that these virtues are alive and flourishing than the New England priest, who has had the best opportunities of observing the true type of New England families?

But the mere recognition of what is good among them will not be enough; zeal to carry this goodness to perfection is necessary as well. Not the zeal which is the impetuosity of youth, full of impulses which are often evanescent; but that zeal which is born of conviction and sound judgment, and which, perchance, has been tempered by the fire of adverse criticism. A zeal which is not aroused by the preaching of a sermon or the eloquence of an orator, but a zeal which arises from the conviction borne in on the soul by the Spirit of God, that this is the work of the age and of the church in this country.

The great motive which will lend wings to the zeal of the non-Catholic missionary in New England is the divine love which dwells in him. As Christ loved sinners, so must we. Christ's love for sinners enabled him to die for them; what will ours do? God has not called us into this world to shed our blood for the faith; but we are called to do something for those who are struggling for the light and are being driven hither and thither by every wind of doctrine.

Let us suppose that we were living without any hope of a future life except a shadowy, vague suspicion of its probability; the little belief that we inherited from our parents almost shattered by sophisms of the infidel preachers, on the one hand, and an evil life on the other. How the world and all its pleasures would appeal to the senses, and how keen would be the enjoyment that we would take in them! But after a time, pleasure palling, discontent would become the ruling trait of the soul. With no belief in anything definite after death, what is there to live for? And yet the human heart longs to know of what is beyond the veil. Can we bear to think of going forth from this world "into the blank nothingness from which we came"? Would not such a belief cloud all our declining days with melancholy and unrest?

And yet there are many in this part of the world who are just such as I have described. Our love for them in their misery, a love which is born of the Love of Christ on the Cross, should stir the zeal that is in us to do great things for God and his church in this grand old land of the Puritans. The thought that there are so many who are in danger of falling into the abyss of destruction should rouse us to the rescue. This thought has raised a Salvation Army, and half a dozen similar organizations, to try to rescue men who are sunk in sin. But we are the captains and soldiers of the army of Christ, the Catholic Church; and we have that which these others can rarely have, the certainty of forgiveness. With what zeal, then, shall not our hearts be fired when we contemplate the church that is behind us in our holy campaign. Our zeal will be animated also by the sight of the hosts of people who will come to hear us. To stand as St. Paul did before the Athenians—Agrippa, Festus, and at last before the Roman people—to see the modern pagans listening with rapt attention, to have them coming to talk in private, to distribute to them literature and witness the eagerness with which they read it; these things will give us the will born of desire to do our duty towards these New England Puritans.

We shall win New England by our activity as well as by our knowledge and our zeal. New England has been in the van of the active life of the Republic for over a century, and she has not fallen behind in any respect as yet. From her rugged hills have gone forth the farmers, the artisans, and the statesmen who rule the Union to-day. She has been the cradle of the people and the training-school of the leaders of this great nation who have been foremost in the sacred cause of freedom. Shall it be said of her, then, that she has lost or cast away the greatest prize that has ever been held out to her, namely, the gift of the true faith?

And if the Puritan people are aroused to know what truth is, no less are the priests of New England eager to tell them, and to tell them through the medium of the non-Catholic mission. A mission to non-Catholics is the first sign of activity, but there are other methods and means by which we can compel our separated non-Catholic brethren to enter the wide-open doors of the old church in which their forefathers once worshipped. We must meet these people in their daily life, be with them at every opportunity, converse with them on the street, in the shop, in the stores, and wherever we chance to meet them. The traditional estimate of the character of the Catholic priesthood is rapidly changing among the New-Englanders. They have been taught from childhood to look upon him as a dangerous character in the community. He was supposed to be conspiring to sell this country to the Pope. These notions, impressed as they were upon the Yankee from the days of infancy, are with difficulty removed and blotted out. They have had their minds poisoned in the schools with text-books which maliciously malign the church and her fair name throughout the centuries that have passed. Intimate acquaintance with a priest in daily matters will soon wear off a great deal of this prejudice. It is a matter of duty to be on good terms with these people, when we know that it will result in the teaching of the truth? We have abundant opportunity to do this sort of work, and we shall find that it pays only too well if we hasten to engage in it.

Where is the place in my town that the gossips of the village meet and discuss the weather, politics, and religion? It is in the post-office, in the grocery store, at the blacksmith-shop—or no matter where the place, it is my place. That is the place for me to be, and there I can find an excellent non-Catholic audience ready to listen to what I have to say. St. Paul found his audiences in the market-place, and he quietly addressed them in the place where they were. There is another place where a priest should not fail to put himself in evidence. That is the "town meeting." We have an interest in the town in which we live, its welfare, its beauty and improvement. The good order of the community is near to our heart, and we are as anxious as any one to see that just laws prevail and that we are not over-burdened with taxes. Why should we not be at every public rejoicing. Invite the Grand Army to our churches; there is no reason why denominational ministers should have a monopoly of the religious celebration of Decoration Day. It will delight and surprise us to see what a greeting we shall receive from the old soldiers when they come to us to listen to a sermon. We go to the town library and find there not one Catholic book, but plenty which calumniate and deride us. Here is our work—to see that the church is represented, not by her enemies' works but by those of fair and true historians. In all the communication with these people, in the ways that I have just suggested, we shall find ample occasion for spreading the knowledge of the doctrines and practices of the church.

Let us not be afraid that the strength of our religion will be weakened by contact with these poor people. We go willingly to attend the most disgusting cases of contagious physical disease; there are many among us who have the spirit of a Francis Xavier, thinking nothing of risking life to aid our fellow-men in their spiritual adversity. But are there not other spiritual works of mercy besides the administration of the Sacraments, and is not "the instruction of the ignorant" one of them?

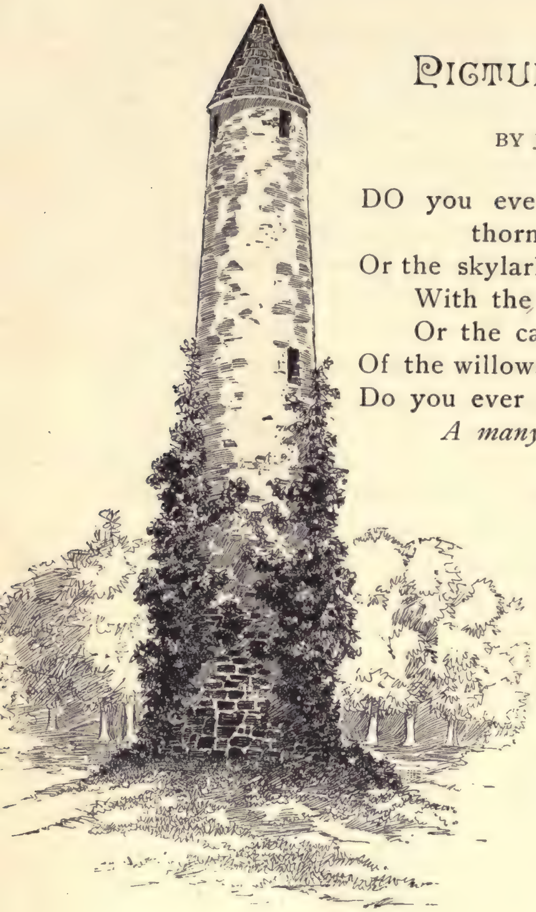
Perhaps the work that we have had less in mind than any other is the work of the Apostolate of the Press. The press is such a mighty means for good that we are not able to estimate its value and power. It reaches an audience that we cannot reach. Not one, but many a man has found in a newspaper the words that first brought to his attention the things of the world to come. A few years ago some one left in an elevated train in New York a copy of *De Harbe's Catechism.* It was picked up by a gentleman who knew nothing about the doctrines of the church. He is now a Catholic. If we would Sunday by Sunday get five hundred words into the daily or weekly paper in the town or city where we live, we would soon become the friends of the editor and reporter. And with them on our side we could publish when and what we would. A whole system of Christian doctrine can with ease be placed before the non-Catholic people if we go about it in the right way. And in the world to come what a joy it will be to meet those who can trace their conversion to the faith to some words of ours which came to them through such sources as these.

I am of the opinion that it is no longer necessary to wait for Catholics to settle in a place before a priest can build up a parish there. I do not think that I am enthusiastic when I say that he can build himself a good parish out of the material right at hand, namely, from the Yankees themselves. If we advertise our services and sermons, and let them know what is going on, and when the hours of services are, many a soul will be attracted out of curiosity, and many be led to investigate what they had long thought not worth the trouble of inquiring into. Many a soul has been won to the church who was first attracted by seeing an advertisement of Catholic services in the columns of a daily paper.

Lastly, and this is the most important consideration of all, without which our work will be a feeble one and will have but little fruit, there is the means of prayer. A priest who engages in this work must be a man of prayer. In the silent hours of the early morning he will offer himself and all that he has to God for the work of the day.

It has been said, and said with truth, that the cleverest enemies of the church are not the ones who vilify her, but they are the ones who ignore her. A movement of vilification pushes before it and draws after it the rich fruitage of conversions. Justin-Fultonism may for the time being stir up a good deal of bad blood and set one race over against the other, but by how much fury the storm rages by such a measure will be the throng of converts when the calm has come again. But the astute policy is to say nothing, to keep all mention of the church out of the paper, to make no public recognition of her contribution to good citizenship. Unfortunately, the practice of some very good but very ancient Catholics is unconsciously to fall in with this policy. The time was when a priest built the church in a back street, when he closed the door on the innocent reporter who came for news, when the high-water mark of priestly virtue was to keep one's name out of the papers; but this policy is fast being reversed. The Catholic Church in New England cannot be ignored. The divorce abomination has attained such mighty proportions, social and domestic vices are so rampant, socialistic and anarchistic ideas so wide-spread, that like the rock-ribbed coast that places a bound to the on-rushing ocean, the church builds a barrier to vice and socialism. She must be reckoned with, and the more we contribute to the public recognition of her power, the more we foil the astute enemy, and the more we hasten the day of her triumph.

New England Catholic will be New England saved.



PICTURES OF IRELAND.

BY JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE.

DO you ever hear the blackbird in the thorn,
Or the skylark rising warbling in the morn,
With the white mists o'er the meadows,
Or the cattle in the shadows
Of the willows by the borders of the stream?
Do you ever see Old Ireland in a dream?
A many a time, a many a time.

Can you see the hillsides touched with sunset gold,
And eve slow darkling down o'er field and fold,
With the aspen-trees a-quiver,
And the waters of the river
Running lonesome-sounding down the dusky glen?
Do you think of Irish twilights now and then?
A many a time, a many a time.

Have you seen green Ireland lifting from the sea
Her pebbled strands that join the grassy lea?
Seen her rocky headlands rise,
With their shoulders in the skies,
And the mad waves breaking foam-spent at their feet?
Do her brimming tides on Mem'ry's shoreland beat?
A many a time, a many a time.

Do you ever think of night-time round the fire,
The rosy little children, their mother and their sire:
The cross-roads and the fiddle,
With the dancers in the middle,
While the lovers woo by moonlight in the lane?
For Irish love has e'er your heart been fain?
A many a time, a many a time.

Have you ever seen a weenshee leprachaun,
Or the fairies dance by starlight on the lawn?
    Have you seen your fetch go by?
    Have you heard the banshee cry
In the darkness "ululu!" and "ulagone!"?
Have you ever back on fairy pinions flown?
        A many a time, a many a time.

Did you ever lift a hurl in lusty joy?
Did you ever toss the handball, man or boy?
    Light bonfires at John's eve,
    Or the holly branches weave,
When Christmas brought the robins and the frost?
Has Irish laughter cheered hearts trouble-crossed?
        A many a time, a many a time.

Did your mother by your cradle ever croon
For lullaby some sweet old Irish tune?
    Did an Irish love-song's art
    Ever steal into your heart,
Or Irish war-chant make your pulses thrill?
Do haunting harps yet sound from Tara's hill?
        A many a time, a many a time.

Do you ever hear the war-cry of the Gael
As O'Donnell led his kernes against the Pale;
    The trumpet of Red Hugh,
    Or the shout of "Crom Aboo!"
As they rushed to die for Ireland long ago?
Do their sword-blades from the ages flash and glow?
        A many a time, a many a time.

'Tis not written that the Irish race forget,
Though the tossing seas between them roll and fret;
    Yea, the children of the Gael
    Turn to far-off Innisfail
And remember her, and hope for her, and pray
That her long, long night may blossom into day,
        A many a time, a many a time.

DISEASE IN MODERN FICTION.

BY J. J. MORRISSEY, A.M., M.D.

THERE are critical periods in the development of a novel when, for the sake of continuity as well as coherency, it becomes necessary for the writer to introduce either a well-known disease or offer a number of symptoms which are to be interpreted as indicative of some passing indisposition. It is a serious matter of taste, as well as expediency, for the author to select a disease which will not offend by its grossness, nor repel by its unattractiveness. In this respect, as in many others, fiction has markedly changed in the past generation. There was a time, and that not so far distant, when consumption and typhus fever were regarded as standard diseases, to be called upon without offence whenever the necessities of the plot demanded their introduction. But owing to the great advances made in sanitation, and also to the fact that typhus fever in particular is most intimately associated with uncleanliness and filth, it has ceased to be available. Moreover, typhus is seen very infrequently in our day; as a matter of fact, many physicians have been in active practice for a score of years without meeting the disease. So far as consumption is concerned, it, too, has lost the conspicuous position it once held in fiction. The public is too well acquainted with the details of its development to find entertainment in its description. Though it would appear from one or two examples which we give of its introduction into recent fiction, that it has not altogether died out. But it is too commonplace and too prosaic an ailment to be rehabilitated so far as to hold the prominent position it once occupied. Fiction keeps pace with the discoveries made in art and science, and in order to instruct as well as amuse, the novelist must not permit himself to display a lack of knowledge in discussing scientific questions with which the reading public have at least a passing acquaintance.

New fields of discovery are constantly coming to the fore. The theories of yesterday are becoming the facts of to-day, and this being more particularly true of medicine, the accurate writer should be *en rapport* with scientific advance. It is on this account that in many modern novels the abstruse questions which deal with the functions of the brain, and of injury to the latter organ, are dealt with in a manner most confidently secure. The same assertion may be applied to diseases of the spine. The aggrieved hero may rescue the obstinate heroine from some grave danger and sustain a temporary paralysis from having his spine injured in performing the heroic deed. We know that the effects of the injury will soon pass away, and in the meantime the repentant maiden will have every opportunity of demonstrating her gratitude and affection for the unfortunate sufferer. On the other hand, it would never do to introduce a condition of paralysis caused by an enlarged growth pressing upon the spinal nerves, for it would remind us of the harrowing tales of the dime museums.

Diseases are frequently made use of "to point a moral and adorn a tale," though the style of adornment is not of such a character as to render it attractive to the select reader. Thus, in an unmentionable modern novel, a description is given of a disease of whose existence it would be far better for the youthful mind to remain in ignorance. It stands as an example of the degeneracy of human nature, but what purpose can be subserved by giving the description is known alone to the author. We have a strong suspicion that such descriptions are introduced, not so much to fulfil the demands of the plot as to create discussion and thus advertise the book, which without such factitious aid would undoubtedly prove "stale and unprofitable."

The prevalence of cholera once furnished a fruitful means to the novelist of inculcating lessons of sanitation. Thus, Charles Kingsley, in his *Two Years Ago*, gives an account of a cholera epidemic which is not surpassed in accuracy of description by any medical work. That disease, too, has been relegated to the obscurity which typhus has so long occupied, for, though now and then in this country it may be met with, it is conspicuous on account of its rarity.

The consideration of more prevalent diseases now demands the serious attention of the novelist, though the same types of morbid phenomena existed in the past under different names.

In *Yolande*, for example, William Black has given a fairly good description of pneumonia. Yolande's mother, with her constitution undermined from long indulgence in narcotics, stands upon the balcony watching the snow-flakes, thoughtless of the cold, stinging air which is sapping her vitality. The following day she is very ill and prostrated. The doctor is summoned, and gravely shakes his head. Why do all doctors in novels "gravely shake" their heads? The fever rises higher, the patient grows gradually weaker. But there is no word of a cough or the classic "stitch in the side," or of the delirium generally accompanying the disease. "As the days passed the fever seemed to abate somewhat, but an alarming prostration supervened." That is not like a typical case, but at times pneumonia does terminate by what is technically called lysis, a gradual defervescence of the temperature in which the patient's powers of recuperation appear to be at the lowest ebb, the process of reconstruction being generally long and tedious, and phthisis very frequently supervening. The novelist does not mention the length of the sickness, but it certainly cannot be typhoid. The exposure to the chilly atmosphere, the sudden onset of the fever, the prescription of aconite, the delayed convalescence, with exacerbations of temperature, point rather to some inflammatory affection of the lungs. Moreover, pneumonia is a much more aristocratic disease than typhoid, and savors less of foul-smelling trenches, brackish water, and infected wells. But when the doctor called the following day "he would say nothing definite." Wise man! In pneumonia it is better to deal in glittering generalities.

THACKERAY'S TYPHOID.

But a greater novelist than Black, and one evidently more favorably inclined toward the medical profession, has given us symptoms of a disease pointing unmistakably to a diagnosis of typhoid fever. Thackeray, in describing the illness of Arthur Pendennis in his rooms in the Temple, says he was sick for a week, not well enough to be around, nor ill enough to be in bed, but manifesting an absolute incapacity for work. "One night he went to bed ill, and the next day awoke worse; his exertions to complete his work rendered his fever greater"; then for two days there is a gradual increase, Captain Costigan finding the patient "in a very fevered state," with rapid beating of the pulse, hot and haggard-looking face, and eyes bloodshot. After a few days more, the fever mounts higher, the patient becomes delirious, and is bled. Antiphlogistic remedies are applied, and after a few weeks the fever has disappeared, or "only returned at intervals of feeble remittence." The novelist describes the return of consciousness, the attenuated condition of the hands, the sunken eyes, the hollow voice, and the generally enfeebled condition of the patient. At last, however, Arthur "sank into a fine sleep, which lasted for about sixteen hours, at the end of which time he awoke, calling out that he was hungry." Any of our readers who have ever had the misfortune to contract typhoid can appreciate the patient's feelings when he awoke from his refreshing slumber. Then comes the gradual convalescence of about two weeks in-doors, when Arthur is taken out of town, and later goes abroad. Here is a description embodying the most salient symptoms of typhoid, given with a master-hand, no detail being lost which adds exactness to the diagnosis, and which at the same time displays the marvellous artistic power possessed by the incomparable novelist.

We may question the practicability of Dr. Goodenough's treatment with blisters and bleeding, for in this enlightened and scientific age we should put him into a bath, and, if we knew no better, administer antipyretics; but Arthur got well, and after all that is the main thing, though even in these practical days some people would rather die scientifically, under the care of their chosen physicians, than be cured unscientifically by others.

DICKENS VAGUE IN DISEASE DESCRIPTION.

In Dickens we find many of the young people passing to the "eternal bourne" unaccompanied by scientific nomenclature. It is difficult, for example, to assign a definite name for the disease of which the schoolmaster's little pupil in the *Old Curiosity Shop* died. He becomes delirious, probably from the effects of too intense application in a naturally delicate child, coupled with a predisposition toward the development of phthisis; but instead of sinking into a comatose condition, as do the majority of children who are afflicted with tubercular meningitis, he recovers sufficiently to impart useful instructions and utter touching death-bed platitudes.

Many of Dickens's youthful characters, around whose heads the halo of a serene future appears to circle even in this life, die of consumption—at least that is the nearest approach to a diagnosis offered by the vague symptoms of their diseases. Certainly in Little Nell's case no other conclusion can be drawn, and the same assurance may be give for Little Dombey's departure. Dickens was a master of character delineation, and possessed a marvellous knowledge of the varied phases of human nature, but his acquaintance with the symptomatology of disease must have been limited, for it would be impossible to accurately classify the causes of the many deaths which occur in his writings. As a contrast to the clear-cut description of typhoid fever in Arthur Pendennis, let us for a moment turn to the illness of Dick Swiveller in the *Old Curiosity Shop*, which bears many of the characteristic symptoms of the same disease. Dick had undergone considerable strain within a fortnight, and it working upon a system affected in no slight degree by the spirituous excitement of some years, proved a little too much for him." This might explain an acute exacerbation of chronic inebriety, but what follows will not bear out this explanation. "That very night Mr. Richard was seized with an alarming illness, and in twenty-four hours was stricken with a raging fever," followed by a period of unrest, then "fierce thirst," "eternal weariness," "wanderings of his mind," "wasting and consuming inch by inch," and finally came "a deep sleep, and he awoke with a sensation of most blissful rest." A description of that character would suffice for pneumonia, particularly when accompanied by the "spirituous excitement" mentioned above; but we learn from the Marchioness that he has been ill "three weeks to-morrow," that the fever has abated, his mind is clear, and he is fed with that concentration of the hygienic wisdom of the ages—tea and toast. After that Mr. Richard's appetite becomes "perfectly ravenous," and he is permitted to indulge in "two oranges and a little jelly." His convalescence is very slow, but we hear of no relapse such as should occur if oranges formed a part of his daily diet, and the disease proved to be typhoid.

"Brain fever," an indefinite term indiscriminately applied to a large and varied number of symptoms supposed to form an integral portion of diseases within the cranial cavity, is a favorite combination with many writers of fiction. During the period of unconsciousness and delirium declarations of unknown passions, either of hate, of fear, or of love, have been made, and the incoherent expressions of the patient have in many cases cleared the stage, to use a theatrical phrase, for further action. So many complications may arise during this period when the mind alone is active, favorable to the hero and heroine, that it is a favorite resort for novelists when the mass of detail becomes too weighty for explanation. An example of this disease is found in the illness of Lewsome in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. After the death of Anthony Chuzzlewit, caused, as Lewsome supposes, by drugs furnished by himself to Jonas, he falls ill, and in the height of his delirium he furnishes to his attendant, Sairy Gamp, several clues which that talkative and ubiquitous individual makes good use of in a subsequent chapter. The description of the sickness is rather vague, but apparently the author intended to delineate some disease such as meningitis. He evidently possessed an excellent constitution to have coped successfully with the many agencies combined to retard his recovery. "Talk of constitooshun!" Mrs. Gamp observed. "A person's constitooshun need be made of Bricks to stand it." "He was so wasted that it seemed as if his bones would rattle when they moved him. His cheeks were sunken, and his eyes unnaturally large. He lay back in the easy chair like one more dead than living, and rolled his languid eyes towards the door, when Mrs. Gamp appeared, as painfully as if their weight alone were burdensome to move." This description of convalescence would accurately fit a large number of diseases, but if we take the sum total of the symptoms in various chapters, we are led to the diagnosis of some acute affection of the brain, superinduced by the horror of his participation in the supposed murder of old Chuzzlewit.

Dickens was evidently not particularly fond of the medical profession, and his caricatures of its members show a bitterness not apparent when dealing with other avocations. Exceptions may be noted in favor of Allan Woodcourt, the somewhat irascible Mr. Lasberne in *Oliver Twist*, and the mild and sympathetic Mr. Chillip, who had the honor of superintending the advent of David Copperfield, and who so meekly endured Betsey Trotwood's wrath. His descriptions of various diseases would have improved had there been some mentor near by to point out his inaccuracies.

NEURASTHENIA IN GEORGE ELIOT.

The domain of mental affections has been a favorite field for the novelist's observations. Thus, George Eliot has given us a wonderful description of catalepsy in the great character of Silas Marner, true in detail, accurate in finish, the whole drawn by a master-hand. No alienist could have described the comparatively rare affection with better effect.

In *Middlemarch* she has produced, with equal attention to detail, a striking picture of delirium tremens in the illness and death of Raffles, and thought the case to be of sufficient interest to enter into some details as to its proper treatment in the hands of Dr. Lydgate. And once more, in *The Lifted*

Veil, the autobiographical sketch of an Englishman who, suffering from angina pectoris, commonly known as "neuralgia of the heart," in which the combined agonies of a hundred deaths are concentrated in a single seizure, and possessing the power of "second sight," whatever that vague term means, is a revelation of the strength possessed by George Eliot in dealing with the marvellous. Incidentally, peritonitis and the efficacy of transfusion are dealt with. Of peritonitis she writes: "In this disease the mind often remains singularly clear to the last," an assertion which is supported by medical authority.

There is something charmingly attractive to the medical mind in the writings of George Eliot, aside from the masterful power she possessed in understanding and awakening the sensibilities that lie at the very root of our nature. Indeed, it is this power of entering into the heart—the sanctum sanctorum—of her characters that makes her so intensely interesting. Her delineations of physicians are exquisite, and at the same time accurate, as to the period she describes. In *Janet's Repentance* she has given us as fine a piece of characterization in the persons of Mr. Pratt and Mr. Pilgrim—physicians of the old English school—as can be found in the whole range of literature. "Pratt was middle-sized, insinuating, and silvery-voiced; Pilgrim was tall, heavy, rough-mannered, and spluttering. . . . Pratt elegantly referred all diseases to debility, and with a proper contempt for symptomatic treatment, went to the root of the matter with port wine and bark; Pilgrim was persuaded that the evil principle in the human system was plethora, and he made war against it with cupping, blistering, and cathartics. . . . There was no very malignant rivalry between them; on the contrary, they had that sort of friendly contempt for each other which is always conducive to a good understanding between professional men. . . . The doctor's estimate, even of a confiding patient, was apt to rise and fall with the entries in the day-book; and I have known Mr. Pilgrim discover the most unexpected virtues in a patient seized with a promising illness. . . . A good inflammation fired his enthusiasm, and a lingering dropsy dissolved him into charity." Again, in the same novel there is presented, in Dempster's illness, as well-written a description of delirium tremens, supervening upon a fracture of the leg, as can be found outside of a medical work. If the sickness had developed into pneumonia, as is frequently the case in those who are habitually addicted to liquor, after an injury of that character, the picture would have been complete.

THE WHITE BLIGHT.

Novelists are rather chary of dealing with such a hackneyed and ubiquitous disease as consumption. The picturesque effects which may surround other diseases are here dissolved in the blank reality of its contagious character and prolonged suffering. There is certainly nothing attractive in viewing the thread of mortality unwinding itself in a series of hacking coughs and unconquered sweats. Yet one of our most distinguished modern novelists, W. D. Howells, has given us in his latest work, *The Landlord of Lion Head's Inn*, the history of a family all of whose members save one are afflicted with the "white blight." So vivid is the description that we can almost hear the successive coughs issuing from the pulmonary tract of the afflicted, and on many pages the reader experiences an almost irrepressible irritation in his throat, producing a desire to join in the discordant sounds. To add to the general air of depression, we are told that the family were in the habit of sitting in the parlor instead of the kitchen, from having it open so much for funerals. This is certainly the height of realism as regards disease in fiction! There are very few novelists who have the courage possessed by Mr. Howells in dealing so openly with such an unattractive phase of suffering humanity, although Beatrice Haarden, in *Ships that Pass in the Night*, has presented us with several descriptions of the disease, not of so depressing a character.

The indefiniteness of authors in offering a complication of symptoms without apparently describing a particular disease, is clearly shown by Hawthorne. The death of Dimmesdale, in *The Scarlet Letter*, is open to this objection. Poetically, we might venture to say that he died of a broken heart. The long years of restraint and repression, the constant feeling ever dominating his mind that he was acting a part, coupled with a temperament sensitive to an exalted degree, would be sufficient to develop in another acute melancholia, but to the last moment he retains his senses, and we are inclined to hold our diagnosis in reserve. In Cloverdale's illness, in *Mosses from an Old Manse*, Hawthorne has been more definite. The sharp cold, the intense fever, a "furnace in the head and heart," the delirium, the limited length of the attack, "a fortnight," and rapid convalescence, unmistakably point to pneumonia. "A doctor was sent for, who, being homœopathic, gave me as much medicine in the course of a fortnight as would have lain on the point of a needle. The homœopathic gentleman was wise beyond his generation, and, with Hippocrates, found that nature alone terminates diseases and works a cure with a few simple medicines, and often enough with no medicine at all."

It would appear, from the numerous citations we have made from many authors, as if an acute inflammatory affection of the lungs, *e. g.*, pneumonia, was far in the forefront of favorite diseases. The ease with which it may be produced, the rapid onset of the delirium permitting considerable latitude in dissipating the various misunderstandings that may have arisen, the convalescence with its opportunities for delightful *tête-à-têtes*, the slight technical knowledge required, combine to make pneumonia an attractive camping-ground.

In Marion Crawford's latest novel, *A Rose of Yesterday*, a striking description is given of the effects of fast living, with all that the term implies, and the superadded influence of opium when Henry Harmon had become *blasé* to other attractions. "Then had come strange lapses of memory, disconnected speech, even hysterical tears, following senseless anger, and then he had ceased to recognize any one, and had almost killed one of the men who took care of him, so that it was necessary to take him to an asylum, struggling like a wild beast." After a period, the exact length of which is not given, he is declared sane, and writes a coherent letter to his wife, begging forgiveness for the past and promising amends for the future. A week or so after writing the letter he dies, but his death is a mere incident in the history of the novel, and no details are given. The requirements of the story demand his death, but no information as to the manner of his departure is granted.

The son of Henry Harmon is described as being intellectually backward in his development, though physically all that a man should be. Evidently the lack of mental strength, the author would have us imply, is a result of the repeated blows which the father, in his "senseless anger," poured forth upon the head of the son. But it would be undesirable and tedious to the general reader to follow out the successive stages of reasoning upon the author's part that led him to this conclusion. The idea is rather a novel one to advance, and conspicuous for its originality, though we believe that the fact of a man's entire moral nature being changed by an operation on the brain has been utilized in current fiction.

"SEEING THE EDITOR."

BY REV. FRANCIS B. DOHERTY.

THE torch of to-day's civilization is the press. Little did the inventors of printing imagine what a great fire their little spark would kindle. Little did the *protégé* of the Archbishop of Mainz, John Gutenberg, as he perceived the first impression made from movable metal blocks, realize the impress that he had put upon the world's future. Then a new power sprang into being, when public opinion moved on at the resistless stroke of that engine whose peaceful revolutions turn the world onward in its career of progress.

The Church of Truth, ever ancient and ever new, is a wise householder, bringing forth old things and new, keeping apace with every age, and employing the means best suited to the needs of all times. "Time was," says Montalembert, "when, in the hands of the monk, the hoe was the timely implement of early European civilization." "Time is now," declares Father Hecker, "when the instrument is no longer the hoe but the press." History, in a prank, has somewhat repeated itself, for the engine of our noontide civilization is still the hoe—the latest, compound, rotary Hoe printing-press. This is the hoe which clears the ground of error; but, like the combined engines of modern husbandry, the press is also a cultivator, which not only prepares the ground, but also sows the seed for the great Harvester which will follow. The sower goes forth to sow; and, in order to compete with the latest appliances and thus secure those best results, which alone are good enough, it is of course necessary to make the best use of the best means, materially as well as spiritually; and among the means the press is paramount. The church has recognized this, and printing has become an important factor in the work of the clergy. The old orders and the new congregations are publishers, and now, instead of the slow transcribing of the patient monks, the white-winged messengers of truth are multiplied by the power press. Thus is the Dominican Rosary recited, the Jesuit Messenger sent abroad, and the Paulist publications scattered far and wide; while numerous instances of typographical enterprise appear in the religious journals, under the direction of the secular clergy and the laity. But a wider range of employment is possible in the more extended circulation of the secular press; and it is of this medium, the sole text-book of the masses, that this article would treat as a phase of the Apostolate of the Press.

Father Hecker was once impressed by observing a coachman upon the sidewalk reading a Sunday paper while his employer worshipped within the church. How many of the masses get their religion of vice from the daily sheet as it recounts its litany of crime? How many others have not felt from an inspection of some of the lurid pages of what Jeffrey Roche keenly characterizes as "the new or rather nude journalism," that much of the secular press has been given over to Satan, and that the torch of truth reeks of brimstone? Yet this murky light, which is the sole guide to many, may be employed to the extent of the good that is in it, may be purified also to the limit of our power if we realize that at all events, like a smoky lamp, the press will not improve from inattention.

Archbishop Ireland, at the Catholic University a few years ago, advised the student priests to cultivate the press. He referred particularly to the magazines and reviews, but the high light which shines in that rare atmosphere hardly reaches the multitude.

Some years ago, at least, there stood forth in Boston an old landmark among ministers, the Rev. Cyrus Bartol, an amiable and venerable figure who remained at his post in the old West Church long after the congregation had drifted away fashionwards. By some of the unregenerate ones of his flock, Dr. Bartol was playfully known as "St. Cyrus the Vague," but this was not on account of his once declaring: "I have still the largest congregation in the city, for my sermons appear in the morning papers."

The evident application of this remark may incite some one to declaim against ministers in general, and ministerial newspaper notoriety in particular; but it must be acknowledged that publicity is inseparable from the life of an active priest, and that, although relying as much as every one must upon the all-powerful operation of Grace, and while desiring for one's self that seclusion which brings tranquillity to the soul, yet the impelling needs of the people, and the command of our Lord to preach the Gospel to every creature, must urge him not to bury the coin in the napkin, nor to neglect the employment of any good means to the end of bringing in the other sheep which are not of this fold. Neither is this end entirely accomplished by co-operation with the religious press, the influence of which, though powerful, is necessarily restricted.

In San Francisco there is the able Catholic journal aptly called *The Monitor*. In hydraulic mining the pressure of an immense reservoir of water is concentrated, by a pipe of diminishing diameter, into a powerful nozzle bearing this name. The monitor, in the hands of the miner, directs the giant stream against the mass of earth; the sand is carried down by the flood, while the fine particles of gold are caught in the riffles. So with the *Monitor* newspaper, in its recent campaign against intolerance. It tore into the mountain of bigotry towering threateningly against the church. It washed away the very earthy matter of which the mass was composed. It sent the old moss-covered boulders hurling down to their own destruction, while the priests of the Coast know the number of noiseless conversions, the grains of pure gold, which were gained in consequence to the church. All this was the glorious work of the editor of the *Monitor*, Rev. Peter C. Yorke, the young David of the Pacific; but David did not slay his tens-of-thousands until, in the open arena of public controversy, he commanded the respectful attention of the entire people through the secular press. Then did Father Yorke become the power in the land that he is to-day.

The priest should be a power among the entire people, by virtue of his office. Even non-Catholics recognize this, and regard a priest in the same light as militiamen do an officer in the regular army. In small towns and cities the pastor is the recognized leading citizen, if by a spirited advocacy of what should constitute the public, moral and spiritual good, he chooses to take the position, and his greatest opportunities come through the press. An energetic pastor in the South told me that he proposed to build up his little parish, if he had to convert the rest of the town in order to do so.

"How do you stand among the non-Catholics?" I asked.

"Splendidly!" he replied. "The editors of both daily papers are personal friends of mine, and print all that I can give them."

The value of this position appeared on the occasion of the mission, when it seemed as if the entire population of the town was present.

In fact, in missionary work among Catholics, as well as among non-Catholics, a prominent place must be given to the press notices and reports of the mission; and regularly a ceremony, sometimes a solemn one, takes place—that of "seeing the editor." Easy indeed and pleasant is the visitation when the great man is introduced to the missionary as "my friend." He is always glad to get copy, and will promise as much space daily as is desired, stipulating solely that the same matter must not be given to "the other paper." This necessitates as many aspects of the subject as there are papers, but the results repay the labor. At first, one is modestly inclined to yield to the kind invitation to "just give him the points," but, after reading the article, bristling with condemned propositions, a catalogue of nearly every theological note of error from merely "offensive to pious ears" down to downright heresy, one essays to write one's own articles, thus escaping the old stereotyped platitudes about "powerful and eloquent efforts," and instead presenting the doctrine in its own simple strength, dignity, and beauty. One will not neglect to give the article an attractive title also, lest he should read with consternation, as a certain one has done, the subject of Purgatory headed the "Half-Way House," and defined to be the place where "an 'esteemed contemporary' (the rival editor) may expect to spend, in the future life, his summer vacations." One will likewise employ some careful and emphatic punctuation, or the article may look like the celebrated *Life of Lord Timothy Dexter*, with all the punctuation-marks in a heap together and all sense at sea.

Sometimes these cautions are entirely unnecessary, and an encyclopædic surprise awaits one in most modest surroundings. I remember, once, in company with the pastor, calling upon the editor of a paper published in one of the busiest mining camps in Arizona. We wanted, primarily, to get some dodgers printed for the lectures to non-Catholics, and so entered the little hut on the side of a hill where, amidst the gloom, we could discern all the disorder of a well-regulated frontier "sanctum." Stepping over a couple of dogs, and almost onto a primitive printing-press, the automatic-inking-attachment appeared, in the shape of a small boy, very black—but with ink, for the devil was not as black as he was painted. A glance about the apartment disclosed, among other furnishings, a mass of copy, transfixed to the rude table with a bowie-knife. This feature was not in the real Western spirit, which is averse to such ostentatious display, and I was not surprised when the editor, upon whom I had called to compliment incidentally upon a leader denouncing prurient literature, proved to be an Eastern man, a graduate of the Springfield *Republican*, and one who could write an editorial like the famous Sam Bowles himself. He was a newspaper man out of pure love for his profession; and if dropped upon the desert, with a font of type, I fancy that he would soon start "a journal of civilization" and circulate it upon the wind.

That pastors are successfully cultivating the editor, is evinced again by the copy before me of a country newspaper, published in the diocese of Sacramento, which contains no less than three references to the work of the Catholic pastor, including a grateful acknowledgment of the receipt from him of a copy of Father Searle's *Plain Facts;* and, also, the editor's own touching comment upon the funeral of a convert.

This event took place in an out-mission town, where there are no Catholics to mention, and, consequently, no church; so, in deference to the wishes of the friends of the deceased, and with the permission of the Right Rev. Bishop, the Catholic services were held in the Methodist church, the choir of which sang the beautiful Catholic funeral music, while the congregation, supplied with copies of the *Mass Book for non-Catholics*, responded to the English translation of the burial-service, recited by the priest. Picture to yourself these good Protestants answering the verse, "From the gate of hell," with "Deliver her soul, O Lord." *V.* "Eternal rest grant to her, O Lord." *R.* "And let perpetual light shine upon her." *V.* "May her soul, and all the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace." *R.* "Amen"—while the impressive service of the Old Church went on before them. "*Lex orandi lex credendi,*" says the theologian, and, as prayer is a way as well as a test of belief, this zealous pastor of souls, instead of building a chapel, some day, may need to make a few alterations, merely, in the matter of altars, and to put a big gilt cross over the present congregation.

So, in one way or another, the priest who cultivates the press gets at the people, and this without the sacrifice of aught which is sacred. Contact is necessary to overcome their prejudice, to win their confidence. The work is more than begun. The battle is well under way, and the great army of the church is moving upon her inveterate enemies, Ignorance and Error. As the majestic array of the great order of Melchisedec, the secular clergy, moves on in serried ranks, we skirmishers may soon stand aside, with hats in hand, cheering the charge, while we shout the signal message of victory, "We have met the editor, and he is ours!"

ELIZA ALLEN STARR, POET, ARTIST, AND TEACHER OF CHRISTIAN ART.

BY WALTER S. CLARKE.

LOVERS of art and poetry in New York are not, perhaps, as well acquainted with Eliza Allen Starr and her work as denizens of the West and South. Chicago, which has been her home for many years, is proud of her, and its people testify their pride and appreciation every week at her picturesque home, where ladies and gentlemen meet, during her lecture course, to drink in the streams of wisdom and culture that flow from her gifted intellect, with the accumulated freightage of a life blessed with lofty experiences.

For the last nineteen years Miss Starr has lectured on Christian art in this city. A prolonged stay in Europe, commenced in 1875, enabled her to study the great originals of the masters, and she brought back with her a large collection of good-sized photographs of these works, to which she has added every year fresh prints. These are displayed, during her yearly course of ten or twenty lectures, upon the walls of her lecture-room, and with these she illustrates the beauty of the masters. The photographs are large and clear, and enable the art student to study detail more readily than even the contemplation of the tall and often distant originals would. One can study the beautiful groups on Giotto's Tower in this way, while the height of the actual tower in Florence would prevent so close and instructive an inspection.

The personality and history of Miss Starr are full of interest. She was born in Deerfield, Mass., in 1824. Dr. Comfort Starr, of Ashford, County Kent, England, the founder of the family, came to Cambridge, Mass., in 1634. A son of his, Rev. Comfort Starr, D.D., was graduated from Harvard University in 1647, and was one of the five original Fellows named in the college charter, dated May 10, 1650.

On the maternal side, Miss Starr is descended from the "Allens of the Bars"—originally of Chelmford, Essex—who distinguished themselves in field and council during the colonial history of Deerfield from the time of King Philip's war.

The atmosphere of Deerfield was cultured, scholarly, and artistic, and the old Deerfield Academy, where Miss Starr received her early education, was the representative of a society well read in literature, science, and art. George Fuller, in Deerfield, was a contemporary of hers, and Greenough and Henry K. Brown, and also Washington Allston, through her intimate knowledge of his sketches as well as his finished pictures, influenced and guided her early education in art. Besides this, she breathed an atmosphere elevated and inspired by Bryant, Dana, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, and Lowell. Indeed, from her earliest girlhood she drank in an intellectual and artistic inspiration which prepared her for future work.

Although born and bred in the Unitarian faith, a sermon by Theodore Parker, at Music Hall, Boston, in 1845, disturbed the foundations of her religious faith, and a subsequent visit to Philadelphia, when she met and was influenced by Professor George Allen, of the University of Pennsylvania, a relative of hers and a Catholic, and also the renowned Archbishop Kenrick, tended to urge her towards Catholicity. The result was, that on her return to Boston she was eventually received into the Catholic Church by Bishop Fitzpatrick, and made her First Communion on Christmas morning, 1854.

Two years later she went to Chicago and began her life-work as a teacher and writer on art and artists.

In the Chicago fire of 1871 Miss Starr lost a great many valuable art treasures in the destruction of her home.

Another result of her visit to Rome and the principal cities of Italy, in 1875, was her beautiful book *Pilgrims and Shrines.* It was, however, not till 1877 that she began the course of lectures on Christian art with which her name and fame have become associated, and which have won her a place among her contemporaries as one of the most enthusiastic expounders and teachers of the beauties of Christian art.

The object of this article is more particularly to emphasize the authority and position attained by Miss Starr in this line, and to show what she is doing for the education of the people, in Christian art. A synopsis of her course of lectures, or rather a few words on her method of treatment, with occasional quotations, will be necessary. Her first lectures are on the Roman Catacombs.

She calls the Roman Campagna, "that prairie with a story of more than 2,000 years." How interesting her description of the crypt under the Vatican Hill, where the remains of St. Peter were interred by devoted brethren, and of the spot on the Campagna called the "Three Fountains," from the fact of three fountains leaping forth, as the head of St. Paul is said to have leaped thrice as it fell from the axe of the pagan headsman! And how kind of Lucina, a woman of senatorial rank, to have given a spot in her vineyard where his companions buried the martyr—now the site of the basilica of St. Paul! Miss Starr says: "Around the narrow bed of St. Paul, in the vineyard of Santa Lucina, the faithful gathered in their days of persecution, sending out *fossors,* as we now send out engineers; not, like us, to bring distant places nearer, but to elude the search of the persecutor."

"A drive along the famous Roman vias, or ways, in the first century of the Christian era, would have disclosed handsome tombs, their entrances ornamented with pictures like those of Pompeii, but turned by Nero's persecution into resting places for a patrician martyr like Agnes, an imperial Domitilla, a majestic Bibiana, a princely Cecilia, or a noble Sebastian, and heroic Lawrence, whose grandeur of faith had laughed at death and earned for them the wreaths of a sanctified immortality."

From Miss Starr's lectures it seems indisputable that these Christian cemeteries grew from the germ of a family tomb, as the catacomb of St. Priscilla. The walls of this famous catacomb are as an illuminated manuscript from which to learn the belief and practices of the first ages of Christianity.

On leaving the scene of the catacombs, Miss Starr sums up her feeling in these beautiful words:

"And as we stand a moment at the head of the long stairway and cull a few rose-buds, even in January, from the bushes that overhang the opening, we look around us to realize, for the moment at least, that under this fair campagna, under these smiling vineyards, lie, in their narrow beds, an army of the living God, whose resting places, as Leo the Great so beautifully said: 'Encircle the Eternal City with a halo of martyrdom.'"

Another of Miss Starr's most interesting lectures is "The Likeness of our Lord."

Miss Starr thinks it highly probable that one of the one hundred and twenty disciples of our Lord (possibly the gifted St. Luke) may have limned the Divine features. She states that Abgar Uscomo, King of Edessa, according to tradition, through a messenger, actually did procure a likeness. "And what need," she asks, "is there for the captious to account unauthentic that likeness which Veronica of Jerusalem received upon the many-folded mantle which, in her sublime pity, she pressed upon the blood-stained countenance of the Saviour?"

Miss Starr's chain of evidence for a true and uniform likeness of our Lord, as known and accepted by Christians from the first century down, is indissoluble and most convincing. It embraces proofs from the very walls of the catacombs to the pictures of Christian artists of later centuries, representing our Lord, all of them, after the approved model. The wine-colored hair flowing off into curls on his shoulders, the pointed beard, the beautiful oval face, and the deep, tenderly sad blue eyes, that had so much effect upon Peter when our Lord looked at him—all these points are clearly established in all the pictures of our Lord. The picture said to have been sketched by St. Peter for friends, and the Edessa likeness, those traced to St. Luke, and the wonderful mosaics containing pictures of our Lord, even down to the figure of our Saviour in "The Last Supper"—all these are woven into a complete piece of evidence for an authorized and traditional likeness by Miss Starr's treatment of this interesting topic.

The late Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo, after hearing this lecture on the Holy Face, said to Miss Starr: "Not one link is lacking in your chain of testimony."

Her next step in the course of lectures is in a valuable paper on the Byzantine period, called the Decline of Art, in which Miss Starr bridges naturally and easily the lapse between the earliest ages of Christian art and its revival by Cimabue, Duccio, and Giotto, with others. For it was Duccio and others of the Siena school, and Cimabue and Giotto, of the Florentine school, who first broke away from the severe and formal treatment of the Byzantine period, and this under the all-powerful and inspiring influence upon life, morals, and especially art, caused by the heroic and holy life of St. Francis of Assisi.

Giotto had been deeply fascinated by the life of St. Francis; it impregnated his imagination and influenced all his work. His pictures of Holy Obedience, Holy Poverty, and Holy Chastity, painted on three arches over the tomb of St. Francis;

his work at Padua, at Assisi, and especially in the Bardi Chapel in Florence, are all fine specimens of his skill.

But Miss Starr's treatment of Giotto as an architect, in his design for the Campanile of the Cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiore, is a most fascinating example of her work.

How beautifully she describes the details of this wonderful Tower in Florence! Listening to her glowing words, you see story rising upon story, each telling its own part of the history of the world in sculptured design or brilliant mosaic; for Giotto was the painter guiding the hand of the sculptor, and in every premeditated cut of the chisel he saw and pointed out the effect in blended colors, blending and softened to the eye of future ages by distance and atmosphere. With its figures of patriarchs and prophets, its symbols of all learning, sciences and arts, and virtues, it may be called the alpha and omega of the history of man, natural and supernatural, cut in enduring stone. The Very Rev. Edward Sorin, late superior-general of the Order of the Holy Cross, of Notre Dame, Indiana, when this lecture on Giotto's Tower was given there by Miss Starr, expressed its value to the world in his characteristic way:

"I have passed through Florence thirty-eight times and every time I visited Giotto's Tower, but until I heard this lecture I never knew anything about it."

From the dedication of his genius to sacred art by Giotto to the celestial and highly spiritualized art of Guido of Mugello, known to us as Fra Angelico, is but a natural step. As Miss Starr says, in the light of his great after-fame, "there is no one *now* who would say, 'What a pity Fra Angelico became a monk!'" He and his brother entered the Dominican Order to save souls. As Miss Starr said once to the writer: "Fra Angelico painted for nothing in the world but to save souls." He thus painted with the spiritual touch of the seraph, his beings were as if translated to another plane of glorified humanity, to another degree in the order of grace. The walls of the cloister of San Marco, the superb Tabernacle, painted for the Guild of Joiners, the walls and ceiling of the Capella San Brizzio, all attest the beautiful spiritual art and the gifted touch of the Angelican Friar."

From Fra Angelico, Miss Starr proceeds to tell the story of the "Three Rivals of the Year 1400"—Ghiberti, Brunelleschi, and Donatello. Ghiberti won the contest for the gate of the famous Baptistery; Brunelleschi, after a profound study of the great Pantheon, planned the dome of the cathedral, which seems to rise before the very eyes of the listener as she goes on with her description; and Donatello fills up the niches on Giotto's Tower with figures hardly less grand than their resting place.

In describing the beautiful details of Brunelleschi's dome Miss Starr is very interesting. Oh! how well she has studied and shown to the people the grandeur and beauty of these fine cathedrals, has explained the symbolical meaning, the artistic trend, the blended and harmonious suggestiveness contained in Gothic arch, groined ceiling, or massiolated turret, in niche rising over niche, and dome encircling dome!

The works of architects and sculptors like these we are speaking of—the bronze of Ghiberti, the rare glass-work of Donatello, and the mingling in endless beauty of design of Brunelleschi's stone and brick—might still be unappreciated by a preoccupied age but for interpreters like Miss Starr.

How many of us would have thoroughly appreciated Turner but for a Ruskin? How many have gazed on Giotto's Tower or Il Duomo and not understood them until interpreted by the gentle, spiritualized woman who has studied them with the breadth of a life's culture and the purity of a mind refined by faith and prayer?

Then the third rival, Donatello, so gentle, so sunny, so lovable, is treated in a lecture; the beauty of his Magdalen and other statues, and his fine reliefs, she says, rivalling the Greek art in its fidelity to life, and surpassing it from having in addition the spiritual touch of the Christian artist.

After Luca della Robbia, of a great Florentine family, is treated. Ghiberti trained him. His bas-reliefs, his groups for the grand organ, his panels on Giotto's Tower, are all instinct with life and motion. And his magnificently designed great bronze door leading into the sacristy of Santa Maria del Fiore —what a superb piece of work!

Next come the two great masters, Michael Angelo and Raphael. Michael Angelo is efficiently treated from his first work, the "Pietà," in St. Peter's Basilica, to his famous "Last Judgment," in the Sistine Chapel; while Raphael is portrayed from the very earliest artistic influences at Urbino, under the guidance of his father, Giovanni Sanzio, all through his famous Florentine work, to the frescoes, putting the climax to his fame, in the Camera della Segnatura of the Vatican, and, as Miss Starr regards it, "the inspired Sistine Madonna at Dresden."

Then the course brings us to a study of modern artists who are pervaded by the Christian spirit—to Overbeck and Millet, and the school of great German artists, almost unknown in this country but for the series of artistic Düsseldorf prints recently issued.

Following next comes the Beuron school of art, thoroughly treated by Miss Starr, which found its full blossoming at Monte Casino and a fitting commemoration in the celebration of the fourteenth anniversary of the Benedictine Order.

Finally she treats, with a sisterly hand, the American ideal school of art, represented by Washington Allston, William Story; W. K. Brown, the famous sculptor whose work New-Yorkers daily gaze on with admiration; George Fuller, who drew a fine crayon of Miss Starr when she was a maiden of twenty summers only, now in Miss Starr's home in Chicago; Harriet G. Hosmer, still using her gifted hand and mind in sculpture, besides Sarah Freeman Clark, and others.

In conclusion, it should be stated that Miss Starr's course contains eighty lectures and is most efficient and exhaustive, covering the whole history of Christian art.

It is in vain to exclude from the mind the importance and beauty of the Christian art heritage, as it is the most precious possession of civilization extant.

Imbued with deep knowledge of it from the first century to the present, with enthusiastic love of it and veneration for its spiritual lessons, learned in the motives of sanctity that inspired the brush and guided the chisel of Christian artists, devoting her life to research for new materials, Miss Starr is preeminently a teacher, an expounder and interpreter of the masters, whose authority cannot be questioned nor position assailed. In addition, her beautiful lyrics, and especially her well-known works, *Pilgrims and Shrines* and *The Three Keys*, have already found a high place in contemporary literature. We cannot help saying that all through her lectures is noted the charm of treatment, the inspiration of the subject, caught and mirrored in her own person to the audience itself. Listening to her lecture on Giotto's Tower, one is riveted by the deep, spiritual magnetism of her countenance, the kindling of her eyes over the beauty of the subject, and becomes in his turn aglow with the exalted spirit of the lecturer.

It is said night-belated pedestrians, passing her residence in the wee small hours, have seen the steady glow of the night-lamp in her studio, as she continued far into the morning the researches on her beloved theme.

She is yet vigorous in her voice and gesture, and her face shows only the deepening lines of thought and meditation, and as the years come and go, they seem to add only mellowing touches to a career which has long since attained full ripeness.

THE FRIBOURG CONGRESS.

BY REV. EDWARD A. PACE, D.D., Ph.D.,
Catholic University of America.

THE Fourth International Congress of Catholic Scientists was held at Fribourg, Switzerland, during the week August 15–21. Three years had elapsed since the third congress, and the interval had been devoted to earnest preparation by the Central Committee. Still, with memories of Paris and Brussels in mind, one could not be blamed for taking thought as to the prospects in a town which boasts a population of fourteen thousand. These or similar reflections may have hastened the arrival of many who sought knowledge in comfort; at all events, the little city was in a bustle of welcome when I reached it, August 13. Early and late the *Bureau* was thronged with visitors in quest of information, but so well had the arrangements been made that every new-comer was speedily provided with lodgings, cards of admission, and official programmes. One had then ample time to make acquaintance with the environment. A pleasant task, for, in spite of all the vicissitudes that mark its political history, Fribourg has retained its traditional hospitality. It was Maître Lescarbot, the chronicles say, who wrote of the Fribourgeoises in 1620:

> "Et comme le parler du Suisse et du Français
> Leur est familier, elles prennent le choix
> Au son du violon, de suivre la cadence
> Tantôt de l'Allemand, tantôt de notre France."

Light-heartedness is still a characteristic of the people; but on this particular occasion the two familiar languages were constantly crossed by strange accents from every country of Europe, whereat the home-folk shook their heads dubiously, while the visitors strolled on through the narrow up-and-down streets out across the great suspension bridge to the neighboring heights, whence the view sweeps from Fribourg and its setting of green hills, threaded by the greener Sarine, to the snowy peaks of the Oberland.

Some of the changes wrought by time have bettered the town. It is no longer as Cornelius Agrippa described it in 1534, "altogether lacking in scientific culture." As the site of a flourishing university, it has become the centre of Catholic activity in Switzerland; and when, on this account, it was chosen for the Congress of 1897, Dr. Sturm, the rector of the university, courageously undertook the work of organization. His success in educational lines inspired him with confidence. The growth of the university has been rapid. Though six older institutions were already in the field, the Swiss Catholics gave Fribourg their loyal support. The students who come up from the colleges have received a thorough training; and as the university can be reached in a few hours from any part of the country, distance is no hindrance. Other lands also have contributed their quota of students, so that now the attendance has reached a respectable figure. The catalogue for the spring term, or *Sommersemester*, of this year places the total at 348, of whom 301 are matriculated. Switzerland has 127 on the register, and the remaining 174 are foreigners, who come chiefly from Germany. Instruction is given by 63 teachers of various academic grades—professors, docents, and assistants. The proportion, which lovers of long division may determine, is not immeasurably far from that which exists in our own Catholic University, with 157 students and 29 instructors.

The term had closed at Fribourg before the Congress assembled, and the lecture-halls were thrown open to a larger class of older students. The university thus became the centre of attraction, and its professors spared no pains in securing the convenience of their guests. The daily schedule included sessions for each division of the Congress, public sessions in which matters of general interest were discussed, and social events which brought the members together informally.

The report submitted at the first public session by the Secretary, Monsignor Kirsch, showed a total membership of 2,600, of whom nearly 700 were present and followed the proceedings. Making due allowance for corrections that may appear in the *Compte Rendu*, we cannot say that there has been a decided gain during the past three years. It was gratifying, however, to note a larger representation from English-speaking countries than at any previous congress. America was represented by Professors Grannan, Hyvernat, Pace, De Saussure, and Shahan, of the Catholic University; Dr. Zahm, Procurator-General of the Holy Cross Congregation, and Monsignor O'Connell, formerly rector of the American College in Rome. The deputation from the British Isles was more numerous, and included professors from various institutions of learning.

In another respect, and that of prime importance, the progress was encouraging. At Fribourg 302 papers were presented as against 170 at Brussels. The obvious inference is that active participation in the work is growing, and that many who formerly were content to appear merely as subscribers or listeners had been stimulated to scientific effort.

This result alone amply justifies the movement; its full significance appears when we consider the character of the gathering, which was, in many senses, cosmopolitan. Prelates of the church, leaders in state affairs, and men who stand high in the scientific world represented the three great influences by which human thought and human action are moulded. Their presence and co-operation was a new proof of the old truth that rule, to be successful, must count upon intelligence and knowledge.

It was indeed hopeful and inspiring to see men from all parts of the civilized world united in the one purpose of learning and declaring the truth. Before a clear perception of the highest interests of religion, and of the relations which subsist between Catholic doctrine and progressive science, prejudice and national *Idola Specus* vanish as mists. On the map of such a congress no frontiers are drawn save those that divide truth from error. And the only passport required is intelligence sealed by broad sympathy.

In this frame of mind, also, the genuine savant widens out his scientific interest beyond the limits of his specialty. He is brought for the time into contact with other lines of thought and into warmer appreciation of other thinkers. At Fribourg exceptional opportunities were offered to those who desired information concerning the latest developments in all departments of knowledge. Ten "sections" barely sufficed for the wide range of subjects assigned in the official list as follows: Religious Sciences, 28; Biblical, 30; Philosophical, 51; Economic and Social, 41; Historical, 54; Philological, 24; Mathematical and Physical, 30; Biological and Medical, 9; Anthropological, 16; Archæological, 19. The distribution is by no means even, and it is particularly to be regretted that so few papers dealt with the biological problems which occupy a central position in both the scientific and the philosophic discussions of our day. It is, however, worthy of note that Philosophy and History were in the lead, and it is doubtless more than a coincidence that these two branches have been specially favored by the fostering care of Leo XIII. Their influence, in fact, was felt in nearly all the sections, and if any method of treatment predominated it was the historical. This does not, of course, imply that the Congress shirked actual questions or set its ban upon living issues. On the contrary, the most enthusiastic audiences were to be found wherever, in any section, these topics came up for discussion. The general conviction seemed to be that it is advisable to look facts in the face, and that it is just as well to help on truth by helping on science.

The long list of papers was in one way a drawback. One could not be present in all the sections, and it was difficult to make a choice. The next Congress might facilitate matters by preparing abstracts that would show the drift and gist of each paper, or at least the point of view from which each subject is handled. This plan, also, would put more life into the discussions than they can possibly have when they depend on the spur of the moment. Besides the economy of time, one's nerves would be spared the trouble of listening to well-meant remarks that are occasionally *extra formam* and *extra rem.*

As a full account of the proceedings will be published in due course, there is no need of anticipating by going into details. After all, what chiefly concerns us is the tone of the Congress and not the individual notes—except, perhaps, the key-note. This was frankly struck by the Coadjutor Bishop of Cologne, when he claimed for Catholic scientists "freedom in scientific research, freedom to lift questions of every sort out of the ruts and sift them, yet along with this freedom proper respect for the authority of the church, which is no hindrance, but rather a safeguard, to liberty." Weighty as they are, these words will surprise those only who imagine that the church blocks the way to investigation, or that she is best served by the blockers. Let us hope that the plain statement of Monsignor Schmitz will silence such misrepresentations by showing to those who are outside of the church what her real attitude is and what the duties of Catholics are in respect to the use of their intelligence. That he was literally understood no one could doubt who attended the Congress. Every subject on the list was freely discussed and divergence of opinion was rather expected. But as a rule each disputant or critic seemed to take for granted that the thinker whom he opposed was quite as anxious as himself to uphold the integrity of Catholic belief. Some even ventured the remark that a man who looks at all sides of a question and thinks for himself, as St. Thomas did, is not so easily trapped by error in disguise.

There is a popular belief on this side of the Atlantic that America leads the world, and it is, in large measure, correct. Our free institutions give a scope to individual effort that elsewhere is hedged about with restrictions. In all that depends upon mechanical inventions, or quickens the transaction of business, or ministers to comfort, we can certainly teach the Old World some lessons. Likewise, in a higher sphere, the work of our scholars commands and receives acknowledgment abroad. But we would not be Americans, in the best sense of the term, if we failed to give credit to the intellectual achievements of Europe. Complain as we may about their slowness in some things, we cannot deny their scientific advance.

The form of government does not affect this progress. It is as vigorous in imperial Germany as in republican France, in Catholic Belgium as in Protestant England. Its chief sources are the universities, which cultivate science as much for the sake of science as for the purpose of practical application; and the temper of the universities goes far towards shaping public opinion. Hence even in countries whose political *régime* is more stringent than ours, there is a tolerance for advanced thought and personal views—a scientific freedom which obviates such difficulties as have recently furnished food for comment in the circle of American universities. It may be that we have yet somewhat to learn.

At Fribourg the leading spirits were naturally university professors. Many of them came from countries where the action of the church is unfortunately hampered, and to such men the freedom which the church enjoys in America was matter for envy.

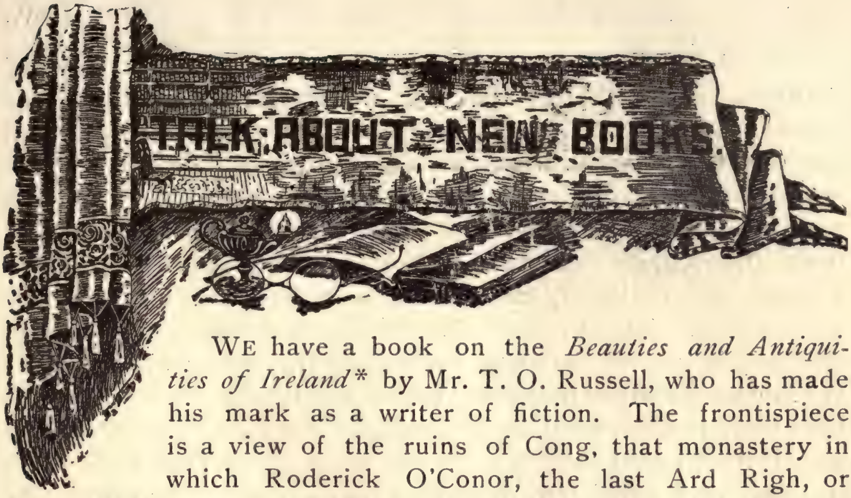
Clearer notions as to our condition were furnished by Monsignor O'Connell's lucid exposition of "A New Idea in the Life of Father Hecker." The Founder of the Congregation of St. Paul belonged to the class of men whose works live after them; and his works have been made known to the world through his biography and its French translation. In developing this "new idea," Monsignor O'Connell laid particular stress on the contrast between the spirit of pagan Rome and that of the American Constitution, as regards the source and character of human rights and human authority. Under Cæsar man as man had no rights, and such as the state granted him in his character of citizen were by no means sacred. According to our Constitution, all men are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, and among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. In pagan Rome the emperor was not only above all law; it was his will that made law. In America no man is superior to the law; for above all individuals and all changes of officials, the majesty of law is supreme.

Theoretically, the relations between church and state in this country are not altogether perfect, but practically the church is untrammelled in the exercise of her rights. Had the founders of our government established a state church, it would have been that of the majority. All things considered, the church seems to thrive at least as well in the United States as in any other country.

Such views influenced the life of Father Hecker and were the secret of his success. He was filled with that loyal devotion which Catholics in America bear to the principles on which their government is founded, and the conviction that these principles afford Catholics favorable opportunities for promoting the glory of God, the growth of the Church, and the salvation of souls in America.

Looking over the work of the Congress and its various features, one may ask, What, then, is the main utility of such gatherings? So far as communicating the outcome of research is concerned, special congresses serve the purpose. And even as regards the matters discussed at Fribourg, more definite information can be gotten from the printed papers. When all this and more has been said, it seems to me that one great benefit remains which can be procured by no other means. Catholic thinkers are scattered throughout the world, each doing his share in the cause of science and religion. In their isolation they are not aware of their strength—they act without co-operating. To unite these forces, to instil into each mind the consciousness of that union and thereby to infuse new vigor into their individual efforts—such, I take it, is the chief result of these triennial assemblies. There can be no doubt that the men who were at Fribourg went away with a better appreciation of their opportunities and with a firmer resolution to profit by them.

Predictions in such cases are unseemly; but one may confidently hope that the Congress at Munich in 1900 will be even richer in results. It is certainly desirable that America should have a larger representation. With the present trend of thought in Europe, it is not hard to correct the false impressions that are circulated in regard to our national institutions. And with the further development of our educational system, it will be easy to show our transatlantic friends that we have heeded the words of Leo XIII.: *Anteire decet Catholicos homines, non subsequi.*



TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

WE have a book on the *Beauties and Antiquities of Ireland** by Mr. T. O. Russell, who has made his mark as a writer of fiction. The frontispiece is a view of the ruins of Cong, that monastery in which Roderick O'Conor, the last Ard Righ, or King Paramount, of Ireland closed the troubles of life and reign; and turning to the chapter which describes it, we have some interesting bits of history. The abbey, whose ruins we have in the picture, is not the establishment of St. Fechin, which may have been like the others of the sixth century—a few stone churches surrounded by wooden cells for monks and scholars, great wooden halls, refectories, and chapter-house for general purposes—but it must have been, judging from the remains, one of the most beautiful specimens of the transition Gothic of the twelfth century to be found in Western Europe. It was completed under the father of Roderick, in the year 1128, and, as we have said, Roderick himself ended his days there. Mr. Russell takes Moore's view of the qualities of the unhappy monarch, but Thomas Moore was an impulsive, not a philosophical historian, and we question his ability to gauge the difficulties that environed him. From this book persons of Irish descent may learn something of the land of their fathers, and the degree of their civilization as stone and metal work will reveal them. It has been observed with truth that nowhere else is there found such a perfect fitting of antiquities to scenery, as though those ingrained artists were inspired at their work of building by the character of the scenery. Imagination expanded or revelled, became weird or awful in connection with the sky, the woods and mountains, the plains, lakes, or stretches of moorland desert, so as to become under the plastic genius of those Celts an interpreter of nature in her moods. It was poetry expressing itself in the arch, the window, the involutions of carving infinitely various. Mr. Russell has performed his work well.

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* London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

Dr. E. W. Gilliam in *Thomas Ruffin*[*] offers a view of Southern society before the war for the truth of which his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons vouches. The story is an interesting one, well worked out, and the characters life-like. There is a good deal of clever comedy in the scene between the negroes of the plantation and their master; and if we accept it as an accurate picture, Sambo must have been a pleasant creature before liberty and Northern refinement made him fit for a short time to say his prayers and the nearest tree. But this is not all that may be said of the book; the struggles of Thomas Ruffin, after the ruin of his father through foolish trust in a bank owned by friends, are very skilfully presented as a formative influence on his character. The Peales are good specimens of Quakers, reminding one of the portraiture of English Quakers in the last century of which we hear so much, and more like the rest of the world than were these in their anxiety to bend to everybody, while at the same time doing what they could to escape intercourse, except that of their own sect. They are honest people, those Peales, whereas Quakers on the other side of the Atlantic used to be considered somewhat wily. There is an Irish street-ballad of the time which puts their honesty in a questionable light:

> "My father was a Quaker,
> Although an honest man."

The reader ought to make the acquaintance of Dr. Gilliam's Quakers, for all that.

Patrins,[†] by Louise Imogen Guiney. Miss Guiney is the most fascinating of Bohemians, because her wild world is in the fancy. She lives in it with great zest, but with sound regard for the other worlds, viz., the one called county society, that old-fashioned, immensely respectable, and somewhat good-natured institution, and that known as London plutocratic society, which is rather "rapid," mixed, entertaining, and ill-natured, but bowed down to collections of diamonds and crush hats, Jews and chartered company men. She leads us away out of the beaten tracks; the leaves she drops to guide those who come after are the *Patrins*—each one glittering with diamonds as if the dew were made for ever radiant by the sun instead of taken up by his hot kiss. They are various as the shades of green in woodland undergrowth and brake; there are browns too, and the red leaves of the early fall.

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[*] Baltimore: The Friedenwald Company.

[†] Boston: Copeland & Day.

Diving into the volume, we have caught a thing of beauty impossible to be described. She calls it "An Open Letter to the Moon"; and writing to the moon as a lover, she is all sighs, all raptures, all vows, all jealousies—wayward herself as the object of her idolatry, but charming in every mood. We are more pleased with her jealousy of the "Man in the Moon" than with anything since that wanderer Odysseus so sold Polypheme. We do not care what any one says, the jealousy of this sweetest lunatic is unsurpassable for airy grace and fun. It must be hard to see in possession of the premises, as if he had a right to lean on the window-sill and look down to earth, that Falstaffian, Toby Belchian person, and this trial is not diminished by the thought that the lady is Diana. For Diana has seen a good deal of badness in her time, so she may not be quite so innocent as she looks. Smooth water runs proverbially deep. We dismiss her and her translated lover—we mean translated in the sense "Oh, Bottom, how thou art translated!"—to the reader. They are too much for us, we cannot support the burden of so much pleasure at hearing the divine rant of the translated one; and how worthy of it is the

> "Orbed maiden, with white fire laden,"

the

> "Goddess excellently bright";

the charmer at whose looking in

> "The oldest shade midst oldest trees
> Feels palpitations."

There is a leaf of the autumn on which she has inscribed the cabalistic formula, "On Teaching One's Grandmother how to Suck Eggs." How old she is, in writing her experiences on this red leaf! She is, too, as sceptical as an agnostic; for who except herself or an agnostic would decide upon the question as to the priority between the bird and the egg? One must take Mr. Herbert Spencer as an authority, since we know he stood at the cradle of heterogeneous homogeneity, and she claims to know all about it, doubtless because some spirit has led her along the stony road of the struggling ages, as well as to woods and lakes and mountains where the beauty of the earth is seated, and up to the interstellar spaces round which, like snow-flakes in the infinite, fall the myriad stars.

She has a dialogue on that clever cynic Charles II., in which she makes out Old Rowley not to be a bad sort by any means. It is excellent for its humor, appreciation of facts, shrewdness and courageous disregard for Whig stupidities. We have seldom seen a dialogue as well brought out; not a bit of labor about it. And when we say this, she has accomplished what few have done to make the old-fashioned didactic vehicle, a conversation, natural, easy, and well-informed, as if one sat with Alcibiades when no ambition moved him, or with Byron when the cruel demon of egotism was for a moment charmed, and the freshness and fun and buoyancy, the strength and richness and grace of his noble but perverted disposition poured themselves out without restraint.

A Woman of Moods,* by Mrs. Charlton Anne (Ellam Fenwicke-Allan), is a set of scenes through which the principal character moves. She says she does not write in the orthodox style; by which, we suppose, she means there is nothing of a plot, according to the rule prevailing at present in that class of composition. We can, at least, say that if her aim was to draw pictures of life connected with the fortunes of a particular character, Valeria Sabestri, she has succeeded in giving an interesting book. She has made one beautiful and noble person in Clare, a young woman externally placid, almost colorless apparently, but with force of will under her gentleness and equal to the demand of a great sacrifice at the call of an enlightened conscience. Valeria, who may be regarded as the heroine, is considered by the writer "a rare type, perhaps owing to her English-Italian parentage." She is in reality a well-bred, clever woman, impulsive enough perhaps, but capable of taking advantage, for her own settlement in life, of the self-sacrifice of Clare.

There is a good bit of satire in an opinion expressed by Hope Dorrien to Valeria at the pleasant country house in which Valeria—that is, Mrs. Villiers, for she is married to a considerable squire, Ambrose Villiers—dispenses hospitality as one of the powers in county society. Hope Dorrien is a "young authoress" whose books are criticised unfavorably by the goody-goody people; and she takes up the theme in this way: "It has been my study lately watching and finding out about these less well-bred women, who outwardly have such spotless characters, and who take it upon themselves to censure their better-born sisters *and my books!* I have discovered that in the majority of cases they are just as bad as their more aristocratic sisters, only they do not break that commandment which forbids them to be found out."

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* London: Burns & Oates; New York: Benziger Bros.

There are some passages of tragic interest, but we prefer the brighter ones, such as when Madame Sabestri, Valeria's mother, performs the operation she describes as "pulling a lady's leg." The lady was an Anglican, rather ignorant, pretentious, and under-bred notwithstanding the handle to her name, for she is a Lady Maud, and Madame, who is a Catholic, "roasts her" with the softest voice and most exquisite manners. We like the Madame; she is a bit odd, but always a thorough lady. The book is very pleasant reading.

Barbara Blomberg,* by Georg Ebers, translated from the German by Mary J. Safford. This is an historical romance of the reign of Charles V. by Georg Ebers, a man whose historical costume can always be relied upon, and it is translated by a judicious use of the language of the time which evinces an acquaintance with Elizabethan literature beyond the common. We, however, think the work marred by misrepresentation of the tone of Catholic thought concerning purity of life in a way that must be inexcusable in one who understands so much of the enthusiasm of the Catholic mind in obedience to the claims of duty. He has taken his estimate of Catholic morality from Goethe, forgetting that the creator of "Faust" is more cynical even than the author of "Don Juan." The gross scenes of the latter work are not its main evil, shameless though they are, but it is the disposition which Byron manifests to kill in himself, the moment he discovers it, every generous and virtuous sentiment and impulse. In "Faust" the problem seems to be the hopelessness of resistance to the powers, whatever they are, that beset conscientious life apart from the exercise of the intellectual faculties. It is a hideous philosophy, bearing fruit in the political and social fires that are active in Germany under the crust of a militarism whose end is rapidly approaching. The order that reigns there is that of Rome before the revolt of pretorians. When the socialists and anarchists invade the camp, as they will do hand-in-hand, the empire of blood and iron will pass like a vision of the night, or rather Europe will be relieved from the nightmare that now oppresses it. Men like Ebers are so tainted with the idea that religion is only a sort of police, they are so convinced that morality has no higher sanction than that of social utility, and that even religion itself is only an expression of social order, that they poison minds more effectually than the grosser panders to depraved taste can do it. The very foulness of the latter may act as an antidote in the case of fairly healthy minds. We hope we shall see no more of such German estimates of Catholic purity for the future, no more than we shall be subjected to the influence of German manners and German absolutism.

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* New York: D. Appleton & Company.

*Memoirs of the Crimea,** by Sister Mary Aloysius, is a narrative of the services rendered by the Sisters of Mercy to the sick and wounded soldiers during the Crimean War. Two of the nuns sleep on the heights of Balaklava; the writer of the little book before us is the sole survivor of the band that went out from Ireland. She is now a very aged woman, but notwithstanding the infirmities of age, she has yielded to the solicitations of friends and given her experiences in hospital nursing and ministrations to the wounded during a campaign in which great battles were fought, and which was marked by exceptional sickness and loss of life, owing to the incompetency and corruption of the British commissariat. Sister Aloysius, in her gentle and graphic picture of the work done by the sisters, makes no reference to the disgraceful system, or want of system, which caused such havoc among the troops; but we are bound to refer to it, bound also to refer to the convenient policy which applied for the services of the nuns and the thankless bigotry that afterwards ignored them. However, we are delighted to say that her Majesty the Queen has been pleased to confer the Red Cross on Sister Mary Aloysius, and that too without requiring her to travel all the way from the Convent of Mercy, Gort, County Galway, to Windsor to receive it. Most touching indeed is this recognition after forty years. Most gracious is the consideration that sent the Red Cross when it was quite impossible Sister Mary Aloysius could travel to receive it. A journey from Gort to Dublin even, much less to London and Windsor, would tax the strength of a man in the prime of life. All is well that ends well.

This volume is very interesting indeed; and not the least interesting impression is that forced upon one by the unconscious testimony to Protestant prejudice and ignorance it displays. It may be, however, that special knowledge enables us not merely to read between but below the lines. But this we can say, all that we know from the time and since, Dr. Manning, afterwards the great cardinal, predicted to the sisters in his beautiful letter. He prepared them for much of what they would have to bear, but even his sagacity could not foresee the contrast in treatment given to Miss Florence Nightingale and the incessant praise lavished upon her, and the contempt shown or grudging acknowledgment yielded to the nuns at the time, and the dead silence in regard to their services since, until the other day.

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* New York: Benziger Brothers.

First Lessons in Our Country's History * comes before us as a revised edition. The compiler is Mr. William Swinton, the "author of *School* (*sic*) *History of the United States*, *Outlines of the World's History*, *History of the Army of the Potomac*." The book was suggested by "the extension of the study of United States history into the lower grades of our schools." The labor of compiling a history for the use of the very young, if conscientiously pursued, is no slight one. Matters of fact must be stated in a way to catch the attention, judgments upon them must be candid as well as sound. We cannot quite approve of his treatment of the period before the Revolutionary War, but we think, with the exception of a gratuitously offensive estimate of the character of the unfortunate James II., he has shown, upon the whole, a desire to be impartial, but has not quite succeeded. The reference to religious liberty in Maryland before it was dreamt of anywhere else is cold. Of course we could hardly expect the views on the conflicts between the early settlers and the Indians would be quite just. Unconsciously men think that savage races have no rights against civilized spoilers; they would deny that they think so, but the notion is an unconscious premise governing their views. The illustrations throughout the little work are helpful.

Marion J. Brunowe's daintily bound *brochure*, *A Famous Convent School*, published by the Meany Co., New York, has escaped our previous mention. It is impossible within the necessary limitations of the history of such an institution to do more than shadow forth the spirit which has endeared Mount St. Vincent to so many noble women of our day. But we are glad to know that the merest summary of names and events which cluster around this foundation will, by that subtle law of association which is even more powerful for good than for evil, bring a breath of mental and moral fresh air into the crowded lives of many who owe to the teaching there received the purpose and the hope, the "faith in something and enthusiasm for something," which has made them "worth looking at."

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* New York: American Book Company.

I.—THE EUCHARISTIC CHRIST.

The Eucharistic Christ,* by Rev. A. Tesnière, priest of the Congregation of the Blessed Sacrament, has been admirably translated by Mrs. Anne R. Bennett-Gladstone. It is impossible to praise too highly this work, in which we have a history of the foundation and progress of the congregation of priests formed by Father Eymard for diffusing and maintaining an intelligent devotion to this sublime mystery. As one would expect, the advancement of the society in the thirty years since it was founded is marvellous. There are two branches in the institute, the Confraternity of Priest-Adorers and the Aggregation of Lay-Adorers. The first have the duty of spending at least an hour weekly in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament, that they may draw that fervor which should be manifested in their works of zeal. The members of the Aggregation of Lay-Adorers spend one hour monthly in adoration.

The book before us is the first of the many works published in the interest of the confraternity that has been translated into English. As we have said, it has been well done. The Introduction contains practical considerations upon the adoration of the Most Holy Sacrament, divided under headings that express various relations of the devotion with a depth and beauty which reveal Father Tesnière's spiritual insight with remarkable clearness. In this part we have his interpreter rendering him into clear and forcible English. The first relation we meet with is that to our Lord Himself, the next is that of the adoration in relation to ourselves, and the third in relation to our neighbor. These relations form the first part of the Introduction, and we next have the second part, which tells the method of adoration by means of the four ends of the Sacrifice. Under the title "The Object and the End of the Adoration," these practical considerations are grouped; so we possess at once a logical relation of the divisions, both to the Lord Himself and to mankind, beautifully illustrating the great truth that the operations of God in the supernatural order are parallel with his operations in the moral and physical orders.

The conception of self-effacement on which the Congregation is framed may have been the idea which caused Pius IX. of happy memory to say in answer to the founder's petition, "I am convinced that this thought comes from God. The church has need of it. Let every means be taken to spread a knowledge of the Holy Eucharist." The priests who constitute the Society of the Blessed Sacrament enter it to immolate their personality to the service of the Lord, to procure for him the greatest possible glory by the homage of a love, says Father Eymard, "which will reach as readily to the heroism of sacrifice as to the simplest and most natural act of duty." That is, the priest does not become a member of the society "in order to become virtuous." But this language, though strange, means that if he did so, he himself would be the first object of his service. It is not to obtain a higher glory in heaven that he joins it, but that the praise and merit shall go to his Master. As Father Eymard finely says: "The soldier gains the victory and dies; the king alone triumphs and obtains the glory." This is the spirit of the association, a protest against the materialism of the age, against the ambition which is found even in religious bodies—a spirit tender, strong, brave, and loyal as the spirit of the Ages of Faith.

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* New York: Benziger Brothers.

2.—THE COMMANDMENTS EXPLAINED.*

The issuing of two interesting and practical explanations of the Commandments indicates a demand for more minute directions in regard to conduct. The enlightened conscience requires minute specifications in regard to its duties. In daily life, no matter in what sphere one moves, whether it be simply in the limited round of home duties or out in the activities of the business world, numerous questions arise almost every hour in regard to the proper thing to do. These questions are not merely questions of etiquette, but deep ethical questions of right and wrong, often involving the observance of grave obligations. A tender conscience, unless it be enlightened and be quick in its decisions, will often be worried as to what to do. A demand for more minute instruction on the practical rules of life indicates a development of conscience that is one of the most hopeful signs of the future.

We have had no complete manuals of moral theology in English, and the explanation of ethical principles has been left very largely to the pulpit. It is quite true that the clergy are becoming more and more alive to the fact that the spiritual food the people crave is not given to them in the grand sermon after the French method, but rather in homely catechetical instructions where the explanation of conduct can be entered into discreetly and thoroughly. Father Devine's book is the more complete of these two volumes, and therefore the more valuable. Certainly it is such for priests, and we scarcely see how a priest who does a great deal of catechetical instruction on moral duties can be without some such exhaustive manual in the vernacular, and at the same time one so eminently up to date and practical that it quotes as authorities the latest instructions to bishops and discusses such modern questions as hypnotism and the many difficult problems of justice created by our modern life.

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* *The Commandments Explained, according to the Teaching and Doctrine of the Catholic Church.* By Rev. Arthur Devine, Passionist, author of *The Creed Explained*, *Convent Life*, etc.—*Illustrated Explanation of the Commandments.* A thorough Exposition of the Commandments of God and of the Church. Adapted from the original of H. Rolfus, D.D. With numerous examples from Scripture, the Holy Fathers, etc., and a Practice and Reflection on each Commandment, by Very Rev. F. Girardey, C.SS.R. With full-page illustrations. New York: Benziger Brothers.

While Father Devine's book is written for the laity as well as the clergy, Father Girardey's seems to have the people principally in view, and as a popular manual is of special value.

3.—THE SUNDAY OBLIGATION.*

In the face of the open irreligion that characterizes the lives of many in this country the observance of the Sunday has become more than merely the keeping of the law of the church; it amounts very often to a practical profession of one's faith. Where the Sunday is observed with strictness, opportunity is given for the fostering of the religious sentiment. This strictness, however, must be a rational strictness, coming from a true understanding of the nature of Sunday, the character of the day, and whence the obligation arises. No other question of practical ethics, the temperance question perchance excepted, has been placed before the American public with more diverse interpretations than the observance of Sunday. And because the setting aside of one day in seven for the worship of God is so eminently practical, a correct understanding of the obligation of the observance of Sunday is exceedingly important. Father Roche's little book is a handy manual, vouched for in its theological accuracy by Father Dissez, of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore.

4.—THE STORY OF MARY AIKENHEAD.†

A unique book in the way of a religious biography is the Story of Mary Aikenhead.

Time was when one of the commonest objections to the reading of the lives of saints and holy people was, that they were too dry and that there was too much of a sameness about them. Catholic biographers of saints' lives in these days, however, can no longer have such a criticism made upon their work. There is a naturalness and genuineness about their books now that make the reading of them far more pleasing than that of the unrealities of fiction and romance.

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* *The Obligation of Hearing Mass on Sundays and Holydays.* By Rev. J. T. Roche, author of *Month of St. Joseph for People in the World.* Baltimore, Md.: John Murphy & Co.

† *The Story of Mary Aikenhead, Foundress of the Irish Sisters of Charity.* By Maria Nethercott. New York: Benziger Brothers.

This little book of Maria Nethercott's is a bright specimen of its kind. Her story of a very holy and useful life is told with charming freshness of style and fascination of description.

Mary Aikenhead's life was spent in Ireland, during the period when the fierce oppression of the penal days had dwindled down to the petty persecutions and annoying, trivial harassments of Protestant prejudice and hatred of things Catholic. She was brought up in the midst of this in her native town of Cork, but was able to rise above it and escape unharmed from its influence only by the sterling qualities of her nature assisted by grace. According to the custom of her time, she was placed as an infant in charge of a peasant woman, and allowed to grow up with her until her sixth year. It was due to this early training that she was a Catholic, for her father, a doctor of some repute in that part of the country, belonged to the Established Church. Mary's nurse had her surreptitiously baptized a Catholic in her infancy, and instilled the early lessons of her religion into her young mind so deeply that in her eighteenth year, in spite of the powerful influences of her Protestant relatives, Mary's inward conviction of the truth of these early teachings asserted itself and she sought of her own accord admission into the church and was confirmed a Catholic. Her life from this time on is a sweet story of womanly virtue and heroism. She felt attracted to the religious life, but could not find sufficient active charity in the orders then existing in Ireland to satisfy her desires. The idea of establishing the daughters of St. Vincent de Paul, to supply such a need of helping the poor and the sick as she recognized, grew up in her own mind and in that of the good Bishop of Cork, Dr. Moylan, almost simultaneously, and it needed but a favorable opportunity to bring it to fruition. It was not Mary's choice, however, that made her the organizer of such a plan, but it was due to the express wish of the bishop that a foundation was actually begun and successfully carried on within a short time.

Her life as a foundress and a superior is a delightful story, so much of her native charm and versatility shows through it under all the deep religiousness—a religiousness that never verged into mere cant or sentimentality. "Those who did careless or stupid things, with the idea that they were cultivating piety, were her special aversion," says her biographer. "'We want young women who have sense and know how to use it,' she used to say. 'I don't like people who always look down,' she said on one occasion to a lay sister who had charge of the halls and parlors. 'Look up, child,' pointing to the ceiling, from which a large cobweb hung. 'And now, my child,' added the reverend mother, 'if you looked up more to the heavens, you would do your work in a more perfect way for God.'" The quick, witty sally of the Irish tongue was never wanting in her as a medium of giving an advice or administering a reproof which might under other language have contained a sting. "You would carry a doctor about in one pocket and a priest in another," she said once to a fussy, nervous sister whom she wished to reprove for over-anxiety and worry about her patients.

An interesting fact about the life of these first Sisters of Charity in Ireland is that among their number was the sister of Gerald Griffin, who was, it is said, the occasion of his world-famed poem on "The Sister of Charity."

5.—A NEW BOOK OF SERMONS.*

Father McGowan, while stationed at St. Augustine's Church, Philadelphia, attained quite a reputation as a preacher. For this reason we are led naturally to expect in these two volumes a very choice selection of sermon matter. The translated sermons are from Billot, Perrin, and St. Thomas of Villanova, and many of the clergy will esteem it no small advantage to have the best discourses of such masters of pulpit eloquence put in near-at-hand volumes so they may be adapted to present-day needs.

The best sermon books are not the ones which contain sermons that are completely and rhetorically written out from text to peroration, but rather the ones which are suggestive of ideas and provocative of thought. The luminous sermons of the masters or the deep discourses of the saints are the ones which will be most thoroughly studied as models, and most generally used as aids to practical preaching.

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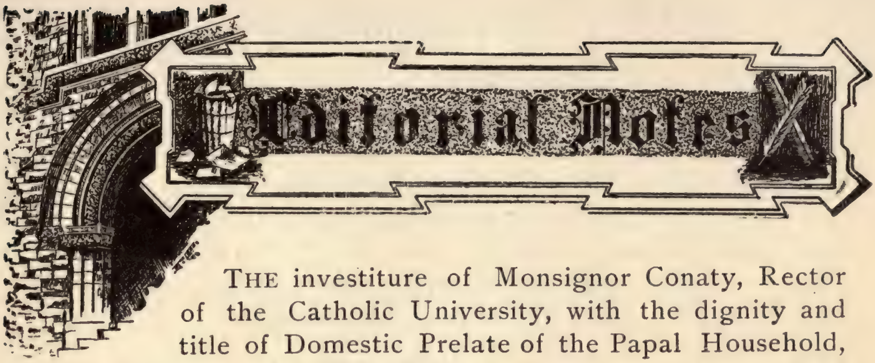
* *Sermons for the Holydays and Feasts of Our Lord, the Blessed Virgin, and the Saints.* With Discourses for Particular Devotions, and a Short Retreat for a Young Men's Sodality. Edited, and in part written, by Rev. Francis X. McGowan, O.S.A. 2 vols. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet.



Editorial Notes

THE investiture of Monsignor Conaty, Rector of the Catholic University, with the dignity and title of Domestic Prelate of the Papal Household, is a new mark of the Holy Father's interest in the work of the University, and a distinct approbation of the character of Dr. Conaty's priestly work. Had Dr. Conaty been merely a time-server or a dinner-giver or a sail-trimmer, he would have been unworthy of his distinguished position; but he was a man of principle, doing the right as he conceived it, and courageous in following out a positive policy which he had defined for himself. Because of this he grew in moral and intellectual stature, and when a man was needed to fill an important place he was the unanimous choice. His future successes as Rector of the University wil further demonstrate the wisdom of his election.

All who have had any experience in teaching catechism strongly urge the revision of the present hastily prepared and too quickly approved manual for use in Sunday-schools. A model catechism should be simple, adapted to the minds of children, logical, so that it may expand into larger manuals and still retain its unbroken symmetry. It should, moreover, be profuse in its use of and reference to Scripture texts.

It has been said that the astutest enemy of the church is not the one who vilifies her, but the one who ignores her. This was strikingly manifested at the St. Augustine celebration at Ebbs-Fleet, in England. The reporter, with pencil and note-book in hand, was notably in evidence at the celebration, but there was scarcely anything published. It would be too strong an argument in favor of the Roman origin of the Anglican Church to put such an event too plainly before the people. The shrewder policy was to ignore, hence the waste-basket and not the public got the accounts.

The Rosary is the greatest missionary weapon. The Holy Father, with a persistency born of an unbounded conviction in its efficacy, again urges us to make use of it. To prayer, as well as to missionary zeal, is due the wonderful success attained by the non-Catholic mission movement in this country. Bishop Maes, in a late pastoral, places the number of conversions from Protestantism to the church in this country at 700,000, and Cardinal Gibbons estimates the yearly influx at 30,000. The Rosary is doing its work among modern irreligionists as effectually as it did among the ancient Albigensians.

Among other things, the Fribourg Scientific Congress affirmed the need of a reverent freedom in scientific research. The following statement from the Coadjutor Bishop of Cologne was the key-note of the gathering. He claimed for the members "freedom in scientific research, freedom to lift questions of every sort out of the ruts and sift them, yet along with this freedom proper respect for the authority of the church, which is no hindrance, but rather a safeguard, to liberty." This claim was literally interpreted, showing that Catholic scientific men understand thoroughly their liberty in scientific matters. In this is found the best answer to the statements of the enemy.

There seems to be a general stirring among church-workers in regard to organizations for boys. Father Heffernan sounded the note of awakening by his article on "Our Boys" in the August number of this magazine. The article attracted a great deal of attention.

The *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* is now adding a new department, which will be edited exclusively in the interest of boys, and the National Temperance organization, as the result of the deliberations of the Convention at Scranton last summer, is organizing Juvenile Total Abstinence societies throughout various dioceses. There is no movement which has in it so much hope for the future as this one.

AUTHENTIC SKETCHES OF LIVING CATHOLIC AUTHORS.

JOHN JEROME ROONEY is one of the more brilliant of our young American writers, gifted to an unusual degree with both the poetic fire and a high literary taste. He was born thirty-two years ago in Binghamton, N. Y., but his early home life was associated with the Quaker City on the Delaware. His father dying while he was quite young, his education was directed by his uncle, Bishop Shanahan, of Harrisburg. At the age of twelve he was sent to Mount St. Mary's College and there grew up amid healthful surroundings and in a scholarly atmosphere. Though naturally very bright, he did not disdain to perfect his talents by assiduity to study. He won many class honors, including the Dr. McSweeny Special Gold Prize for Metaphysics.

Still his particular aptitude was for poetry and literary pursuits, and he did not a little in this line while at college, and after he was graduated he accepted a position on the staff of the Philadelphia *Record* and for five years did newspaper work of all kinds. He is now at the head of a large customs brokerage in New York.

Though the exactions of business life in New York are severe, yet Mr. Rooney has found time to cultivate the muse, and has contributed to our leading periodicals many stirring poems as occasion has called them forth, and not only is it the patriotic sentiment that inspires his genius, but the sweet, the quiet, the beautiful in nature and art have stirred his heart and given being to some of his best poems.

Mr. Rooney is content to wait till the passing years bring their ripest fruit before he publishes in collected form his many fugitive verses. Still, what he has already done has brought to him an enviable name and a literary reputation that any young man might well be proud of.

MISS J. GERTRUDE MENARD is a resident of Woburn, Mass., in which town she was born and received her education. Her early literary attempts were, like so many youthful writers, in the poetic strain, her first production appearing when she was a school-girl in the Boston *Weekly Traveller*, then a paper of high literary standing, its literary department being under the supervision of Miss Lillian Whiting. Since then she has written prose stories and sketches for numerous magazines and papers, and was connected for a time with a daily local publication.

Miss Menard is of Irish and Canadian parentage, her father being a native of the picturesque town of Chambly Basin, P. Q. Frequent visits to Canada interested her in the country, and perhaps her best work has been her stories and descriptions of this northern land.

In conjunction with her sister, who has become known as a musical composer, she published some time ago a little book of songs for kindergarten schools, and has also written the words of several songs which have been set to music by the same lady, and which are produced by the Boston house of Oliver Ditson & Co.

Miss J. Gertrude Menard.

Miss Menard is one of the contributors to the volume called *Immortelles of Catholic Columbian Literature* recently published by Mother M. Seraphine, of the order of Ursuline Nuns of New York City, in which appear a poem entitled "The Bells of St. Anne" and a sketch descriptive of a Canadian market-day. She is still engaged in literary pursuits, is a member of the New England Woman's Press Association, and looks forward to the future for the realization of higher aims in her chosen field of work.

Margaret M. Halvey is of Irish birth, though her best work has been done in this country. She now claims Philadelphia as her home and the sphere of her labors.

Her mother took care of her early education, and, unlike so many others who are permitted to drop into the great modern educational machine to be turned out a manufactured and labelled mediocrity, she was trained in particular lines and her literary talents developed. At a singularly early age she developed a taste for rhyming, and these early effusions found their way into print; but later on in life she utilized these talents to some purpose by penning some stirring national poems which breathe all the traditional Irish hatred of English tyranny.

MARGARET M. HALVEY.

Her work apart from its literary side has been largely socialistic in the best sense—the development of the home idea among the laboring classes, the amelioration of the condition of the masses. In furtherance of these purposes she accepted a place on the Board of Lady Managers of the World's Columbian Exhibition for the State of Pennsylvania, and was enabled to place before the public many excellent models which did not a little to uplift standards. The Philadelphia *Working-man's Home* at the World's Fair was her suggestion, and as an object lesson of thrift, economy, industry, seclusion, and privacy of home life, as opposed to the paying rents, owning nothing, and casting aside of home virtue system of the modern great city, it had a wonderfully powerful effect on the visiting throngs.

Mrs. Halvey does not permit her able pen to be inactive. Amid the cares of a busy life she is constantly publishing, and much of her work ranks very high from a literary point of view.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

THE Champlain Assembly has given inspiration to many progressive ideas, but none seems to offer greater scope of activity than the latest plan of forming an Alumnæ Auxiliary Association.

Friends of the Summer-School, realizing the interest taken in it by the Catholic Women of America, felt that the proverb "In unity there is strength" could find a most powerful application among them. During the last week of the recent session the announcement was made that there would be a meeting of all those interested in the inauguration of such an association. The number that responded to the invitation was most encouraging.

Rev. M. J. Lavelle, President of the Summer-School, presided and stated the object of the organization. Rev. Thomas McMillan, Chairman of the Board of Studies, and Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, of Altoona, Pa., assured those present of their co-operation in such a movement. Miss K. G. Broderick, of New York City, Miss Cronyn, of Buffalo, and many others also gave assurance of their hearty support. Mr. W. E. Mosher, of Youngstown, O., showed the practical way by which the association could be an auxiliary to the work. He suggested that the funds raised be devoted to the endowment of lecture courses to be given annually at Cliff Haven, the home of the Summer-School. This suggestion met the approval of all. Rev. J. P. Kiernan, of Rochester, voiced the sentiment of those present by his enthusiastic address in favor of Mr. Mosher's plan.

A committee was at once appointed to draw up a short constitution. The following were appointed on this committee:

Miss Helena T. Goessmann, Amherst, Mass.; Miss Elizabeth Cronyn, Buffalo; Miss Olivia J. Hall, New York City; Miss Agnes Wallace, New York City; Miss Fannie Lynch, New Haven, Conn.; Miss Gertrude McIntyre, Philadelphia. At the next meeting the committee submitted the following report for adoption

Resolved: 1. That the Alumnæ Auxiliary Association of the Catholic Summer-School of America be composed of the graduates of convent schools, colleges, academies, high and normal schools; also all professional teachers, and such persons as the Executive Board shall approve.

2. That the initiation fee be one dollar. This fee to form the basis of a fund for the endowment of chairs at the Champlain Summer-School.

3. That the yearly dues be fifty cents.

4. That there be six officers: a president, three vice-presidents, a general secretary, and a treasurer. Also, that there be for the current year seven directors. All to form a body to be known as the Executive Board of the Alumnæ Auxiliary Association.

5. That the Board of Officers and Directors meet twice a year: the last week of December, and at Cliff Haven during the first week of August.

Letters inviting the co-operation of those interested in Catholic education are shortly to be issued, and delegates have been appointed in various cities whose duty it will be to further the object of the association. Application for membership or for further information should be addressed to the secretary, Miss Mary Burke, Ozanam Reading Circle, 415 West 59th Street, New York City, or to the treasurer, Miss Gertrude McIntyre, 1811 Thompson Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The officers elected were as follows: Moderator, Rev. James P. Kiernan, Rochester, N. Y.; President, Miss Helena T. Goessmann, Amherst, Mass.; 1st Vice-President, Miss Elizabeth Cronyn, Buffalo, N. Y.; 2d Vice-President, Miss Ella McMahon, Boston, Mass.; 3d Vice-President, Miss Mary Rourke, New York City; Secretary, Miss Mary Burke, New York City; Treasurer, Miss Gertrude McIntyre, Philadelphia, Pa. Directors—Miss Agnes Wallace, New York City; Mrs. C. H. Bonesteel, Plattsburgh, N. Y.; Miss Cecilia Yawman, Rochester, N. Y.; Miss Anna Murray, New York City; Miss Mary C. Clare, Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss Anna Mitchell, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss Fannie Lynch, New Haven, Conn.

* * *

The adjourned annual meeting of the trustees of the Champlain Summer-School was held on Thursday, September 23, in the board-room of the Catholic Club.

The reports of the session were all presented and discussed. It was found that the results of this year had been satisfactory in every way, except that the finances are not yet in perfect condition. It is necessary to devise some plan which will provide revenue sufficient to pay all the current expenses of each year. When this has been accomplished, the work of constructing, so to speak, the Summer-School will be at an end. The general interest is now well aroused, the attendance is secure, and the comfort of the people is also well provided for.

The president's report was received with marked attention, and its provisions and recommendations were unanimously agreed to. Monsignor Conaty and Major Byrne were appointed a committee to devise, in conjunction with the chair, the financial scheme which will complete the work of organization.

The officers for the ensuing year are: The Rev. M. J. Lavelle, President; the Rev. J. F. Loughlin, Vice-President; Major John Byrne, Second Vice-President; Warren E. Mosher, Secretary; the Rev. John F. Mullany, Treasurer.

The president strongly urged the plan of getting members in large numbers who would agree to pay ten dollars annually in advance for a ticket that would entitle the holder to attend the entire course of lectures at the session of 1898. By payment of this money at once the friends of the Summer-School could remove the anxiety regarding the financial problem.

* * *

Even during her vacation-time Mrs. Margaret F. Sullivan felt obliged to assist in spreading correct information. Her rank in journalism is second to none in the broad and accurate range of her knowledge. In the following letter, sent to the New York *Sun*, she mentions some topics that might be profitably discussed at length by members of Reading Circles:

A Washington telegram announced recently that ground would soon be broken near the Roman Catholic University, Washington, for the first Catholic college for women. It is to be managed by the Sisters of Notre Dame, under the auspices of the university. The first building will accommodate one hundred boarders. Students must be at least eighteen years of age and have completed an academic course. They will be required to present satisfactory evidence of good character and good health. The new institution is to be known as Trinity College, and it will be opened, it is said, next year.

"This departure," runs the dispatch, "from the usual conservative methods of Roman Catholic education is expected to cause unfavorable comment in some quarters." In what quarters? Why speak of the new Trinity College as "a departure from conservative methods of Roman Catholic education?" Is that "a departure" which is a return to the rule under the church in Italy from the thirteenth century until the universities ceased to be in its exclusive control?

It is a common error to suppose that the comparatively recent opening of some universities to women is a nineteenth century innovation. Mrs. Browning writes in "Aurora Leigh":

> "In the first onrush of life's chariot wheels
> We know not if the forests move or we."

Some years ago I had the honor to write for THE CATHOLIC WORLD magazine a sketch of the higher opportunities afforded women in earlier times in older countries than ours. Subsequently there appeared elsewhere a circumstantial account of learned women of Bologna, by an Italian writer, who recited with considerable fulness the story of women's connection with the departments of law, science, medicine, and philosophy in that ancient and famous university, prior and subsequent to the Reformation. It would give me great pleasure to quote particularly the picturesque description of the dazzling scene of the public crowning of Laura Bassi, when the degree of doctor of laws was conferred upon her by the ecclesiastical and civic authorities after she had completed the customary examinations and withstood the severest tests. The citizens combined with the university government to render the occasion one of beauty and splendor heightened by southern enthusiasm. The after-career of Laura Bassi, Doctor of Laws, is not of a kind to make the conservative timid about the domestic effects of the higher education of women. Nor was Bologna the only university city of the middle ages to confer degrees upon women. Shakspere's Portia need not be deemed merely the figment of a poet's imagination. It would be easy to cite testimony; but I am writing away from home, at a sea-shore summer village, without access to books or other materials, relying on unaided memory for a few suggestive references.

A correct clue to learned women of Bologna may be found in Poole's *Index to Periodical Literature*, under "Women in the Middle Ages." Copious information against the idea that the new Trinity College is "a departure" is presented in *Christian Schools and Scholars*, by Mother Drane, of Stone, Staffordshire, England. The French historian and critic, Demogeot, in his estimate of Italian literature, is another witness to the breadth of women's education under the conservative methods of the church in mediæval Italy.

The life, education, aims, and precepts of venerable Sophie Madeleine Barat, of France, foundress of the Community of the Sacred Heart, refute the error that the New Trinity College is "a departure" from conservative Catholic ideas.

Those ideas were superbly set forth by Sir Thomas More, when he employed the eminent Dutch classical scholar, Erasmus, to teach in his household, the members thereof and some companions of both sexes receiving identical instruction. How great the contrast between the unnatural conduct of the untaught daughters of John Milton, the flower of Puritanism, and the noble womanliness of the thoroughly taught daughter of the martyred chancellor!

A number of the collegiate foundations at Oxford and Cambridge were made by Englishwomen of wealth, who were at least passively accessory to the exclusion of women from the universities of England when those of Italy were freely opened to all qualified candidates. Victoria, regina, imperatrix, for sixty years has reigned, but Parliament has governed. As abolition of sect-tests for admission to the universities is one of the parliamentary glories of her era, thanks chiefly to Mr. Gladstone; a word from her lips at this supreme hour would insert abolition of sex-tests in the statutes of the realm as a monumental jewel of the diamond jubilee, assuring her in history a sovereign distinction above any belonging to her queenly predecessors.

Judging by the cogent and lucid contribution by his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, in the *Century Magazine* several years ago, on the subject of women physicians, we ought to expect the early opening of a medical department in the new Trinity, which, in all its departments, will be cordially and effectually supported by the American hierarchy and clergy, a collective body whose renown for aspiration and achievement is coextensive with civilization in the Old as in the New World.

That body has devoted itself hitherto, with the co-operation of thousands of trained men and women, a heroic army of voluntary teachers, mainly to the indispensable—for the many—primary and secondary instruction, waiting in fortitude and hope for the means and the time to arrive for higher education, which, in all countries, in every age, has necessarily been the privilege of the comparatively few. Fortunately for all, Gwendolen Caldwell, foundress of the Catholic University of America, has not perpetuated an English precedent on American soil. The new Trinity will inspire and reward the magnificent work being done all over the country by numerous admirable conventual academies.

In affiliating a woman's college the Catholic University of America, founded by a woman, commits no "departure." It restores the too-long suspended rights of Catholic women, according to the ancient ideals and the most conservative and authentic standard. The new Trinity only emphasizes a trend approved by experience and sanctioned by the most advanced thought in higher education in all advancing countries—that academic and collegiate training for youth should be co-ordinate, but, for greater convenience and prudence, in separate institutions, when so preferred by parents; and that university privileges, honors and emolument, direct and indirect, should be open, in secular culture, to men and women on equal conditions.

Women will continue to go to Vassar, to Barnard, to Radcliffe, to the various State colleges open to them, as they will commence next year to go to the new Trinity; but the university to be approved by the head and heart of the future will be of the type of one of the oldest, Bologna, and of the youngest—young but already valiant—Chicago, whose President, Dr. William R. Harper, has said to me that he will never consent to a rule discriminating prejudicially between men and women in its administration.

May the new Trinity flourish from its birth, and add another to the glories of our country! * * *

CORRIGENDUM.

WHEN it is stated (see page 155, line 24) that we decline to accept Baluze as an untainted witness, it is meant that we decline to accept him on the recommendation of Dr. Benson. The inference might be that we regard him as a dishonest witness in the same sense as Sarpi. That we do not; nor is such a view necessary to our argument. The learning of Baluze cannot be questioned, but he has not always used his learning with discretion. *The History of the House of Auvergne* maintains a principle which an educated Englishman could hardly accept, having regard to important legislation at an early period of English history. In this work Baluze argues that a king *de facto*, and most probably *de jure*, as Louis XIV. was, has no title to the allegiance of a subject who may be a pretender *de jure* to the throne.

NEW BOOKS.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

The Little Path to Heaven. A prayer-book with very large print. *Our Favorite Novenas.* A companion volume to *Our Favorite Devotions.* By Very Rev. Dean A. A. Lings. *The Little Child of Mary.* A complete little prayer-book. *Letters on True Politeness.* A little Treatise addressed to Religious. By the Abbé Demore. From the French by a Visitandine of Baltimore. *Mission Book for the Married.* By Very Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C.SS.R. *Mission Book for the Single.* By Very Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C.SS.R. *That Football Game, and What Came of It.* By F. J. Finn, S.J. *Illustrated Prayer-Book for Children.* With many fine half-tone illustrations. *The Gospel of St. John.* With notes, critical and explanatory. By Rev. Joseph MacRory, D.D., Professor of Sacred Scripture and Hebrew, Maynooth College. *The Commandments Explained.* By Rev. Arthur Devine, C.P. *In the Days of Good Queen Bess.* By Robert Haynes Cave. *The Story of Mary Aikenhead.* By Maria Nethercott.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.:

Varia. By Agnes Repplier.

CATHOLIC BOOK EXCHANGE, 120 West 60th Street, New York:

Saint Wilfrid, Archbishop of York. By A. Streeter. With Introductory Essay by Rev. Luke Rivington, D.D. (Catholic Truth Society.)

D. H. MCBRIDE & CO., Chicago, Akron, and New York:

Tales of Good Fortune. Adapted from Canon Schmid by Rev. Thomas J. Jenkins.

THE BURROWS BROTHERS COMPANY, Cleveland:

The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents. The original French, Latin, and Italian Texts, with English translations and notes; illustrated by portraits, maps, and fac-similes. Edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites. Vol. VIII., 1634–1636.

MACMILLAN COMPANY, London and New York:

A Political Primer of New York State and City. By Adele M. Field. *Cousin Betty.* By H. de Balzac. Translated by Clara Bell, with preface by George Saintsbury.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

St. Ives. By Robert Louis Stevenson.

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago:

Gems of School Song. By Carl Betz. *'Round the Year in Myth and Song.* By Florence Holbrook.

OPEN COURT PUBLISHING CO., Chicago:

Darwin and after Darwin. By the late George Romanes, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S.

SILVER, BURDETT & CO., New York, Boston, and Chicago:

The Plant Baby and Its Friends. By Kate Louise Brown.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:

The Water of the Wondrous Isles. By William Morris.

GEORGE GOTTSBERGER PECK, New York:

Cyparissus: A Romance of the Isles of Greece. By Ernst Eckstein. Translated from the German by Mary J. Safford.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING-OFFICE, Washington:

Tenth Annual Report Commissioner of Labor. Vols I. and II. *Eleventh Annual Report Commissioner of Labor. Eighth Special Report Commissioner of Labor. Fifteenth Annual Report Bureau of Ethnology. Sixteenth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology to the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, 1894–95.* By I. W. Powell, Director.

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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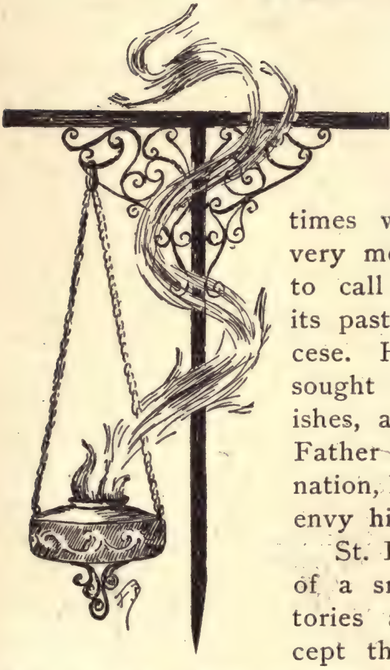
CHRISTMAS AT ST. DUNSTAN'S.

BY MARION AMES TAGGART.



TIMES were hard in the parish of St. Dunstan's. Perhaps the statement is superfluous, for times were never easy there, and the very mention of the parish was enough to call forth a groan of sympathy for its pastor from his brothers in the diocese. Hence it was not a place much sought for by candidates for vacant parishes, and when the bishop sent young Father Francis there, just after his ordination, he had plenty to pity but none to envy him.

St. Dunstan's lay at the poorest end of a small town made up of manufactories and their workmen's houses, except the few better places at the west end of the town where the superintendents' and owners' families lived. There was never quite enough to eat in these little houses huddled together, for there was an average of at least five children in each of them, and money was scarce, and saloons plenty where the poor, tired, dull men found the only pleasure they knew in forgetting the hard day by the help of fiery adulterations of bad whisky. They were a mus-

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cular, brawny, hopeless lot, begrimed by the iron and the smoke of the furnaces, made up of various nationalities, with a preponderance of the Irish, whose native fun was nearly eliminated by the conditions of their lives. And it was into such a parish that Father Francis came, a slender, pale youth of twenty-three, with deep-set, fervent eyes, and such an experience of men and life as a guarded boyhood and study in the seminary would be likely to give him.

The women listened to his sermons, clasping pale babies to thin breasts, and looking up at him with patient eyes, whose sadness had been drawn from the gaunt breasts of their mothers before them, and they accepted his words, although not especially applicable to the needs of their lot, as good in themselves, and felt a vague, far-off desire to help him, born of the maternal instinct of their womanhood, and his youth, and a dim perception that he had much to learn.

But the men gave scant attention to the boyish priest, and when he exhorted them to keep away from the saloon, discussed his advice around the bar afterwards, smiling grimly at the impracticability of offering men the distant hope of heaven in exchange for the present bliss of the fiery stuff in their gnawing stomachs.

But as time went on the young priest took on a dignity in their eyes apart from, and far more effectual than, the mere fact of his ordination. He was quick to learn, and quick to feel the tragic needs of their life, and he ceased to exhort them for very shame of the difference between his past and theirs, stung with the bitterness of the lot that had made them what they were from their cradle, and farther back still. He worked for them and with them, spending every penny of the little salary they gave him for them, reserving for himself barely enough to feed himself poorly, and going about among them with coat and shoes already, at the end of the first year, getting very glossy and white about the seams and rusty and cracked in the vamps.

And with such garments thus worn he needed less to exhort, for the shabby coat preached for him ; and when he went in shoes yawning at the side to beg the men to help him establish a coffee-house, where they could meet and substitute honest hot coffee for the foe to which they were delivering themselves, many responded, and the coffee-house was a success where every one predicted failure.

Tender sympathy, love, and a thirst for their souls that made his people realize dimly for the first time what God might be—this Father Francis showed to his flock, and his youth and delicate frame made him dearer to them, calling out a tenderness in the rough men and coarse-fibred women that supplemented their reverence, and perfected the relation between them.

SUFFERING AMONG THE POOR IS INVARIABLY ACCOMPANIED BY BEAUTIFUL ACTS OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

"Father Francis" became a name to conjure by, even with the big Englishmen and Welshmen who were not Catholics and the castaways of St. Dunstan's who never entered the church; and since his family name was also a familiar Christian name, nearly every child he baptized after he had been in the parish a year was called Francis, with only the variation in the last syllable required by differences of sex.

"And Father Francis's a real gentleman born," the people would say proudly, till the oldest woman in the parish gave a more spiritual turn to their pride in him by saying: "Ay, that he is, of the rale nobility, for he's one of the saints of God."

The chief mill of Pyritesville was owned by a man named Denhard, whose splendid house on the outskirts of the town was built of the sinews of men, and cemented by their blood. There were many hard, close employers in the district; there was none other with such a black record as Denhard's, whose name suffered appropriate and obvious profane corruptions on the lips of his men.

It was Father Francis' second summer at St. Dunstan's, and it had been a hard one, although the warmth and nature's provision of fruits lightened the expenses of each household, and the mill had been running at full hours and with a heavy amount of work. But the amount of work was too great; the mill was turning out more than could possibly be required, and those who thought shook their heads, foreseeing one of "Denhard's dirty tricks." No warnings could get the majority of the men to provide for the troublous times thus predicted, for they spent as they went; nor, indeed, at the best was there very much to lay by against a rainy day out of the wages of a man who had not less than seven mouths to fill and backs to clothe.

In September came the fulfilment of the prophecies of the thoughtful. Wages were not reduced because the union stood between Denhard and that possibility, but the announcement was made that the mill would run but four days in the week, because it could not afford to do more owing to an over-stocked market. "Over-stocked Denhard!" said the knowing ones. "We told you. He worked us hard for five months at regular rates, and now he shuts down because he's got the stuff ahead to fill orders." But what was the use of talking? There was no redress for the misfortune; the union could not interfere to make a man run his mill when he said that he could not afford it, and on the four days of the week which they worked the men were paid at schedule rates. But how could they live with two days' earnings cut off from their already scant means? That was the problem to be met, the solving of which fell heaviest on the patient women, whom the saloons did not help but rather fatally hindered.

There was sullen endurance through the glorious days of October, debt rolling up while the mountains clothed themselves in gold and crimson, and the leaves fell, making a Persian carpet under the heavy feet of the iron-workers.

Matters had been going from bad to worse in the parish since late autumn had come, and the winds were blowing cold from the mountains, bringing scurries of snow with them. Thanksgiving brought very little gratitude to the hearts of the people of St. Dunstan's, looking in the face a long winter in a severe region, with no hope of better days till spring, and then such a load of debt incurred as would prevent the improvement affecting their condition. And Mr. Denhard's family went to Europe just before the end of November; all but his crippled son, whom people said was the one thing he loved, and who stayed with his father in the big house.

MEN GATHERED IN KNOTS ABOUT THE CORNERS.

Father Francis went about with a heavy heart and anxious brow that took from him the youthfulness as mere years could not take it. He had had no experience with the troubles among which he had been placed, but any one capable of reflection could see that desperate men, to whom the present was bitterly hard and the future more menacing still, could not be held in check, and he dared not speculate on the possible events of the winter. He redoubled his prayers and labor, and he could not help knowing that his people loved him as they had never loved him before, for he passionately resented their wrongs; but he realized how impotent was human pity, and felt like a straw on the great ocean of human suffering and passion, struggling with the agony of youth in its first encounter with the injustice it feels most keenly and cannot stay.

The men began gathering in knots around the saloons and corners, and the air was full of muttered threats. Father Francis went from one to another of these groups warning, imploring. "Don't strike, men; for the love of your poor wives and babies, don't strike!" he begged. "You are helpless; Denhard has the whole thing in his own hands. He has worked up enough stock to last till spring, and he would rather shut down than not. And where would you be? Half a loaf is better than none. As it is, you can keep along; badly it is true, but somehow. But with no work you would have no credit, and you'd starve. Don't strike—I pray you trust me, and don't strike!"

The men listened respectfully, sullenly, tolerantly, according to their dispositions; but they hated Denhard and they longed to get at him, and the only means they knew for this was to refuse to work for him. Their leader was a man who had a grudge of long standing against Denhard, and he was a fellow whose leadership was not won by fitness for the office, nor real sympathy with his comrades. He was a labor leader for what there was in it; and just now there was before his eyes but his power to call out the men, and force Denhard to close or make terms. That these men were to be the sufferers in the plan was not a matter that he considered in the least. And so the strike was ordered, and three weeks before Christmas the poor fellows, wronged by their employer and by their own leader, went out, and the mill was declared closed.

Denhard issued a sort of manifesto, in which he set forth the fact that he had fulfilled his contracts with the union and paid full wages, but that a man had an inalienable right to take care of his own interests. So, since he could not run his mill more than four days in the week without loss to himself, and was so well stocked that suspension was welcome to him, the mill would shut down until the men should see the folly of their position and beg for work on the old terms.

Angry mutterings, swelling to open threats, hailed this declaration. Father Francis did his best to meet the cruel situation which he had been powerless to avert. Even one week of idleness brought sharp suffering to the families who had made no preparation for it, and to make it harder, the winter set in early with old-fashioned vigor and severity.

It was known that there was no hope of Denhard's yielding, but that rather he had foreseen and desired this enforced idleness, and in many of the shops the men were refused a credit which would probably be too long to ever be discharged.

In ten days' time the suffering became severe, though it was accompanied with the acts of beautiful self-sacrifice of the poor for one another and the selfish cruelty which such times always bring forth.

Father Francis spent every cent he possessed for food for his people, and when this was done, which did not take long, he pledged himself to discharge the debt if the grocer and butcher would give him the credit which they refused to the laborers. He got it, but his credit was limited, as was his salary, and all that he could do was to lighten a very little the awful gloom in the parish of St. Dunstan.

Sickness came, and the babies died—not many, for the children of the poor have a strong hold on life, but the weaker—and, looking down on the little pinched, waxen faces, Father Francis thought the wiser—died. Worse than this, pretty, flighty Nellie Byrnes, whom he had been trying to save from a flashy, prosperous admirer and her own love of ribbons, went away deliberately to the city, saying that she could not stand her father's barren home any longer.

And Denhard drove in his big, fur-lined coat down to the station and through the town, stout, red-faced from over-dining, absolutely impervious to the agony around him.

Father Francis' pale face grew grimmer at the sight, and he could hardly wonder at the muttered curses that followed Denhard from the gaunt men on the corners.

Thus the days dragged on, one like another, the situation unchanged except as every day heightened and accumulated the misery, and the men grew more restless under a burden too heavy to bear.

Father Francis feared all sorts of nameless horrors, for he knew the people were getting desperate, and he knew that though justice was on their side, the power was all on the other.

He seemed never to sleep; all his moments and hours were spent among his people, and in the midst of their bitterness and torture they loved him with a love that knew no bounds.

Two days before Christmas Father Francis commissioned some of the larger boys and girls to gather evergreens to trim the church, hoping in his aching heart that something of the sweetness of the feast might fall on the poor souls for whom Heaven and its peace toward earth were sorely hidden by the bad will of man. He saw the deepening gloom on the faces around him, caught the echo of menaces that frightened him, but he hoped against hope, never dreaming that the end was so near.

It was Christmas eve, and the church was trimmed for the feast, and Father Francis rose from long and passionate prayer among the fragments of cedar heaped on the altar-steps, and gave a parting look around the plain and tasteful little church before he locked the door for the night. He stood a few moments under the quiet stars, looking upward and wondering at their silent watchfulness of a world so full of wrong. He was too young not to feel that nature should show some pity for the life of man.

The night was still, the air clear and cold. Every sound could be heard for long distances, and the young priest distinctly heard the tramp of many feet going in the opposite direction. As he listened, in fear of he knew not what, one of his boys came toward him, running at top speed.

"Oh, father, come; mother sent me!" he gasped. "Father and the men have gone to burn old Denhard's house. He's away and the cripple's there. She said you'd stop 'em!"

Father Francis did not pause for hat; he wore his great-coat over his cassock, and gathering up the skirts, he ran with all his best speed, by a shorter and more direct way than the mob had taken, to the big house which they were to attack.

He had been living on two meals a day during the trouble, and he feared his own weakness, but nerves did more than muscles could have done, and the boy at his side had hard work to keep pace with him.

He reached Denhard's house before the men, but only a few moments before, and when the crowd came up the hill they halted an instant in amazement, for there on the steps, his pale face standing out in the moonlight, bare-headed and erect, stood their young priest facing them. While they hesitated at the sight of him, he hastened to use the advantage their surprise gave him.

"My men," he said, and his voice was strong and clear, "thank God I'm here to save you! Go back! 'Vengeance is mine,' saith the Lord. Your cause is just; you shall not spoil it by wrong. Trust me—I would gladly die for you! No one could hurt you as you would have hurt yourselves had you done this thing."

"We're going to make that devil sizzle for what he's done to us," spoke up a burly fellow at the front. "You go away, Father Francis. You're a good man, and you're our friend, and we know it; but you're a priest, and we don't want any forgiveness in ours. We'll get a little square on our account. We couldn't pay him back, not if we was to cut him into inch pieces."

A murmur of applause followed. Father Francis was quick to catch a clue, and he answered at once: "I'm not preaching forgiveness like a priest. I couldn't blame you if you weren't ready to see that side. But I'm talking to you as your best friend, a man who loves you, and I say don't make bad worse. Go back! for you're bringing awful suffering on your children by this night's work."

"We'll go back by the light of Denhard's house!" cried a voice in the crowd, and instantly a shout arose: "Burn it! burn it! Kill the cripple in there! Take the priest away!"

Father Francis stood firmly against the door, his white, boyish face outlined on the background of the dark wood. The torches, which had been lighted from hand to hand in the last few moments, blazed up illuming the brawny chests, the grim faces, the muscular arms of the men who held them, in sharp contrast to the frail, slender figure facing them alone.

Father Francis raised his hand, and even then his voice had power to make itself heard. "I forbid you this sin," he said. "I command you to go back! I beg you to spare yourselves this new trouble. I love you, oh! my people; remember what night this is, and go back!"

For a moment the men looked at one another as if they might yield, but a voice called out: "We're not all your people. Some of us bez no Catholics."

"There's no Catholic or Protestant to me if a man's hungry—you know that," retorted Father Francis quickly. "You're all mine."

"Don't stand talking" said big Jim, the Welshman. "Take the priest off. What's a boy like that know of starving men? Take him off, or he'll get hurt. Now: Curse Denhard! Altogether, three times—Damn him!"

Three times the curse arose like a cheer, and in the shout Father Francis knew his influence was lost.

"Stop!" he cried. "I'll stay here. If you burn the house, you burn me!"

But his words were checked by the first man who sprang forward to thrust his torch through the glass of the front door, and by its light Father Francis caught a glimpse of the white face of the cripple boy cowering on the stairs.

Father Francis seized the man's arm and stayed him, but as he held him at arm's length by his upraised hands, a shot whistled through the air, and the priest staggered and fell face downward on the marble steps. What his life could not accomplish his death instantly purchased!

Deep in the heart of every man there, except the few who were present for pure delight in violence, was the love for this devoted priest, and the groan that burst forth as he fell was the knell of the hopes of those who longed for vengeance. The torches were thrown down, and trampled out by the feet pressing forward to see if the motionless figure, in its long black cassock, on the white stone was dead.

And as they raised him the police were heard coming up the street at double quick, and Denhard was with them.

They carried Father Francis into the house which he had defended, and many of the terror-stricken men rushed back to the town for a physician. The priest was not dead—more than that no one could say till the doctor came. The ball was probed for and found ; the patient made as comfortable as possible, and he opened his eyes and bade the doctor tell him the truth.

"By morning you will be in heaven, and God only knows what we shall do without you," answered the old doctor with tear-wet cheeks, for he and the young priest had often met in scenes of misery which both were powerless to relieve, and he loved him well.

Father Francis half arose. "Take me back to the town; I could not die in this house," he said.

"Is my house so accursed?" asked Denhard.

"So accursed," assented Father Francis. "You, rather than the man who fired that shot, are my murderer in God's eyes; and not mine alone, but the murderer of the innocent little children and the bodies and souls of men!"

Denhard shrank; he was trembling.

"Father Francis, I owe you the life of my son, my poor crippled son! You will die for him and me."

"I would gladly have saved him at any price," replied the priest. "I die for my people—to save them from sin and the consequences of that desperation to which you have driven them."

"Can I do anything?" asked Denhard.

The light of hope flashed across the dying man's face.

"Justice," he said. "Pay the debts I owe to the grocer and butcher for food for these people."

"I will gladly carry out your charity," replied Denhard.

"Not charity from you to them," said the priest. "Pay the debt which you owe for their food, and which I incurred for you."

"So be it," answered the man humbly. "I am sorry for the wrong; I will obey you in anything."

Father Francis looked at him, and his eyes were moist. "You seem sincere," he murmured.

"I love my son," said Denhard. "I am grateful."

"Open the mill at full time—swear to me by the God I am going to that you will never oppress the laborer again!" cried Father Francis, excitedly.

"I do not believe in your God," said Denhard, "but I swear to you solemnly that I will treat these men while I live as you would have me treat them, for your sake!"

Father Francis smiled, a bright, boyish smile. "Now, if they did not love me so dearly, what a merry Christmas they would have!" he said. "But they'll be happy anyway after awhile. I'll take your promise to God, Mr. Denhard, and ask Him in return to show you Himself. Now carry me down to the town, for I want to die among my people."

Mr. Denhard clasped the hand outstretched to him, speechless with emotion.

"Never mind; I'm very glad. I never could have done for my parish in years what these short moments of dying have done," said Father Francis. "Good-by."

The men were waiting silent, grief-stricken, outside the gates, and women and children were with them sobbing in suppressed anguish, for the news of the tragedy had been carried to the town.

"The doctor says I'm going to keep Christmas in heaven," said Father Francis as they pressed around his litter. "But the mill is to open at full hours and pay, and Denhard has sworn to be good to you for ever. Give three cheers for Den hard, especially you who cursed him!"

There was profound silence.

"For my sake, dear friends," added Father Francis; and the cheers arose, broken by sobs. "And now we will go home," said Father Francis. And with the people following, weeping, the procession went down the hill it had ascended so differently.

It was past midnight when they paused at the church door, and creeping up to look in the face so boyish and peaceful under the wintry sky, they saw that Father Francis had gently gone on his long journey beneath the Christmas stars.

VIS AMORIS.

Love whispered, when the world was young,
In Eden's listening ear
The fiat of the Triune tongue:
Lo! nothingness did hear.

Love planted, when the world was old,
Of Jesse's stem the rod,
Which blossomed in the crib. Behold
The flower, Christ our God!

BERT MARTEL.

CATHOLICITY IN THE WEST.

BY LELIA HARDIN BUGG.

ONCE upon a time there lived a poet who, during his life, was often too poor to buy enough to eat. After he was dead his countrymen, awakening to a knowledge that a great genius had gone from among them, erected an imposing monument to his memory. Sydney Smith—or was it some one else with a kindred soul?—upon hearing of this monument, said: "Poor fellow! you asked for bread and they gave you a stone."

We Catholics are very kind to our heroes who are dead. We are proud to contribute our mites to erect monuments, or to pay for memorial windows for our Marquettes and Menards and De Smets and Rosatis and Sorins and Kenricks. We thrill over the lives of the early American bishops and missionaries, and the ardent, if sometimes fiery, confessors of the faith; and we are generously sorry that our lines were not cast in those stirring epochs, that our souls could not have borne something of the heat and burden of heroic days, when the seed of the faith was planted in new soil. How glorious it would have been to sacrifice jewels, and teach Indians, and shelter missionaries! We contrast the past with our own age of accomplished work—the age of gorgeous cathedrals lighted by electricity; of Catholic schools, teaching everything from the art of moulding nice little mud-pies to solving a problem by logarithms; of organized charity, whereby our sick poor are taken to antiseptic wards in a pneumatic elevator. We think complacently of all this prosperity, and sink luxuriously on a divan to scan the syllabus for next year's Summer-School, or to jot down an engagement at the Reading Circle to discuss Browning's place in Modern Thought.

The Eastern Catholic, who thinks he knows all about the West because he has been to the World's Fair at Chicago, and who is vaguely conscious that there are regions beyond that arrogantly beautiful city, where the habitants embody the old geographical distinctions—civilized, half-civilized, and savage—

really knows nothing about the vast territory, or the changed conditions into which a Pullman car will whirl him in three short days.

And until he is familiar with these conditions he will not understand why writing about the Church in America is very much like writing about things in general. Although the same flag waves over us all, the same Constitution guarantees us life, liberty, and as much happiness as original sin and uncertain crops permit, yet Catholicity in the West is as unlike Catholicity in the East, in relation to material conditions, as life in a Newport palace is unlike life in an Adirondack hunting camp.

We Catholics in the West stand, in regard to our prosperous brethren in the East, very much in the attitude of the typical poor relation. We rejoice in their splendid prosperity, in their churches and hospitals and asylums, in their great men—the Catholic lawyers, and statesmen, and poets, and financiers, whose names and fame belong to their country and, perhaps, to the world; we read eagerly of their celebrations, dedications, and ceremonials, and fill our scrap-books with their pictures; we remember them with fond pride, but it is quite possible that they forget all about us. They live in such an atmosphere of Catholicity triumphant that they do not realize how very militant indeed is Catholicity in another section of our common country.

Westward the course of empire takes its way, and on its course it repeats the hardships of its earlier migrations.

This paragraph of statistics may recall to mind and explain some of the conditions of the West—statistics compiled with much weariness and vexation of spirit, for this sort of writing is not easy when one has not Mulhall's tables at hand and is seven hundred miles away from Father Hugh McShane.

If the Eastern Catholic will take a map of his country and spread it before him, he will see that the centre of the State of Kansas is the geographical centre of the United States. The eastern boundaries of the States parallel to Kansas and north and south of it divide the country commercially into eastern and western divisions, although the geographical division extends through the centre of those States. It will thus be seen that the area of the western division is greater by the half of six States than the eastern. Some may claim that commercially another tier of States belongs to the West, but a closer study will show that they approach more nearly to the conditions of the East; especially is this true of Iowa and Missouri. We have, then, here in the West a vast area of territory, enough to make a half-dozen fair-sized European kingdoms.

The political divisions are (Census of 1890):

State.	*Area.*	*Population.*
North Dakota,	70,795	182,719
South Dakota,	77,650	328,808
Nebraska,	76,855	1,058,910
Kansas,	82,080	1,427,096
Indian Territory and Oklahoma,	64,690	61,834
Texas,	265,780	2,235,523
Montana,	146,080	132,159
Wyoming,	97,890	60,705
Colorado,	103,925	412,148
New Mexico,	122,580	153,593
Idaho,	84,800	61,834
Utah,	84,900	207,905
Arizona,	113,020	59,620
Washington,	69,180	345,506
Oregon,	96,030	313,767
Nevada,	110,700	45,761
California,	157,801	1,208,130
17	1,834,756	6,296,018
20 per cent. increase,		1,259,203
		7,555,221

Counting the increase in population for five years at 20 per cent., we have for the West a population of 7,555,221.

United States,	3,602,000	(about) 65,000,000
	1,834,756	7,555,221
	1,767,244	57,444,779

An elementary problem in arithmetic will show that there is in the western division an excess in area over the eastern of 67,512 miles; and an excess in population of the eastern over the western of 49,889,558.

The ecclesiastical divisions are (Directory of 1895):

Diocese.	*Priests.*	*Churches and Mission Stations.*	*Catholic Population.*
Jamestown (North Dakota),	40	149	30,000
Sioux Falls (South Dakota),	62	149	50,000
Omaha (Nebraska), . .	101	205	63,472
Lincoln (Nebraska), . .	54	138	22,150
Kansas City (Kansas), .	124	182	50,000
Wichita-Concordia (Kansas),	41	175	20,000
Indian Territory (Vicariate Apostolic), . . .	23	119	12,385
Dallas (Texas), . . .	40	111	15,000
Galveston (Texas), . .	39	60	34,000
San Antonio (Texas), .	55	74	55,000
Brownsville, V. A. (Texas),	22	34	54,000
Helena (Montana), . .	32	34	30,000
Cheyenne (Wyoming), .	8	56	3,000
Denver (Colorado), . .	76	130	60,000
Santa Fe (New Mexico), .	54	344	100,000
Boise City (Idaho), . .	19	28	96,000
Salt Lake City (Utah), .	19	57	8,000
Arizona, V. A., . . .	36	37	20,000
Nesqually (Washington), .	60	159	40,000
Oregon City (Oregon), .	50	80	33,500
San Francisco (California),	192	128	220,000
Monterey and Los Angeles (California), . .	76	119	60,000
Sacramento (California), .	43	147	25,000
23	1,265	2,715	1,015,107

(Nevada is divided between the dioceses of Salt Lake and Sacramento.)

There are in the United States 15 Archbishops, 74 Bishops, 9,754 Priests, and (about) 12,000,000 Catholic people.

Therefore, there are in the eastern division of the country 66 Bishops, 8,489 Priests, and about 11,000,000 people.

The average area of the territory over which a Western bishop has jurisdiction is 79,772 square miles, some dioceses being larger, others much smaller.

The diocese of Dallas has an area of 110,000 square miles, the largest in the country.

Leaving out of consideration the larger cities and towns, and the well-to-do parishes (the number is not large) where the pastors lead lives similar to those of their *confrères* in the East, we have left a body of priests doing heroic mission work in the West with all the ardor which characterized their prototypes in pioneer days.

HEROIC LABORS OF THE WESTERN PRIEST.

If one remembers the sparsely settled districts over which the Western missionary must travel, the poverty of the people, the absence of the comforts which an older civilization demands, it will readily be conceded that their work is really heroic.

The life of a Catholic priest is not exactly a life of sybaritic ease anywhere. In the terse vernacular of the West, it is not the "Vestibuled Limited" to heaven. But the clergyman in the East, however poor his parish, has at least the comfortable certainty of sleeping some three hundred nights of the year in his own bed, of getting three meals a day and in one place, of knowing that when his frock coat or Sunday cassock becomes too shabby he can replace it out of his meagre but assured salary. The poor missionary in the West hardly knows where his home is. His parish is often as large as an Eastern diocese, and the diocese may include a whole State, with scarcely people enough to make one average city congregation. It not infrequently happens that he has as many as eight missions to attend, going to a different one every Sunday, and saying Mass at convenient points in farm-houses or lonely little chapels during the week. And his salary is one of the things to be accepted on faith, with good intentions and willing hearts as non-negotiable collaterals.

Priests destined for the Western missions are generally more or less prepared in college for the life they are to expect. They find that it means poverty, hard work, constant travel on horseback or in freight cars, facing at all hours the bitter cold and piercing winds and biting sleet of winter, the stifling heat of summer, with the sun beating down in untempered ferocity on treeless, thirsty, alkali plains, and mosquitoes and flies to work their will; that it means no home for many of them, only a stopping-place for a day or two out of each week, poor food wretchedly cooked, a habitation where bath-rooms are unknown and ice is merely a tradition; few books except the well-thumbed text-books of the seminary, and no society. The loneliness is perhaps one of the greatest trials of the missionary's life when he goes West, fresh from college, with his classics and his philosophy and his theology, after years of association with great D.D.s and scholarly professors and hundreds of fellow-students, some of them brilliant and all of them ned. The change must be striking, indeed, when one who has been living with Aristotle and St. Thomas, and all the great Fathers of the Church, in an atmosphere of cloistral piety and scholasticism, is placed in a mission where he must explain the Ten Commandments and the Creed in words of two syllables, and show an interest he cannot always feel in the crops and the selling price of pork!

MISSIONARY EXPERIENCES.

Some of the missionary experiences in the West read much like the annals of an earlier day, when the new-born Republic was still in long clothes, and devoted apostles from St. Sulpice or Maynooth came over to carry on and extend the work begun in an age yet earlier.

Not long ago a priest of western Kansas went two hundred miles on a sick-call through a region where railroads are unknown, going on horseback or in a wagon, travelling almost constantly day and night, snatching a bit to eat on the way, and saying his office as he speeded along. He beat death by just six hours, arriving whilst the poor woman still retained her faculties, and administered the last Sacraments. Had he tarried for needed rest and repose, he would have been too late.

There is a young priest attached to a Western parish who rises at four o'clock on Sunday morning, goes three miles into the country to say Mass at a convent, takes the train at seven for a town twenty miles away, where he says another Mass at half-past ten and preaches a sermon, breaking his fast at about one o'clock. In the afternoon he gives an instruction, baptizes the new babies, and ends the day with Vespers and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

An amusing illustration of the adage that all roads lead to Rome is given by the experiences of a missionary in Texas who has since been made an archbishop. He was on his way to his mission astride a mule, when the mule, after the characteristic crankiness of its kind, decided to stop and view the scenery. Blows had no effect, and the priest could not adopt the remedy usual under the circumstances—he could not swear at it—so he dismounted and tried diplomacy. It worked like a charm. A cowboy, who had been an admiring witness of the contest, came up to the reverend victor and said:

"See here, Mister Priest, I ain't never keered for parsons of your stripe, but a preacher that can get ahead of a mule has got grit, and I want to hear you preach!"

The sturdy frontiersman heard the future prelate preach, not only once but many times, asked for instruction, was baptized, and lived a staunch, albeit a pugnacious, Catholic.

But how lightly these priests take their hardships and their poverty! Their spirit would puzzle a worldling who is a stranger to the supernatural motive which can inspire and make easy their work.

A clever young priest, who made his theological studies in France and was sent West to a country mission, comes into civilization occasionally, as he puts it, and is the guest of a woman of culture who tries to keep up with current events. On one of these occasions she chatted to her visitor about the crops, the indications of rain in his section, and the families of his parish, thinking to be sympathetically interesting, until he said impulsively: "Please talk to me about your sewing society, or the Shakspere club, or base-ball—anything except corn and silver!"

It was this same clergyman who kept moving nervously in his chair as he talked, until his entertainer said kindly: "Father, won't you have this rocking-chair? I am afraid that one is not comfortable."

The young man blushed, and, with the frank smile which had won him friends at school, replied:

"Thank you, the chair is comfortable—very; but I have an uneasy consciousness that the sun is striking the shiny spot in the back of my coat. Putting your best foot forward is not a circumstance to keeping the shabby part of a coat in the background."

Here is a realistic little sketch which one might call "A Tale of a Missionary," after the fashion of the Sunday-school story books:

"We reached Blank City at eleven o'clock at night, the train having been delayed two hours by a wrecked freight car. I asked the lone hackman to take me to a good hotel where one could get a comfortable bed and some supper. He said: 'Well, there's the Continental and there's the Palace, and there ain't a toss-up between 'em; but the Palace is nearer to the Catholic meetin'-house, and Miz Johnson's first husband—she runs the Palace—was a member of that persuasion.' So to the Palace I went. A small lamp, which smelled horribly of coal-oil, made manifest the pitch darkness of the long, narrow hall where I waited until Mr. Johnson, wrapped in his wife's shawl, emerged from an uncanny corridor. To my timid suggestion that a bit of supper would not be considered ill-timed by a man who had been fasting since noon, he replied: 'This ain't an all-night bar, and my wife's asleep; and there ain't nothin' cooked, nohow. But you can git breakfast at seven in the morning, if you want it.' This was merely a piece of irrelevant information to the priest who was going to celebrate Mass, by the grace of God, at eight o'clock. But I said nothing, and was shown to my room. It was on the north side of the house, and in it there was a stove but no fire. A window had parted with two of its panes, regardless of the pains of another sort it might inflict, and the wind came in like a toy cyclone. The bed had one blanket and a top cover made out of a lot of red and green rags sewed on a sheet, or something white; I suppose it was intended to be pretty; it certainly was not warm. I got into bed, put my overcoat over my feet, but the marrow in my bones was more chilled than Hamlet's, and my teeth chattered so much that I was afraid the filling would fall out of one of them. I remembered that I had a newspaper in my valise, and paper, you know, is one of the warmest things in the world—keeps the cold out and the heat in—so I made a blanket of the paper—Sunday edition it was, and big; I had not properly appreciated before the blessings of the Sunday press. In three minutes I was as warm as a prince tucked in under eider down. I went to sleep and slept delightfully until six. But during the night it had snowed, and the snow had drifted in on the paper and covered the bed."

This bit of realism provoked a sympathetic murmur, but the priest said:

"Oh, the snow! I didn't mind about the snow—didn't know anything about it, in fact, until I awoke the next morning. It was the newspaper I was thinking of. The snow had turned it into pulp. I hadn't read it, and it had Archbishop Ireland's sermon on Patriotism in the supplement. A thing like that tries a man's patience when he hasn't the Astor Library around, and counts newspapers among the luxuries."

On another occasion this genial apostle had an appointment to say Mass in a certain church on the following morning. He was then between two railroads equally distant, about seven miles from either; one train would leave at seven in the evening, the other at ten. The priest consulted the driver, who assured him that they could make the seven o'clock train without any difficulty, so, supperless but hopeful, the young cleric started for the station, only to reach it ten minutes after the train had pulled out. There was only one thing to be done, and that was to hasten back over the fourteen miles to the other railroad.

"Weren't you angry?" asked some one sympathetically.

"Angry? I couldn't afford to be! I should have had to go fifty miles to confession!"

A venerable old man who had given forty years of his life to the service of Indians and pioneers, and had gained chronic bronchitis and accumulated at least two hundred dollars, contributed an account of one of his experiences with "hotels." Foot-sore and weary, he had stopped for a night's rest. Upon asking to be shown to his room, the landlord took up a lantern—this tale was related as a sober fact—and conducted the priest to a back yard enclosed by an adobe fence, where a score of cots were placed, some of them already occupied by cowboys and ranchmen, and told the poor tired priest to help himself to a bed. This was in New Mexico, where the phenomenally pure air renders such Spartan treatment comparatively harmless; but it will readily be conceded that for civilized man this was really not the most agreeable entertainment to be expected.

Another priest lives in a mud house, when he is not travelling, a house which cost just fifty dollars to build, and even this sum the people were too poor to give, so it was contributed by the bishop of the diocese. Nor are the bishops themselves in some of the Western sees exempt from the hardships of their priests. Looking at the matter from a worldly point of view, the priest who gives up a good parish to become a bishop in certain parts of the West has made a sacrifice.

There is a little story current among clerics of a lazy Irishman who was employed as watchman for a gentleman's house. A crony of his, less comfortably placed, said enviously: "You seem to be havin' a soft time of it, wid nothin' to do but smoke your pipe and watch us poor divils go by ye!" "I ain't a complainin'," said Pat, knocking the ashes from his pipe; "but I tell ye what, Mike, for a good aisy job, I'd like to be a bishop."

It is possible that some of the friends of a new bishop may share Patrick's conception of his "aisy job."

A BISHOP'S LOT IS NOT A HAPPY ONE.

When a priest whose scholarly attainments and sterling virtue have commended him to the powers that be, and he is selected for the ranks of the prelacy, there is great rejoicing among his friends and his old parishioners; congratulations pour in, and presents—vestments, and a chalice, and a cross and rings. There is a banquet at which everybody says nice things of everybody else, the new bishop's fellow-priests present him with beautifully engrossed resolutions, tied with ribbons, expressive of their regrets at his departure from among them, their joy at the honor which has come to him, and their good wishes for his success; a purse probably accompanies the resolutions—a purse which neither the givers nor the gifted dream how sorely will be needed! There is a farewell reception, then a railroad magnate places his private car at the disposal of the prelate and his friends, and the distinguished party are whirled away—the bishop from a good parish, a settled income, a devoted people, the friends of years. Upon reaching his new field of labor there are more rejoicings and receptions and processions—it is not necessary to refer here to the religious ceremonies which are inseparable from the consecration and installation of a newly-appointed bishop—the visitors take their departure, and the prelate is left to his fate. He finds debts and difficulties, hard work and arduous travel, controversies, cranks, and criticism.

A friend of a popular Chicago rector said to him: "I hear it whispered that we are soon to have the pleasure of congratulating you as the new Bishop of Westoria."

"I the Bishop of Westoria!" said the priest. "Why, what have I done that I should be so punished?"

Some of our Western bishops could, if they would, match the stories of the pioneer prelates. It was the companion of a bishop on a confirmation tour who tells this o'er true tale.

The bishop and his companion started from the station to go to a church ten miles away from the railroad, in a barouche considered the star turnout of the neighborhood, which had been sent for them. The weather was very dry and the vehicle had not been used for some time, so that when the party essayed to cross a creek the wheels parted company, and one sank into the water for a rather inopportune bath. The bishop had played ball in the days of his youth, so he gave the valise containing his vestments a dextrous toss, and landed it in safety on the bank. The driver unhitched the horses and rode to the nearest farm-house, where he procured a wagon. It was a commodious affair, painted green with red arabesques on the sides, and the name of the maker in big letters on one end. The bishop sat with the driver in the seat, perched loftily on two stiff springs, and the priest folded his legs under him and settled himself on some straw. And in this dignified way they made their entrance into the parish, where the pastor and the people, the school-girls in white frocks and wreaths and veils, and the local band had assembled to welcome the bishop, all heroically sweet-tempered after their long hours of waiting and wondering what had happened.

Priests and people love their church and do its work heroically. When they succeed in building a little chapel with unpainted pews, and placing on its walls chromo stations of the cross in vivid reds and blues, the sight of which would be a mental hair-shirt for an artist, they feel the same sort of elation which thrills the popular rector and his prosperous congregation when an architect's dream in stately stone and gleaming marble is dedicated by an archbishop, with the splendid ceremonies of Mother Church.

A stranger to the policy and discipline of the Catholic clergy would be astonished, and ought to be truly edified, at the class of men to which our missionaries belong. It is safe to say that no Protestant denomination ever sends university graduates and doctors of divinity to minister to struggling colonies of poor peasants, and to endure the hardships of frontier life. Among these hard-worked missionaries is a brilliant mathematician whose gifts have long been considered wonderful by the few who know anything about them; another is an expert astronomer; another is a profound canonist. One priest—and there may be many like him—has Irish, Germans, Bohemians, and Italians in his parish, and he hears the confessions in the native tongues of all.

In charge of a country parish in Kansas is a saintly man who was once the Episcopalian Bishop of Rome, with all the dignity and power and state the title implies—a man with noble blood in his veins, and related to a dozen titled families in England, who had a career before him that offered the prizes of life, but who gave up everything for the One Thing. Every one has heard of Father Gallitzin, the prince-priest of Pennsylvania, but hardly any one has heard of this noblest nobleman who has exchanged a palace for a cottage, a carriage and pair for a caboose, the place of honor at a ducal table for a solitary repast of bread and hominy, and coffee made of rye. Ah, the consolation of that celestial book-keeping which lets not the smallest fraction of a sacrifice pass unrecorded!

The rules of the Catholic Church make scholars of her priests—how severe the requirements are, Protestants perhaps do not know. The candidate for holy orders spends years, never less than five, and sometimes more than twelve, in hard study after completing his collegiate course.

That is, after the youth intended for a secular career has taken his diploma and bidden good-by to college halls, his companion destined for the church has years of hard study ahead of him. Before a young man can be admitted to holy orders he must know Latin as a second mother-tongue—all his studies in philosophy and theology are made in this language—he must be conversant with Greek, and one or more of the modern languages. Not infrequently he knows Hebrew and Sanskrit, and many of the great languages of Europe. Three years must be devoted to theology, and two to philosophy, and, in the case of especially gifted students, often an opportunity is afforded of pursuing a longer course. Nor is the student permitted to begin his course in philosophy until he has been thoroughly grounded in the regular collegiate branches.

It is putting the term low to say that the average priest at his ordination has spent seventeen years in hard study. It is not an unheard-of proceeding for a Methodist or Baptist minister to start out to preach the Gospel to more ignorant rustics after a six months' study of the Scriptures and the life of the founder of his sect, following a rudimentary course in the public schools, and an examination before a board of men perhaps more ignorant than the candidate.

Sometimes, not often, one meets a Catholic priest whose manners and speech are not just what Chesterfield would call polished; but this is hardly surprising when one considers his life among poor farmers or miners or cowboys, away from all refining associations, and too poor to buy the books and periodicals which might keep him in touch with the world of men pulsating beyond the alkali plains or the rock-crowned mountains.

In reading of these sparsely settled districts, with churches and priests far away, one may be tempted to ask, But why do Catholics go to these places? Why don't they settle where there is a Catholic population, and where a church and priest can be supported in their own locality? To answer these questions, even if one could, would really do no particular good, for one must accept the fact as it is; and the fact is, that Catholics *are* scattered all through the Western States, a family here, another ten miles away, and one church in an area of perhaps forty miles. The beguiling immigration agent has something to do with their presence, and the prospect of getting land—land representing a great and very decided value to the Eastern mind—for a few dollars an acre is alluring. And the agent for these lands usually has a charming colony—on paper—to show them: here is a lot set apart for a Catholic church, there are so many acres for a school, or perhaps the church is already built. It is not deemed necessary to say that there is no Catholic priest to attend it, and no Catholic congregation to support it, and that the sparrows are left to build their nests in peace above its closed door. Again, the optimistic temperament readily accepts church and school as among the things that will speedily follow actual settlement, and the adventurous element goes into an unknown country in a spirit of daring, on a hazard of new fortunes.

This is, perhaps, a typical case of a pioneer: A young girl, a mere child of sixteen, brought up in a fairly well-to-do home, in the degree of comfort represented by carpets on the floors, some books, silver-plated spoons, and a step-mother, married the nephew of a prosperous farmer, and spent the first months of married life with the uncle. The young husband had saved a few hundred dollars, and he thought that he would like a farm of his own. The couple went to Oklahoma and bought a claim from a man who had entered it and tired of it, and thought themselves in great luck. They have their farm, but they live in a log-cabin, the railroad is forty miles away, the post-office six, and the nearest neighbor is two miles from them. And they now have a baby—a baby son who may one day represent his district in Congress, or appear at a friendly back door begging for cold victuals. The vicissitudes of Western life remind one of Monte Carlo—or would if one had ever been there!

There is always the tendency, perhaps unconscious, to omit the other side in describing anything in which one is interested. An ex-citizen of the great West was dilating on the prosperity and the possibilities of that section of our country. "Why," said he, "corn is only a dime a bushel. People burn it for fuel; it is actually cheaper than coal." When some one asked him why he had left such a land of plenty—there is usually some one around to spoil a good story with these inconvenient questions—he answered, "Because it is so everlasting hard to get the dimes!"

As every one knows, the great problem in the West is irrigation; the one bar to prosperity, the lack of rain. Whether this obstacle will ever be overcome scientists have not yet ventured to say, but it is quite certain that for many years the Western missionary will have a difficult struggle. And whilst there is no Aladdin's lamp to smooth his way, there is the all-potent magic of money. The people, outside of the large towns and older settlements, are not able to support their pastors; for the greater proportion of them are poor, and many of them are in actual want. Yet if the priests are taken away it means the falling from the faith of the children of Catholics and their children's children. Everywhere through the West one meets with such names as Patrick Walsh, Michael Conor, and Joseph Cummiskey, and their owners know no more about the old church, the church of their fathers, than do the John Wesley Smiths and the Luther Browns, their neighbors and associates.

Catholics contribute generously and gladly to the support of missionaries for heathens in foreign countries. Would they not contribute just as gladly to the support of missionaries in their own? Is the soul of a Chinaman more worthy of salvation than the soul of an Irishman, or a German, or a Bohemian, or even of a plain Yankee, who has sought to better his fortunes in the great West? France has its society for the propagation of the faith, and Americans contribute to it; we have a fund for negroes and Indians. Does any one imagine that if there was a society for the support of the Western missions* (one need not be particular about the name) American Catholics would let it lack for ample funds?

In addition to the work of giving spiritual succor to Catholics, priests might be put in the field to teach our well-meaning Protestant neighbors. The missions to non-Catholics so successfully begun by the zealous Paulist Fathers in the East might be multiplied with wonderful results in the West.

The venomous A. P. A. Society is doing its work with diabolical success. Eastern Catholics may sometimes read in their papers of the machinations of this organization, but it is only in the West that one sees its aims in all their bald malignity.

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* Such a society is already organized. It is called THE CATHOLIC MISSIONARY UNION. Its office is at 120 West 60th Street, New York.

The most ignorant and lurid sermons with which a demagogue ever sought to inflame the hatred and prejudice of a blinded, bigoted rabble in the old Know-nothing days are matched, if not surpassed, in our own.

In cultured and enlightened communities in the East, even where solidly Protestant, the Catholic clergy are respected as Christian gentlemen, and Catholics are received and recognized as Americans and Christians, and quite likely to be charming people well worth knowing. In the West—it seems very absurd to say it in this century of electricity and books and university extension, when liberality and culture are our shibboleth and shield—this Asinine Political Aggregation of Orangemen and unnaturalized Americans, and their agents, gravely formulate and scatter broadcast the most heinous charges against Catholics. The public has been told at various times that Catholic bishops had filled their cathedrals with fire-arms, and that Catholics were to rise on a certain night (usually the feast-day of a famous Jesuit is named) to massacre their innocent, unprotected Protestant fellow-citizens. The A. P. A. give credit to Catholics for being at least very brave, for they are only one to ten in the contest. Ministers calling themselves Christians stand up in their pulpits, and, in the name of the God of truth, assert that Catholics pay for the forgiveness of their sins, and that they can purchase a license to break the whole decalogue provided their purses are plethoric enough and their father-confessors not too high-priced in their spiritual wares. Not long ago there was put in circulation a formidable-looking document resembling parchment, emblazoned with a flaming cross, a huge tiara, and a bunch of keys (with which the Pope is supposed to open the gates of heaven), and signed by the Christian names of the American bishops, each name preceded by a cross, in which Catholics were warned against the public schools, and commanded to band together for the destruction of American liberties, etc., etc. It was supposed to be a Papal Bull which had accidentally—and providentially—fallen into the hands of a true American. Its author was really very imaginative, for the contents and the style and the grammar were most original.

The effect can be conceived of such a devilish forgery on the minds of an ignorant populace, already inflamed with lurid visions of a foreign potentate, in the venerable person of our

Pope, marching at the head of his legions to crush and kill Protestants, and to revel in a carnival of crime, their license tucked away securely in their pockets.

We Catholics have been very patient under our load of calumnies, but when abandoned and degraded wretches get up before a public audience to vilify all that we hold dear, and brand our priests and nuns as human demons, and are upheld in their course in the name of free speech, we feel, to alter a trite phrase, that patience is not the virtue suitable to the occasion.

Even Protestants who are too enlightened to attribute to us the horrors invented by the A. P. A. still regard us with a sort of lofty pity as beings steeped in a childish belief, and fettered by a slavish obedience to a mere man. We are not one with them—and cannot be, because of our creed—in progress and sweetness and light!

It is doubtless known by this time, at least to every intelligent Catholic, that each A. P. A. takes a solemn oath not to employ Catholics if he can help it, not to vote for them, and to do all that he can against their getting office or acquiring any influence in the community. It is true that they try to keep this oath secret, that they have changed the P from Protestant to Protective, and that they publicly clothe their phrases in a beguiling circumlocution, and prate of American institutions and public schools; but their real aim, their real venom, have been unmasked by fair-minded Protestants as well as by Catholics. Dr. Washington Gladden exposed them fearlessly in the pages of the *Century Magazine*, and copies of their infamous oath—the oath which brands them as traitors to the Constitution of the United States—have been long before the public.

Among the difficulties which make thorny the path of the Western missionary, this A. P. A. society is not the least.

To sum up the situation of the church in the West, we have a vast region, sparsely settled; Catholics few in numbers, and living far apart; few priests, and each priest with several missions and a parish large in area, necessitating travel and privations for himself, and inadequate spiritual ministrations for the Catholic people; poor little churches with the scantiest supply of cheap vestments, loaded with debt, and a mortgage hanging like a veritable sword of Damocles over the pastor's head. Children are growing up, and they must have schools; orphans are homeless, and asylums are required; people fall ill, and hospitals are needed. The State may step in with appropriations for non-sectarian institutions—non-sectarian can usually be translated "anti-Catholic"—but an institution in charge of sisters cannot be helped because it is sectarian, although it is expected, quite as a matter of course, that these same sisters receive into their hospitals and asylums the sick and the poor without question of creed or compensation. And, lastly, like a poisonous fungus spreading over the land and killing out the growth of life-giving plants, is the A. P. A.

Who will be the St. Vincent de Paul of needy souls, and crown the passing century with commensurate aid to the organized society for the help of the Western missions?

Another little problem in arithmetic will show that if one Catholic out of every twelve in the United States will contribute annually twenty-five cents, or one out of every forty-eight one dollar, there would be a fund of a quarter of a million of dollars, and this sum distributed among the twenty-three dioceses of the West, in proportion to their needs, would—but who can foretell, even in words, the wonderful work it would do?

The men are not wanting, the tried soldiers are in the field. We can safely leave to future generations the task of writing their biographies and giving them stones—let us, their contemporaries, give them bread.

The Indian Girl's first Lesson: A Glimpse of the Rocky Mountain Mission.

LEAVES FROM THE ANNALS OF THE URSULINES.

BY LYDIA STERLING FLINTHAM.

A COUNTRY'S greatest pride should be its women. To standing armies it may point with exultation, but each and every man along the ranks is but the embodiment of woman's prerogative to rule the destinies of nations. The statesman on the rostrum, sending forth in glowing accents the words destined, perhaps, to wake a slumbering people, has heard at a woman's knee the first sweet lessons of patriotism and devotion to right. Thus the world looks to woman for all that is noblest, and it has been rightly said that though man educates the people, yet woman educates man.

Considered in her various relations as maiden or matron, or in her holier capacity of the self-sacrificing religious, woman has ever been an object of interest, and the story of her varying missions never fails to rouse the attention of the most indifferent. In her work as the nun we shall consider her to-day, and particularly as a member of the vast body of Ursulines —that great society which in the old world was the first to bind itself by vow to the instruction of young girls, the first to cross the seas and, in the new world, to hold out its hand to the down-trodden Indian, and, tearing aside the veil of ignorance, show him the path to knowledge and morality.

In 1535 St. Angela Merici, an Italian lady of noble extraction, founded at Brescia the Ursuline Order for the instruction of young girls, placing it under the protection of St. Ursula, virgin and martyr. Until St. Angela's time no religious order had existed founded for this end. To her, therefore, belongs the honor of having first traced out to woman the career of the apostleship.

The widespread influence and personal magnetism which had already won for St. Angela the titles of "Holy Maiden" and "Little Saint of Paradise," enabled her to gather the fairest flowers among the Brescian maidens. With twelve of these she began the work for which she had longed, and the rapid spread of the order through Italy, and into Germany and France, testifies to its immediate and increasing popularity.

Ursulines observe the cloister, and each house is independent of the other upon its secure establishment. In some cases, when necessity requires, the cloister can be dispensed with. Thus the plastic character of the order accommodates itself to all countries and all times. In France, the house of Paris furnished the examples of highest perfection. Its members added to the three usual vows of religious, a fourth—the instruction of young girls. From it sprang Boulogne-sur-mer, which has given to our own country so many of her zealous members.

Not in Europe alone do the Ursulines claim the privilege of being pioneers of the modern education of woman, but they were the first to plant the germ in America.

During the reign of Louis XIV. Mother Mary of the Incarnation, whose name is spoken with reverence by every

Ursuline, crossed the Atlantic in 1639, just nineteen years after the *Mayflower* had touched our shores—and began in Quebec the instruction of the French settlers and the Indians.

A coincidence lies in the fact that in 1638, when Rev. John Harvard, in the infant colony of Massachusetts, endowed the institution which is New England's pride, Mother Mary was cherishing in her convent at Tours the project of educating the French colonists. So we may consider Harvard and the Ursuline schools of Quebec as contemporary, as well as the first institutions of learning on the continent, north of Mexico. The first task of the new arrivals in Quebec was to learn the Indian dialects. This they did with such success that in two months they were enabled to teach the natives in their own tongue.

CONVENT AND ACADEMY AT DALLAS, TEXAS.

Under a spreading ash-tree, tradition relates, Mary of the Incarnation sat, day after day, teaching the Indian children. When small-pox broke out in the colony, she gathered into their humble convent the sick and dying, and cared for them with the tenderness of a mother.

The Ursulines had chosen a favorable moment to enter Canada. The field in which the missionaries had long labored, with little success, began now to yield fruit. But their difficulties were many, their expenses great. Not only the Indian children, but often their families, had to be clothed and fed gratis; not only must the "bread of instruction be broken," but the food of the body as well. It would have been an insult, according to Indian ideas of hospitality, not to have offered food to their guests, so it happened that the "pot of sagamite" rarely left the fire. Five Ursulines to attend to these calls of both body and spirit were few indeed, and the demands on the larder were continually increasing. But, as Mother Mary remarked, "the pot of sagamite was never empty."

We may imagine the task of taming the graceful gazelles of the forest—the wild Indian maiden, to whom brush and comb were hitherto unknown, whose bed was the ground, and whose feet knew covering only in winter! But the gentle Ursulines won the hearts of the dusky children, and conquered through them the rough warriors of the forest.

Mother Mary ranks among America's heroines, and by the Indians she was regarded as an angel. Her great heart has left its influence upon succeeding generations of religious, and the sisterly spirit of the Ursulines displayed itself to those of New Orleans in an hour of need, and threw open their doors to the inmates of the Charlestown convent, destroyed by a fanatical mob in 1839.

The second foundation of Ursulines on the Western continent, and the first in the United States, was at New Orleans, in 1727.

De Bienville, governor of the Louisiana colony, understanding the needs of his people, endeavored to obtain religious teachers for their children. Placing the cause in the hands of Father de Beaubois, S.J., superior of the Jesuit missions, he ere long beheld the happy consummation of his hopes. Father de Beaubois journeyed to France, where he obtained from the Ursulines of Rouen a community of ten professed religious, headed by Mother St. Augustin Tranchepain. There was also a novice, who had the honor of being the first religious to pronounce sacred vows in the United States. The project was placed under the auspices of Louis XV., who issued an edict in their favor. The voyage was long and tedious and beset with many perils, so that it was fully six months ere the zealous nuns beheld their destination.

Their arrival was hailed with gladness, and as soon as practicable they began their labors, instructing rich and poor, whites, Indians, and negroes. After the Natchez Massacre, the poor orphans thus left desolate were warmly welcomed by the gentle Ursulines, and one of the community dying, and two having returned to France, the many duties fell heavily upon the seven religious left at the convent. Yet, in spite of all, they never regretted their native land, and their unfailing zeal won all hearts.

An Indian chief who came to offer sympathy to the French after the massacre remarked, upon seeing some of the nuns with a group of orphans: "You are like the Black Robes; you

On the Threshold of Life: Graduates of the Pittsburg Academy.

work for others! Oh, if we had two or three of you yonder, our women would have more sense!"

Most of the ladies of the colony were educated by the Ursulines, whilst girls of humbler rank crowded their day-schools. Their evenings and Sundays were devoted to instructing Indian and negro women and girls. Later these noble women received under their protection large numbers of the exiled women and children of the unhappy Acadians.

The great regard in which the nuns were held by both

France and Spain is testified by numerous writings from the authorities of those countries, whilst there are also in their possession letters from our early and most popular presidents, expressive of the highest esteem.

The retrocession of Louisiana to France caused consternation in the community, some of whom, fearing a repetition of the horrors of the French Revolution, favored selling their property and founding a convent in Havana. In this they were fortunately opposed by Very Rev. Thomas Hassett, who encouraged the less timid in their resolution of remaining. Some, however, could not be induced to stay, and sixteen sisters, including the superior, left for Havana, where they founded the convent which still exists. The arrival of other sisters from France served to revive the drooping spirits of those remaining, who had continued their labors as before.

Keeping ever in touch with the times, the Ursulines of New Orleans bear to-day the same reputation as teachers that they enjoyed in early days. At the World's Fair the committees of judges, both Catholic and secular, awarded their schools diplomas for art, class, and needle-work, and for French and fancy work.

A few years ago the sisters mourned the death of Mother Augustine O'Keefe, who spent many years in the community. She was one of those unfortunate Ursulines who was turned out in the night with her sisters and helpless charges from their peaceful convent in Charlestown, Mass., and beheld their home burn to ashes beneath the flames, not more greedy than the fanatical mob which started them. A book is extant, entitled *The Burning of the Convent*, which Mother Augustine (known as Mother Austin before her transfer to New Orleans) declared to be a series of falsehoods. Her own account, which is common history in the New Orleans community, is a thrilling one.

These ruthless fanatics, with the cry of "Down with the Pope! Down with the convent!" on their lips, spared no one—not the helpless living, not the dead in the coffins, whose bones they scattered to the winds! The sisters, dreading sacrilege to the Lord of Hosts, lifted the movable tabernacle, and hurrying into the garden deposited it in a bed of asparagus which had run to seed. Their efforts were fruitless, as it was discovered by the miscreants, one of whom pocketed the sacred species. As he entered his home, however, he fell dead on the very threshold. A swift judgment indeed!

To the Ursulines of New Orleans belongs the honor of instituting the devotion to Our Lady of Prompt Succor, now devoutly practised by the people of Louisiana, who attribute many blessings to her intercession.

From the venerable institution of New Orleans sprang the famous St. Ursula's in Galveston, Texas. She has reached the "Golden Milestone," but wears on her brow no trace of the struggles which marked her infant existence. To the wise administration of Mother St. Pierre the school owes its secure establishment on the road to success. The Civil War, which checked for a time its progress, could not hinder its advancement, once the conflict was over. In 1861 its class-rooms, that echoed to the sounds of girlish laughter, were converted into hospital wards, and sick and dying soldiers were nursed with tender charity, irrespective of creed, nationality, race, or party.

PRESENT CONVENT AND ACADEMY AT COLUMBIA, S. C., AND RUINS OF CONVENT BURNED BY FEDERAL TROOPS.

In grateful memory of these services to God and country, the cloistered portals of the Ursuline Convent are thrown open twice each year to delegates commissioned, respectively, by the Confederates and G. A. R., to decorate the humble grave wherein rest the mortal remains of Mother St. Pierre, the "Soldier's Friend and Ministering Angel."

The academy is empowered to confer diplomas and degrees, and of the efficiency of its teachers many a bright home affords unquestionable testimony. Situated near the beach, it is one of the most imposing school edifices in the Union, and, with its splendid galleries and towering spires, reminds one of the baronial castles of Europe.

At the instigation of Bishop Dubois, of Galveston, a branch of these Ursulines was planted in Dallas, Texas, and the little band beheld as their first abode a dwelling 12x20 feet in dimensions!

Half amused, the sisters wondered what they were to do with their pupils. With only their talents and a system of training that has withstood the test of centuries, united to the ready tact which could adapt itself to the needs of a new country, they bravely set their brains and hands to work to devise ways and means to prosecute their mission.

From the first the sisters met with a cordial sympathy from the people of Dallas, and this bond has grown with the growth of the place into an identification of interests. From seven pupils in the February term the number grew to fifty before its close, and since that every scholastic year has shown an improvement on the last.

Among the noble women who stand out in bold relief as founders of Ursuline convents in this country, the name of Mother Julia Chatfield is prominent. In 1845, under the protection of the Right Rev. John Baptist Purcell, D.D., of Cincinnati, she founded the famous Academy of St. Martin's, Ohio. To Father Machebœuf, the zealous pastor of several counties in Ohio, is due the immediate foundation of the order in that State.

A visit to Europe was necessary to settle important business there, and he was commissioned by his bishop to obtain religious from Europe to open an academy in his diocese. Two fine locations for such an institution had lately been donated.

Father Rappe, then pastor of Toledo, who was to act as substitute in Father Machebœuf's absence, gave to the latter letters to Mother St. Ursula, superior of the Ursulines in Boulogne-sur-mer, where he had for several years been chaplain.

To this superior Father Machebœuf, as soon as possible, made his application.

Meanwhile, in Beaulieu, there had been re-established since the Revolution a house of the Ursulines, which, however, met with such reverses that, saddened and discouraged, its members were upon the point of disbanding. But God had other designs for them. The superior heard through friends of Father

Machebœuf that he was negotiating for sisters from Boulogne-sur-mer. She wrote to the mother in Boulogne, asking that several sisters from her convent might be permitted to join those from Boulogne in their new venture. Whilst this correspondence was progressing, Father Machebœuf in person visited Beaulieu, and after a conference with the superior, proceeded to obtain the bishop's consent to their departure. But the relatives and friends of the sisters, learning of their intention, rose in arms, and the convent was thronged with relatives and former pupils, who implored them, tearfully, not to leave. Others, more importunate, had recourse to the civil law, and one morning the sisters found before their doors the mayor and the municipal council, who, upon being courteously invited to enter, earnestly endeavored to shake their resolution.

CONVENT AND ACADEMY, CLEVELAND, O.

At the height of these grievous trials a letter from Boulogne came like a ray of sunlight into their troubled hearts. It stated that Mother Julia Chatfield would join them as superior and, with a novice and a young postulant, would accompany them to their new field of labor in the West.

How to get certain sisters out of the city without rousing too much feeling on the part of their relatives, was a problem that next engaged their attention.

A novel solution was found. Knowing that Mother Stanislaus' family would strenuously oppose her going, it was arranged that she and a lay sister should steal away at night disguised as market-women, and, proceeding on foot to St. Cère, pass the night with an aunt of one of the nuns, who was in the plot—thence to Paris, where the others, leaving a week later, would meet them. Then journeying to Havre, they would join the three from Boulogne. Accordingly, with dress *retroussé*, as was the custom, her feet encased in *sabots*—now preserved as a relic of this historic episode—Mother Stanislaus set forth on foot to St. Cère accompanied by the lay sister.

Their amusing yet trying adventures whilst assuming this strange attire are quaintly set forth in a beautiful volume, *Fifty Years in Brown County Convent*, which was published by these Ursulines in commemoration of their golden jubilee.

Who can fathom the emotions of these zealous religious, who, as they set sail from Havre, severed with one stroke the ties of friends and country? With faces turned towards the land of promise, they mourned not for the things of the past, but "reached out their hands to the things which were to come." Every detail of that perilous voyage is set down in the volume mentioned above, and we may follow them step by step in their tedious journey from New York to Cincinnati, and thence to St. Martin's, Brown County. Arriving at the latter place late one night, they were entertained by the genial Fathers Cheymol and Gacon, whose generous devotion to the community later won undying gratitude. After supper they were domiciled in a little out-building used by two domestics. Finding neither locks nor bolts to the door, they proceeded, woman-like, to form a barricade of the beds and washstand.

In the night they were aroused by heavy footfalls, and most peculiar sounds. Visions of wild Western Indians rushed into their minds! But the sound of familiar voices stilled their terror, and later they discovered that the savages they had pictured were the *horses* that, breaking from the stable, had wandered into the passage of their dwelling!

These circumstances were not calculated to happily impress the beauties of Western life upon these polished European ladies, but they who had broken the ties of friends and home were not to be daunted by even greater trials, and with cheerful hearts they began the foundation of their new abode.

Brown County Convent! The pen loves to linger upon the pages which tell its history. So widely is it now known, that

Brown County and the Ursuline Convent at St. Martin's, Ohio, have become synonymous terms. "Brown County" has gathered her pupils from nearly every State in the Union and beyond seas. Hundreds of Christian wives and mothers are disseminating the seeds of the fruit of Brown County training, whilst, hidden away in various convents, she is proud to number Ursulines, Carmelites, Ladies of the Sacred Heart, Visitandines, Benedictines, Dominicans, Sisters of Mercy, of the Good Shepherd, of Charity, and of St. Joseph, all working for the one end—God's greater glory. How many women whose names are household words, whose songs ring unending echoes in the hearts of men, whose pens have been wielded in the cause of truth and justice, look back upon their happy school days at Brown County Convent! And never was theme sweeter or dearer than that which recorded the praises of such an Alma Mater!

RT. REV. RICHARD GILMOUR, D.D.

With smiles over which arises the mist of tears they recall the beloved foundresses, Mother Julia and Mother Stanislaus, called by the loving titles of *Notre Mère* and *Ma Mère*. Of these two no praise could be an exaggeration. The holiness of their lives, the result of their patient labors, are inscribed in enduring characters on the convent walls, and are written on the souls of Brown County's many children.

Last summer the Brown County Institute held its annual meeting near St. Martin's. Besides being called upon to show their building and entertain bands of from four to twenty, the sisters invited all the teachers and their friends to spend a half day at the convent. Numbers of them had never come in contact with Catholics, not to speak of being in total ignorance of the religious life, and their visit was like a ray of sunlight dispelling the gloom of prejudice.

A worthy daughter of "Old Brown County" is the flourishing Academy of St. Ursula's, in Santa Rosa, Cal., which since its establishment in 1880 has claimed an increasing patronage. Apart from the academy, the sisters also conduct many of the city's parochial schools.

Another is the Ursuline Academy in Columbia, S. C., which was founded under the auspices of Right Rev. P. N. Lynch, by six nuns from Brown County, with the bishop's sister as superior.

From its beginning their foundation flourished, though trials were not wanting to test their virtues and to increase their merits.

Some miscreants, resenting the appearance of nuns in the city, began a series of petty persecutions, such as hurling stones at the windows, shouting opprobrious epithets, and on one occasion firing a pistol-shot into the house—presumably at a statue of Our Lady. Though the shot narrowly missed the mother superior, yet the only damage done was the shattering of the window-pane and the shooting off of the shooter's thumb! The sisters finally appealed for protection to the mayor, who placed a guard around the convent, and at one time even acted as patrol himself. This state of affairs roused the righteous indignation of the best Protestant gentlemen of Columbia, who called a meeting and put to shame the rioters, who "returned to their homes so quietly as not to disturb the nuns by their footfalls."

But their peace was now disturbed by the strife of Civil War, and the closing year of the struggle marked the darkest hour in the history of these devoted nuns. Their convent and academy were pillaged and destroyed by the Federal troops under General Sherman, in spite of the positive promise of protection given by the commanding general. On the night of February 17, 1865, the pitying people of Columbia beheld a sad spectacle on their streets—a procession of cloistered nuns, together with their pupils, leaving their loved convent to the flames, and themselves seeking safety in the Catholic church-yard, where they remained all night. A temporary asylum was found for them at the Methodist College, which had lately been used as a Confederate hospital.

The nuns lost, at one fell blow, everything they possessed. Yet no feeling of revenge entered their hearts; instead it remained a custom for twenty years after to offer a general Com-

CLASS OF 1897, TIFFIN, OHIO.

munion on the anniversary of the firing for those who had shared in that wicked deed. Thus do God's chosen ones revenge their wrongs!

The Ursulines remained several months at the college, during which time they endeavored as far as possible to carry on the work to which they were vowed—teaching their pupils orally and from any chance books they found at the college. There followed five wretched months of privation, during which time one of the sisters succumbed to the exposure and poor fare and died—"a victim of circumstances." At the end of that time a home was provided for them on a farm belonging to Bishop Lynch, three miles from the city.

Dark days followed; but finally brighter ones dawned, and the labors of the Ursulines have been crowned by the possession of a handsome convent and academy, situated in a beautiful section of Columbia, and where many of America's best and noblest women have been trained.

The Ursulines of Cleveland boast of the oldest Catholic institution of learning in that diocese. It was founded in 1850 by Bishop Rappe, and the nuns came, like those of Brown County, from Boulogne-sur-mer. To-day Cleveland is a city of magnificence, but on that far-away August day the eyes of those gentle strangers fell upon a comparative wilderness. Undaunted, however, they set to work and in a short time opened day, boarding, and parochial schools, all on the grounds of the small domain they had purchased. So marked was their success that very soon these daughters of St. Angela perceived that there was no more room for the little ones of the parochial schools. Then new schools were built upon the convent grounds. It was not long, however, before these too were more than crowded, and in 1853 Bishop Rappe was obliged to obtain from Rome permission for the Ursulines to go out to the different parts of the city and take charge of the parochial schools.

When, in the days of St. Charles Borromeo, the Ursulines of Milan threw open their cloistered doors, and going forth cared for the plague-stricken inhabitants, that deed was written in golden letters upon the pages of history. Can we not draw a parallel between those and the nuns of Cleveland who, at duty's call, leave their cherished cloister and go forth like those of old—not to nurse the physically sick indeed, but to crush the poisonous germs of vice and ignorance and to sow those of piety and knowledge?

In 1872 the academy became a collegiate institute. The course of learning comprises the preparatory and collegiate, and many successful teachers in Cleveland and elsewhere who are graduates of this institution testify to its educational worth.

Feeling the need of even greater space, it was deemed advisable to purchase a property near Nottingham for a boarding school. This they named Villa Angela, and it was not a new foundation, but merely a separation of the boarding and day schools. The same courses of study are adhered to as in Cleveland; in both places not only are the fine arts and the sciences carefully inculcated, but great attention is paid to those "homely duties" which often make or mar the comfort of a household. Each year a gold medal for domestic economy is awarded to the young lady who excels in the household arts.

At Villa Angela the nuns, kneeling in their peaceful chapel and looking out over the waters of Lake Erie which lap the shores of the domain, must be reminded of their beautiful Boulogne-sur-mer, which they left long years ago. Surely that mother's benediction has tarried with them!

The Ursuline Convent in Cleveland established new foundations in Toledo and in Tiffin, Ohio.

The former was begun in 1854 by a colony of five religious, and more closely identified with the early history of Toledo

URSULINE ACADEMY, WINEBIDDLE AVE., E. E., PITTSBURG, PA.

than any other institution is the Ursuline Convent of the Sacred Heart. It is now passing the twenty-fifth year of its existence as an incorporated college. Its curriculum embraces a thorough classical course, the graduates in which receive a diploma and the degree of bachelor of arts, and the commercial course, which is completed in two years, and includes book-keeping, stenography, type-writing, etc. The latter has been taken by a large number of young ladies who now fill responsible and lucrative positions as secretaries, book-keepers, stenographers, and other places of trust in Toledo and elsewhere. The student in this course receives a commercial certificate and the degree of master of accounts.

The kindergarten department is also a feature, and its contribution to the World's Fair was especially noted. Object-teaching was explained by illustration. Thus, the figure of a miss with a skipping-rope executed in water-colors, and accompanying ones of the hemp, cotton, and flax plants, with those of a cow and a sheep, told in unmistakable words of the origin of the rope, linen, cloth, leather, and wool of which the clothing was made.

The students of the different grades contributed to the same exhibition several elegantly bound volumes showing the regular class-work. The title-pages were handsomely illuminated by exquisite designs of flowers, mottoes, etc., done in water-colors, India-ink, and in etchings. The literary work comprised poems, essays, and papers of the highest merit, whilst the altar linens, china, and oil painting will not soon be forgotten by those who saw them.

The handsome prospectus of the Toledo Academy is issued from the sisters' own press, and at the recent alumnæ reunion each guest was presented with a dainty card of ivory and silver from the same source.

As publishers, indeed, the Ursulines have much to be proud of, if we may be permitted to use such an expression in their regard. The beautiful volume recently published, descriptive of the work of women at the World's Fair, was compiled by the Ursulines. Brown County Convent has issued two handsome books, *Fifty Years in Brown County Convent* and *Golden Jubilee of Brown County.* Who has not read the *Ursuline Manual,* with its rich combination of prayer, meditation, and instruction?

Six religious from Cleveland began the foundation at Tiffin, Ohio. As the unfamiliar figures passed through the streets some one exclaimed: "They are Catholic nuns." Little did the people think that their prejudice would thaw under the influence of those same nuns, nor could they foresee how, in after years, one of their ministers would sacrifice his pastorate in a neighboring town rather than yield to his parishioners by withdrawing his daughter from the Ursuline Academy of Tiffin, where she was a pupil.

When the same bigotry, in the guise of A.-P.-A.-ism, showed itself in the presence of one of Tiffin's most prominent merchants, he met it with the rebuke: "Yes, my clerks are Catholics, and we all feel better for it. My daughters were educated by the Ursulines, and if I had a dozen they should go nowhere else."

Even before the academy began to confer collegiate honors, the superintendents of the public schools were eager to select teachers from its graduates. Some of these now lead their profession without being obliged to show either diploma or certificate.

In 1855 the Ursulines came to New York, and have conducted flourishing schools in the Archdiocese of New York ever since. Their institutions at Bedford Park and New Rochelle are doing their share in the educational work of New York.

The daughters of St. Angela are also located in Pittsburg, Pa., whence they came in 1870 from Havre, France, at the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian war. Bishop Domenec kindly received them, and their present academy on Winebiddle Avenue occupies one of the most beautiful locations in the eastern section. Like so many institutions conducted by the Ursulines, it has been granted all the rights of a college, and numbers of Pittsburg's most prominent and wealthy citizens send their daughters here, realizing the value of that training which educates both mind and heart. They are taught to be not "fashion's gilded ladies, but brave, whole-soul, true women," elegant ornaments of society indeed, but jewels of the home circle as well. They are urged not to court publicity, but to "let their light shine before men" by good example and the practice of those virtues which make a woman what God intended her to be—"but a little lower than the angels."

THE FIRST URSULINE NOVITIATE FOR THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN MISSION.

The Ursuline Order is rightly noted for its motherly spirit, for deeply does it drink of that great fountain of love gushing from the heart of their mother, St. Angela. And whilst they look with kindly, affectionate eyes upon the countless other sisterhoods since founded to work in God's field, they yet glory in the distinction of being the first to break the furrow.

From stately buildings, where children of wealth enjoy every convenience that modern progress knows, we turn to a spot in Montana where women of this same noble order are working for the little ones of those who first trod our soil—the true Americans—the down-trodden Indian, who, like Ishmael of old, feels that "his hand is against every man, and every man's hand against him."

Tell me, wise statesman, noble philanthropist, have you solved the Indian question yet? No! But out there, among hardships impossible to picture, devoted women are solving it for you!

In the beautiful Yellowstone Valley, Miles City lies sweet and smiling among its swelling hills and rolling plains. Often has the iron horse puffed into the busy "cow-boy" city in quest of the black diamonds from the mountain side, but on a certain day in January, 1884, it bore a more precious freight than its accustomed one; nor was the wealth of the mountains its goal. It carried a tiny band of apostolic women—Ursulines from Toledo, who had come to face with unwavering faith and courage the contrast between the old life and the new. Behind them the peaceful seclusion of convent silence; before them—what? Only God could tell. At the bidding of two noted prelates, the late Bishop Gilmour of Cleveland and Bishop Brondel of Montana, they had prepared to face all the labor and poverty of a mission in the far West, and now went forward like children leaning on a father's arm.

From his episcopal city, Helena, four hundred miles distant, Bishop Brondel had come to meet them. For years had this man of God labored among the abandoned Indian tribes and had given an example of self-sacrifice so sublime as to defy all words of praise. That day there stood by his side Father Lindesmith, chaplain at Fort Keogh, the great "Rustler," with whom right and rule were law and patriotism next to fidelity to God.

We read the records of the Ursulines in the far West with mingled smiles and tears.

The first night they were installed in the log-cabin of Mrs. McCama, a lodging-house for ranchmen and cow-boys! The next day their first thought was to secure a little home of their own. This they did, but at what a sacrifice! Father Lindesmith was absent, and the strange shyness of Miles City Catholics left them entirely unaided. Alone they trod the streets, seeking a house—alone they sought the plumber, the tinsmith, the coal-dealer, and grocer. No one came to assist them, and they spent the day in the roughest household labor, and when at last with frozen hands they succeeded in building a fire, they left their toil to watch the smoke that went curling up from the first Ursuline Convent in the Rocky Mountains.

TEACHERS AND PUPILS AT ST. PETER'S MISSION. (1) REV. MOTHER AMADEUS. (2) SISTER ST. IGNATIUS. (3) SISTER ST. THOMAS.

Where volumes might be written, it is difficult to condense within present limits the story of the trying labors and destitution of those weary days.

Father Lindesmith, with characteristic humor, had written to Toledo that "there was no use coming to Montana unless they could rustle," and they did not disappoint his hopes.

The various missions were opened in the following order: Miles City, St. Labre's, St. Peter's Mission, novitiate and mother house, in 1884; St. Paul's and St. Xavier's, 1887; St. Ignatius' and Holy Family, 1890; St. Charles' and St. Berchman's, 1892.

At all of these are taught various tribes of Indians. Until July, 1896, the sisters received insufficient but regular support from the government. Now, the mission schools still receive forty per cent. of their contracts for 1895, but the supply has been entirely cut off from St. Peter's, where there are the mother house, novitiate, and a hundred Indian girls. Around this mother house the sisters' tenderest memories dwell. For seven years St. Peter's consisted of a row of log-cabins connected by a porch. One snowy day the ranchers sought the nuns in vain. They were buried in snow and had to cut their way out with axes into the daylight. Day after day the sisters lighted the lamps at ten in the morning, because the snow had curtained off the windows, and the most convenient way they found of going from the back of the house to the front was to *cross the roof* on the huge snow-drifts. When the snow melted in the spring and the summer rains came on, then their sufferings were greatest, for the poor little roof leaked, and the sister who did the cooking often waded knee-deep in water to get the meals, and was compelled to fasten an umbrella over the frying-pan!

In the winter of '90 the sisters sheltered a thousand children. Last winter many were exposed in their camps to frightful sickness and hunger. This was the fate of the little ones. But the larger girls—ah! their guardian angels alone knew *their* misery! These poor children flock to the sisters. They wash, comb, clothe, feed, shelter, educate them, and they have not a cent on earth save what comes to them in sweet Charity's hand. Oh! you whom God has blessed with abundance, and in whose heart he has poured the oil of his charity, turn to those noble women whose pleading voices are lifted in behalf of the outcast Indians. Your charity may save countless souls, and hedge around with banks of lilies the endangered innocence of the Indian girl!

One word about Mother Amadeus, foundress and superior-general of the Ursuline missions—a woman of magnetic power, whose labors and privations stamp her face with that indescribable charm which recalls the poet's lines:

> "If an artist paint her, he would paint her, unaware,
> With a halo round her hair."

Once when Mother Amadeus was on her way to the Crow Mission she was caught in a huge snow-drift. The sleigh could not cut through, and she and her companion lay in the snow all night when the thermometer registered forty degrees below zero. Again, she and three companions were nearly an hour in the frozen waters of Blue Creek. A cloud-burst had dug the bed of the stream, and the horses, mistaking the ford, stood motionless on the chasm's verge. The driver fainted in horror, and Mother alone guided the terrified animals until help came.

At another time this remarkable woman was beset by a pack of wolves. Kneeling down, she recited the "Memorare," and the hungry fiends swooped around the mountain side and left the nuns safe.

But they consider none of these perils like unto the one which threatens them now. Penniless, unaided, is it not with the faith that works miracles that they throw open their doors to the thronging Indian children, and invite them to the arms which, alas! may soon drop powerless at the side? Oh! that the day may soon dawn when they who make the laws in our beloved land may lay aside the bigotry and hatred which too often curse our legislation, and right these wrongs. May they come to understand the great heart of the self-immolating Ursuline, who labors against every drawback for the unhappy savage, and who teaches him through his children to be a Christian and a true citizen!

WALZINTHIA: AN INDIAN GIRL OF ST. PETER'S MISSION, AS PRESENTED TO PRINCESS EULALIE.

BOOKS TRIUMPHANT AND BOOKS MILITANT.

BY CARINA B. C. EAGLESFIELD.

THERE seem as many ways of dividing literature as there are departments in it, and it may appear superfluous to suggest another; but, if we look beyond the mere contents of books, beyond the dividing lines which separate poetry from prose, science from fiction, etc., etc., we may discover that literature naturally divides itself into two classes and performs two distinct offices. In the one class are the books we cannot live without, and in the other the books we can dispense with. I have chosen to call the first "books triumphant" and the second "books militant," and the development of this paper will, I trust, make my idea plain.

These divisions may, and often do, blend into each other, yet each is, after all, distinct and independent of the other. A triumphant book is a book of power—an immortal book; and a book militant, which word seems not so plain, is one of knowledge, of use, a provisional work, a book on trial and sufferance. It may be compared to a soldier, for it marches in and takes its place upon the stage of life, like a soldier on duty. Fighting its way for existence, with colors gaily flying, it is used by the powers that be, and then, when the battle is over and we have gleaned from it all we need of knowledge or pleasure, it marches out again, not so boldly and confidently, perchance, as it came in.

New discoveries in the scientific world make the book of use old in ten years, new fashions in novels make us smile at the books our grandmothers wept over, and new schools of poetry make us yawn over the poems our grandfathers declared perfect of their kind. The fight of the book militant is over, its mission ended; we build upon the foundations once deemed ultimate new facts, new theories, and these in turn pass out into oblivion and decay. But a book triumphant knows neither decay nor death, as long as the language exists in which it speaks. To amend or revise a militant book is a praiseworthy thing. The living power in the book is bound to remain, while the form or teachable facts are ever being re-clothed in new and more acceptable garments. But to attempt to vary or improve a book triumphant is to plagiarize. The soul of the work is incarnated, and to dissever it from the lovely body would be to mutilate. The difference between a mortal and an immortal book is as deep as life, for in the one we have life embodied, in the other kaleidoscopic pictures, perhaps lacking in every vital quality, or a presentation of long strings of mere working facts and theories. An immortal book is the soul of the man looking forth from its illumined pages; and as no two men ever read the open page of life with the same eyes, so no two triumphant books can be alike. Literature cannot surpass what is greatest and deepest in life, therefore the immortal books must touch an answering chord in our natures before we understand them or make them our own. It has been said that it takes a great man to criticise a great book, and this truth underlies the apparent extravagance of the statement that the spirit of the book and the spirit of the critic must be in sympathy, else the message is broken and the book speaks to deaf ears. With all Dr. Johnson's greatness—and he was a great and good man, more lovable and human than Milton by many degrees—he could not justly estimate Milton's work, for his mind was out of sympathy, because lacking those qualities which are demanded of the critic of *Paradise Lost.*

We all like to keep good company, and I have some sympathy for those unlucky wights who are so honestly ashamed of their inability to read certain immortal works—*Paradise Lost,* for instance—that they maintain a discreet silence. Honesty keeps them from pretending to admiration, and frankness from their point of view would accomplish nothing except a comfortable easement of conscience, which they are quite willing to forego. Occasionally one of the world's immortals discloses curious limitations of spiritual vision. One would naturally conclude that the message would be of far deeper import to them than to men of smaller mould, but this does not always hold good, and we have some rather startling examples of this lack of literary insight. Emerson could see nothing in Shelley, Don Quixote, Aristophanes, Miss Austen, or Dickens. He rarely read a novel, and thought Hawthorne's books not worthy of him. His opinion on Dante fills us with dismay, it is so contrary to what the majority would conclude ought to be the inevitable effect of the most spiritual mind of the middle ages upon the most spiritual mind of modern times. Emerson's judgment is delightfully frank, if inscrutable. He says: "Dante is a man to put into a museum, but not into your house;

another Zelah Colburn; a prodigy of imaginative function, executive rather than contemplative or wise." Is this what we would expect from the author of *Society and Solitude?*

It is consoling to feel that the scope of a book militant is narrowed to its own short day of fame; its agencies work not beneath the surface. It teaches, amuses for a brief span only, while the influence of a triumphant book fills the mind with awe, so limitless, so infinite are its possibilities. Its mission is to uplift the soul, and its foundations are buried in the deepest parts of our natures, while its spirit carries us into the loftiest regions attained by mortal intellect. A book triumphant often touches the soul with such swift, unerring aim that the shock throws the mind out of its usual balance. Alfieri, in the strange story of his life, tells of the powerful effect which the first reading of Plutarch's *Lives* had upon him. "I flew into a transport of joy and rapture, and could my wild, unbridled satisfaction have been witnessed by any one, I should have been taken for a maniac. Cries and groans and inarticulate exclamations were all I could express at the treasures unfolded before me."

Plutarch has had an influence which bids fair to become immortal, and his devotees, though not all so unbridled as Alfieri, are many and faithful. Emerson says that "Plutarch cannot be spared from the smallest library; first, because he is so readable, which is much; then, that he is so medicinal and invigorating." The genial Montaigne read his Plutarch lovingly, but our confidence in his judgment is slightly shaken when he calmly informs us that he can see nothing in Cicero but "wind"! Long generations of school-boys will probably be the only ones to endorse this opinion.

What a difference there is between our books! We are *trained* by the books militant, the books of use; we *grow* through yielding ourselves to the triumphant books. No education is rounded which leaves out of consideration the moulding influence of the great poems of the world. No purely technical school can succeed in sending forth a balanced man. When allegiance is given too exclusively to the militant books, which are tools, stock in trade, the spiritual nature is left to starve and the balance distorted. It is the soul, not the skill, which survives in a book; and the main difference between a triumphant and a militant book is the difference between genius and talent. We fondly call triumphant books "the kinsmen of the soul," all others being mere acquaintances, touching the outer circles of our lives only. Emerson said that he used his books as an intellectual stimulus "to set his top spinning," but the true books are as the men and women who, flesh of our flesh, blood of our blood, stand so close to us that we almost tremble at the thought of criticising them. It is not the militant, passing books which educate us; we must have them, but always, bear in mind, in their subordinate place. Andrew Lang says that the best training for life is found in the three immortals of the world, the Bible, Shakspere, and Homer, and Emerson asks why the young men of the race cannot be educated on Plato. Do not criticise your great books; let them pass beyond the "outer portal of criticism" into the heart, and then read them with your heart. A great book must touch us before it can teach us; therefore let its beauty sink deep into your soul, and after you love it and cannot live without it, you may wisely begin to criticise.

There seems to be a time to read books, and a season for each one, and it is well to study our moods and find out just what book fits into each particular mood; but read, read, read, and you are sure to come into your kingdom. Dr. Johnson thought we should always read according to inclination, and the sage of Concord agrees with him, though limiting the choice to famous books and never a one less than twelve months old. What the reader with strong natural leanings towards new and not famous books is to do, Mr. Emerson saith not. Probably such benighted density did not occur to him as having any existence. I would beg leave to differ with both learned doctor and sage, and suggest that we qualify and temper our natural inclination with a large humility. If we fondly hug our taste and conceitedly fancy it to be the highest or the right taste, because our very own, we shall never grow, and growth should be the ambition of every lover of books. Taste, dip into, and persistently try to enjoy the best books, and you will very probably do so in time. Yet a book, if it speak at all, ought to be part of our lives, as it was once bone and marrow of the man who created it. There is a subtle connection between triumphant books and the progress of the world. The steady trend of the former is towards the light, and our real growth could be measured by our appreciation of them. A great book is always optimistic, and our highest moods see amelioration and improvement in the advancing centuries. Dogmatism in matters of literature is peculiarly obnoxious, and no one can say the final word on even so open a subject as the number of immortal books. There is no final judgment in letters, as there are no final books. The greatest book is only the finite speech of the soul, and "the soul of man is ever growing and striving upwards through endless experiences into larger knowledge of itself."

Yet the consensus of the world's opinion gives not more than a score of immortal books, and of these I will only take four as immortal in their entirety: the Bible, Homer, Dante, and Shakspere. There are happily many triumphant books, which are immortal in those parts that have been breathed upon by the genius of their creator. Of these individual taste goes a good way towards selection. We are apt to look upon our favorites among books somewhat as we do upon our own kith and kin, being marvellously touchy if any one dares to make invidious remarks about them, but using large liberty in criticising them ourselves. Their foibles and idiosyncrasies are ours also, and woe be to the friend who ventures to smile at our family ways! Among the crowned kings of the intellect most of us count Plato, Milton, Cervantes, Goethe, Wordsworth, and Emerson, and certain gems of Hafiz, Heine, Shelley, Lowell, Hugo, and Sand are perfect in their way; their sway is, however, not over the entire world, and there are some to eagerly dispute their claim. But the supremacy of the four great ones is beyond doubt; all pay glad allegiance to them. It is but recently that the literary value of the Bible has aroused the interest of scholars, and every expression of opinion in this new field claims earnest attention. Professor Munger, in speaking of the literary form of the Bible, says:

"It is not necessary in literature that it spring from the literary motive. Christ himself uttered much that is in the truest sense literary. It does not matter how it comes about, if it is the genuine thing. Christ was without the literary purpose, but that does not forbid us from counting the 'Parable of the Prodigal Son' as a consummate and powerful piece of literature. The great master-pieces do not primarily spring from the literary sense or motive, but from human depths of feeling and duty, their absence leaving the inspiration if anything more free. Out of such unconsciousness came *Hamlet*, the *Imitation of Christ*, the *Pilgrim's Progress*, the *Gettysburg Oration*, and many others." In common with all immortal books, the Bible is a growth, a creation. Its structure and its style are a part of it, and cannot be separated from it. A work of mere talent can be divorced from its style, but in the master-piece the style is the incarnation. To many devout natures this may appear almost sacrilegious, yet I believe there will be no loss of spiritual insight, and a large gain in intellectual pleasure, by looking upon the Bible as a great literary work, made up of separate and distinct parts. The stupendous task which the editors of the Polychrome Bible have undertaken will eventually give us the Bible in all its pristine beauty, and the work will glorify this century by its breadth, liberality, and scholarship. Poets have the birthright of spiritual vision, and surely Dante is the most spiritual poet the world has ever seen. He is a contrast in almost everything to Homer, the other immortal poet. Homer appeals to the entire world, Dante to the elect few; yet both are for all time, and therein lies the mystery. There is something sacred, inaccessible, and intangible about genius, and the creator, least of all, understands the mystery. Goethe was not posing, I think, when he disclaimed his ability to explain his treatment of Faust; the inspiration seized possession of his soul and he wrote because he had to write. Mrs. Stowe once told a friend that she had no idea how *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was going to end. It simply unfolded itself before her, and her hand penned the lines which her genius dictated. Each age compares itself with the immortals, and holds up its own fairest types to the mirror of the past, hoping to find kinship with them. Are we not always translating our master-pieces? Does not every tragedy recall the divine trio of Greeks? Does not every lyric date back to Hafiz? These pictures from the childhood of the world exert a perennial fascination over us, and we feel that no such sane, fresh, and natural views will ever again prevail. Carlyle called Dante "the spokesman of ten silent centuries," and the phrase is grandly expressive. There is but one *Divine Comedy*, one poem so comprehensive in scope, so deep in feeling. But these books are not easy reading, and we too readily neglect them to skim over the ephemeral froth of the hour, not once recognizing that they should be our daily and perpetual food.

To pass to our next Immortal. It would be a superfluous task, and one far beyond talent or inclination, to criticise Shakspere; Henry James says that every new critic of Shakspere makes it a matter of principle to differ with every other critic; and as I have no new views to offer, it becomes me to confine myself to the bald statement that Shakspere is the greatest of the immortal men the world has seen.

There is a little book which comes so near to being one of the immortals that I have a mind to put on my list—the *Imitation of Christ*, by Thomas à Kempis. It is a slender book, but teems with knowledge of humanity. The soul of its writer speaks directly to the soul of the reader, and the truth, simplicity, and charity of it have made it a guide to the greatest and purest of minds. Surviving all the philosophy and science of its age, it is read and revered in many languages, and time seems powerless to diminish its influence.

Books may be triumphant in many ways. Though lacking perfection of form, they may have a certain spiritual quality which is so fine and true that it appeals directly to us, and its moulding influence extends beyond its own day indefinitely down the ages. *John Halifax, Gentleman*, is such a book, and I doubt not that it will continue to awaken the same noble yearning, the same pure, high ambition in young men for many generations to come. There are such books in every language, and their mission is a very noble one. They are like the influence which a quiet nature, strong, sweet, and unspoiled by the world, often exerts upon all who come in contact with it. We may also compare them to a seed which is sown, grows, and sows itself again and again, till it can be said to obtain everlasting life. Who reaps the crop? How many are sustained by its succulent food? How many grow to noble stature who, without it, would have lived worthless, stunted lives? These influences which breathe forth from a book are so pervasive, so incapable of analysis, that we scarcely take note of them. They are like light and the air we breathe, giving sustenance and vigor in a subtle, noiseless fashion, imperceptible to the finest senses. The analogy becomes too tempting; we shall soon be comparing books with every prize within man's reach, for there is no lover of books who does not dote on extolling his idol's charms, and surely nothing arouses such warmth of feeling as to find that some familiar author has loved the same books that we cherish. Who is not pleased that Alexander Dumas loved Goethe, Shakspere, Virgil, and Scott?—that Goethe once said that the reading of Sir Walter made an epoch in his life? And who does not confess to a sinking of heart at hearing that pure, sweet-minded Emerson and the womanly, gifted George Eliot enjoyed—positively enjoyed—reading Rousseau? I confess to finding Rousseau disgusting, though all the while recognizing the genius of the man and the high literary quality of his horrible *Confessions*.

The line separating triumphant from militant books is a very irregular one, at times so slight as scarcely to be perceived, and we are in doubt on which side the book stands. Matthew Arnold's three estimates may aid us somewhat in fixing the status of a book—the first being the measure of strength and joy we derive from the book, the second the historical, and the third the personal estimate. Yet one thing is certain—no book is immortal to us if it does not triumph serenely over the first estimate. We must derive some positive pleasure, some good from the book, must be uplifted and cheered by it. Dr. Johnson put the matter in a nutshell when he said: "A book should teach us either to enjoy life or endure it."

The office of literature, broadly stated, is enjoyment, and to insure this laudable end there must be, alas! too frequently, forgetfulness of self. It is such a good thing to forget ourselves, our duties, our wasted lives, our petty ambitions, the hurry and rush of things, and live in the satisfying realm of a book! This is the function, above all others, of the novel, and the sole reason for its being. The novel which for the time makes us banish sorrow, disappointment, and failure does a very gracious thing, and its influence on our lives, at least, is supreme. George Eliot wields this magical charm over some, myself among the number, while others, whose lives touch mine at many vital points, derive nothing at all of pleasure from the books which so uplift and cheer me. There are, alas! so many boundaries set on every life, the groove in which we all tread our destiny is so narrow, the limits of our activity so confined, the walls which shut us out from the Elysian Fields so high and rough, that I wonder we do not more clearly appreciate the gifts which books spread before us. Consider how free and limitless is their world compared with ours! When we enter into their kingdom we are granted converse with the deathless ones; our souls sing and soar, unfettered by any bound, and we may, for the time, forget that we are but aliens and guests in a larger sphere. Seldom is duty so closely allied to pleasure as in the duty, which devolves upon every one, of reading. I have noticed a tendency in many men and women to look upon all reading which did not touch their particular vocation in the light of a luxury, and I think the measure of their content would be greatly enlarged if they could heartily agree with the opinion of two famous men, Cardinal Newman and Bishop Baxter. The saintly prelate cites among our duties "the duty of living among books," and Baxter goes so far as to exclaim: "Do not our hearts hug our books? Do we not quiet ourselves in them far more even than in God?" Sir John Herschel also looked upon reading in the light of a duty, clothed in the garb of a legitimate pleasure. He says: "If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life and a shield against its ills, it would be a taste for reading." Therefore fill yourselves with the books of use, the militant books, that you may live with the triumphant ones. It is absolutely sure to enlarge your horizon. No man ever grew narrow through over-much reading, and the deeper insight into truth which the genius puts into his book enables us common mortals to more truly understand life. The greatest gift the gods can bestow is, after all, knowledge of life; not of mere externals, of the crude facts of the militant books, but a knowledge of motives and springs of action. There are some rare natures who get along with profit to themselves and uncriticised by the world without much reading, but they are too rare even for an example, and it is safer to worship than imitate them. Abraham Lincoln was such a man. His power and influence over men could not have been greater, it would not have been amplified by reading, and might even have diminished somewhat, for he read the book of nature at first hand, needing no interpreter, no external aid. What he needed only were the facts and dates and accounts of things, which the books of use gave him. The insight, the transfusing power were there in the man, for he was all genius, the very man to write immortal books had circumstances turned him in that direction. I count my time far better spent in reading than in writing. We do not need the little thoughts of little men—and that is all the most of us can offer—as much as insight into one immortal man, and years, nay, a lifetime of study are not too long for it. Study and worship the triumphant books till you understand them; it will be the measure of a well-spent life. But there is an order to be noted, failure to observe which makes us mere book-worms and intellectual gluttons. We must study life first and afterwards books, from our knowledge of life. The connection between literature and life is vital, but we can never get our knowledge of humanity from books alone. Neither Shakspere nor Goethe can teach us humanity; but if we become patient investigators on a small scale, we can derive much light and strength from the study of the largest results of the largest minds.

"*Ah, thou rare Rose! a shelter all unmeet*
Was Thine—a rude shed open to the sky!
Came on the gray wind's wings the snow and sleet
When Mary's heart leaped up with sudden beat
To hear a new-born Baby's first weak cry."

CHRISTMAS DAY IN DUNGAR.

BY DOROTHY GRESHAM.

CHRISTMAS EVE, long looked for, much talked of, has come at last. It has been snowing all the morning in soft, gentle, fleecy showers. The branches are bending under the white burden, the robins are flying for shelter and shyly drop on the window-sills for a feast of crumbs. I throw up my window and revel in this home-like scene. The park looks strange in its bridal array, the mountains are gloomy under the dark clouds, and sulkily retire from view. The air is life-giving, and I long to be out and away. There is much to do before the day is over, and, snow or sunshine, Kitty and I have a long drive on our programme. As I stand admiring, she comes galloping up from the lodge, her hat and cape bordered with snow-flakes, her eyes and cheeks glowing. She sees me above with the robins and, waving her whip, cries:

"The compliments of the season! It is glorious! Come along; we shall have a charming day for our spin."

I am down in the hall and with her before she has finished. Aunt Eva and Nell, according to the old family custom, remain at home to give the Christmas-boxes in person to the people in the neighborhood, while to those at a distance the provisions are sent, Kitty and I being the Mercurys this year.

We were to have driven, but as we must be out in the cold all day, it has been thought wiser that we should ride, taking Barney, one of the Dungar stable-boys, and the pony-cart for the presents. The air is bracing if chilly, but we trot and gallop when we feel the sting; the roads are hard, and the snow melts as it falls. At the cross-roads, in the wood, through the village street, beyond the bog, and far into the mountains, we call, and leave greetings and gifts from Crusheen and Dungar, galloping away 'mid a shower of blessings for "the auld and young misthress," and a share for ourselves, such as "May the light of heaven be about ye!" "May the world wonder at your riches, Miss Kitty!" "May the heavens be your bed, Miss Dolly, and the Lord send you safe home!"

But the funniest benediction comes from blind Biddy, who, after a long supplication for our spiritual and temporal welfare, winds up, "An' may we always have ye whin we want ye!"

Barney's salutation at each door is "God save all here," and is answered from within with a warm "God save ye kindly." It is growing dark by the time we get through all our calls, and, returning by the chapel, we find the priests still in the confessionals, where they have been since morning, surrounded by old and young. The chapel is icy! No fire, of course, and the fathers must needs take a brisk turn, wrapt in their great-coats, to keep their feet warm. We are so heated with our exercise that we do not feel it much—Kitty not at all—and when I express surprise, she is much amazed. She says every one is so accustomed to the cold that they do not mind an occasional severe day like this, ending with her usual joke at America: "Of course your people expect to climb to heaven in down and purple velvet."

We get home full of fun and adventure, to find Nell rather weary after all her interviews. We help with the remainder; Kitty, with long familiarity, sending them off with merry words and extra speed.

I am worn out when all is over; Kitty rides away to Crusheen with as much zest as if she had been luxuriating all day. We gather round the fire, joyous if weary, feeling we have done a good day's work in making so many happy. Kevin has been out on the mountains all the week shooting, and has just returned. We tell him our experiences, and he is full of indignation, tempered by admiration for Father Gerald.

Whenever he can, on his mountain expeditions, he spends the night with the sweet friend of his boyhood, when Judy airs all her injuries against his reverence, that Kevin might "spake to him"—his early rising, his long hours in the confessional, his hard life, etc., etc. This time she is in tears over Father Gerald's latest, being almost consoled by Kevin's unqualified sympathy. The fact is, Mrs. Riordan was so miserable that when his reverence found her lying on straw, he sent down his own bed to her, taking the cot for himself until better days should come.

"I tell you," added Kevin, full of wrath, "I gave it to old Gerald this time; but he is not a bit afraid of me. I put on my hat and made for the door, declaring I was not going to stay where there was even no bed for me. With a stride he collared me, and then he had his say, which had a calming effect on me; his one question being, 'Now, Fortescue, I know you pretty well by this time, and, answer me, could *you* rest at night in comfort with a picture of a young mother—a delicate, suffering woman—lying on straw?—if 't were a man 't were bad enough, but a woman!' I did not answer him, of course—too much encouragement for worse things—but I rang for Judy to let us have dinner, and wrote an order for a bed. Coming away this morning I told her when it came it was to be put in Father Gerald's room, and that it was *mine*, so that if any one should ever come for that, she could kindly say I should send the bailiff after it. Her face was smiles from her cap down, and I have settled that matter satisfactorily, I think."

I go to bed to dream of home and long dead scenes of childhood, to be aroused in the dusk of the Christmas morning by Jane's low-voiced "Merry Christmas, Miss Dolly! We are all waiting for you; we shall be late for Mass." I promise to be with them in a quarter of an hour, and hurry down stairs. The servants are all coming to Crusheen for the early Mass, Father Tom saying every year one of his three Masses for Uncle and Aunt Eva. Down the avenue through the white world, the light of the lanterns falling on the snow, we make a goodly cavalcade, leaving Kevin and Nell alone in Dungar. This Crusheen Mass has been for years a great Christmas feature, and is talked of for months after. This is the first time for generations that a relative of the Protestant Fortescues has gone with the family retainers to the Christmas Mass, and much comment and prophecy are the result on the road.

I am on Princess Maud to keep myself warm, Barney, on his pony, leading the way through the darkness. Uncle Desmond is standing in the lighted hall to meet us, and silently they all file into the oratory. Some one touches my arm, and in a wheedling tone a voice says: "Miss Dolly, will you tell the masther I want to receive this morning, and if he will spake a couple of words to Father Tom?"

It's that rogue Thade Darcy, and I am prepared for him. The women spoke of it coming. He never will go to confession like every one else, but appears on Christmas morning at Crusheen, with a childlike air, begging to be "heard." Each year Father Tom vows and declares that never again shall he listen to that rascal if he does not come to the station, and just as regularly Thade arrives and conquers. I turn on him now, intending to wither him; but his bland, witty answers are ready to quell every onslaught. I have a frightful struggle to keep solemn during the encounter, and in sheer despair hand him over to Uncle Desmond. He must have won again this time, for half an hour later he marches up to Holy Communion with the rest of us, with the most venerable, sanctified look, as if he were a veritable pillar of the church. Father Tom drives away for his second Mass in the chapel, and after breakfast we go in to the last Mass at eleven o'clock. The altar looks very plain and poor to my New York eyes—no crib, but the atmosphere of peace and good will among the congregation has, after all, the true Christmas glow. We are overwhelmed with good wishes coming home, the whole parish wanting to offer them in person. We get Aunt Eva away by main force, as Nell and Kevin will be awaiting us at Crusheen, coming straight from church to meet us on our return. We have much amusement over our mutual surprises and presents. Uncle reads the names, and Kevin, with a characteristic speech and a bow that embraces all the room, presents them in a most ludicrous manner.

We dine late, as the priests breakfast for the most part at one o'clock, and the evening is on the wane when they begin to gather; Father Gerald arriving at the last moment, when we had given him up. He looks very tired, but brightens up as Kevin escorts him into the room, introducing him with deep solemnity to Rev. Fathers, Ladies, and Gentlemen as "his Lordship the Bishop of Crusheen," and taking his arm, leads in the procession to the dining-room. We take our places, old Father O'Connor and Kevin by mutual request being seated side by side, and then indeed we all shiver in our shoes, for now we know that for the rest of the night there will be no peace for the wicked, still less for the innocent. I open fire in a low tone on Father Gerald, giving him Kevin's account of his kindness to Mrs. Riordan. He is much amused as he describes Judy's and Kevin's wrathful countenances and the latter's denunciations, adding: "Fortescue is so indignant always at anything I do; but we never hear of *his* acts. He does more hidden works of benevolence among the poor mountaineers than ever any one dreams."

"Father Gerald," I asked somewhat later, "do you never feel lonely away in your mountains without a congenial soul for months together?"

He looks at me with amused surprise.

"Lonely?" he says. "I have never known what the feeling means. I have no time, in the first place, and in the second, I would not exchange my lot with any man living."

"Yes," I respond, "but do you never long for some one to talk to you?"

"Talk? Why I hear plenty of that all through the day. I have my own delightful self for miles in the saddle at morning, and at night the most charming friends in my few books—

only, unfortunately," with a wistful smile, "I get so little time to see them."

"How do your days go so quickly? You at least ought to have time to read, I should think."

"Well, here is a specimen of my days, and see what you can do with it: I had a sleep this morning till six, made my meditation, said my first Mass, read my office, heard confessions of the workmen who could not come yesterday; then the parish Mass, baptisms, and several interviews on mixed questions; rode six miles to the second chapel, confessions and Mass at eleven o'clock, and when all was over breakfast at one o'clock. Three sick-calls in different directions—the last four miles from here—and you saw what hour I arrived; that is the ordinary Sunday's work—many times out at night as well."

While he speaks I look at his thin, worn face, and hair fast growing white, and then at Kevin's smooth, fresh, boyish one, and wonder no longer why Father Gerald looks ten instead of one year older than his lively friend.

"But," I continue, "do you never weary of it all? The confessional now—two whole days each week given up to it!"

"The confessional," with a far-off, ecstatic look, "is the greatest joy in my life. I never feel tired no matter how long I sit there. The wonder of being a medium of reconciliation between the Creator and creature is a daily and hourly consolation. I so often think, did we priests fully realize the power of the confessional the whole world would be converted. There is no life so even, so naturally happy as a priest's, were you—"

But Father O'Connor breaks in: "Father Gerald, I was in town yesterday and saw the vicar. As I was leaving he said, in a dry sort of tone: 'When have you seen Father Gerald? A promising young man that; I am thinking of asking the bishop to send in his name to the university for the chair of Begology.'"

Kevin is jubilant at this announcement, and the two wags come down on the crushed candidate of the unexpected honors. Aunt Eva joins forces with her nephew, and we all take up the gauntlet with spirit. The wit and banter are replaced later on, in the old drawing-room, by entrancing harmony; Moore's Melodies ringing cheerily in duos, trios, and quartettes. Every one in Ireland has a musical soul, and we wind up the memorable Christmas night with a grand chorus of "Auld Lang Syne."

WORK OF THE LAITY IN A SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

BY MONTGOMERY FORBES.

AFTER fourteen a boy turns with set purpose away from childish things; yet not to those of manhood, for their significance is not yet grasped by him. What the innocent child cannot comprehend, what the busy man drives from his mind, floods aimless youth with all the fascinations of novelty and seductions of unchallenged promise. Youth is the impressionable period; youth is the assimilative period; youth stores up the physical, mental, and moral resources of a life-time, and if a man is to be reached from without at all it must be while he is still a youth.

This is not a new doctrine. The first conqueror understood it when he put to death all his grown-up enemies and reserved the youth for future subjects. But the doctrine has lately obtained new prominence, because never before was the world in general so thoroughly aroused to the duty of uplifting humanity. This has been the business of the church all along; now it has become especially the business of those outside the church, with the one distinction, that the church is seeking first the Kingdom of Heaven, while those who are merely strangers to her are bent upon the improvement of the world. Perhaps it would be aside from the point to ask whether their beneficent activity is one of those "great signs and wonders to deceive, if possible, even the elect," but this much is apparent, here as elsewhere: "the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light."

The watchword has been given all along the line of humanistic philanthropy: "Save the youth; the youth saved is the man saved; if the youth is neglected, the man is usually past saving."

The word has been like seed sown in good soil, and the Kindergarten system, the University Settlement system, the Public Education system, the Protestant Sunday-School system, the Epworth League, the Society of Christian Endeavor, the Young Men's Christian Association, are some of the grand divisions in that mighty army whose marchings and countermarchings fill the land with their reverberations, whose literature has penetrated into every home, whose permanent and costly buildings adorn every city, whose acts are the concern of legislators, the food of popular discussion, the hope of fifty million hearts. The generation developed under these influences and firmly established in the principles of these organizations, is even now receiving into its hands the reins of government, the balance of social, political, and religious power. It is an essentially mundane and unspiritual generation. It takes off its hat to the school-house and remains covered when it passes the cross; but its worldliness is kind. The situation is at once the most baffling and the most promising with which the church has had yet to deal. This noble, industrious, and true people seems ready for the perfection of a supernatural religion, yet refers to its good works and asks in all sincerity how it can be justified in exchanging them for the contrasting conditions to be found in the Catholic fold.

"The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts," was Longfellow's refrain, but they proceed without logic and satisfy without conclusiveness. Youth sits like an idler in the city gate, welcoming every one and concerned with none. His reason is not active, critical, afrown with duty, but passive, nonchalant, emotional. Every Telemachus needs a Mentor, not to dominate his reason, never to force it, but to keep it awake, to supply the sense of accountability which youth lacks, to provide an antidote of truth for the sophistries of evil and a motive of loftiness against the suggestions of nature. In the attempts of non-Catholic humanitarians to meet this need the weakness of their position has been most evident, for not all the sciences and the arts, not all the fraternities and charities, not all the false philosophies and heretical theologies of human invention can satisfy the blind cravings of a soul whose ultimate destiny is that God who founded one church to be his witness and representative.

So far has the deficiency been compensated by zeal, however, that non-Catholic youth of fair breeding in America today are comparatively free from the grosser vices. Philanthropists have sought also to reform the vicious and depraved by high ideals of excellence. Social consciousness, proceeding with princely self-assurance from the American home and fostered by every variety of social organization, has been the chief instrument in their hands. Next to the supernatural, it is the most powerful defender of public morals, but in the vocabulary of the church such words as "classes" and "masses" are not to be found. She is admitted even by her enemies to be the loving mother of the poor, the ignorant, the social pariahs; her maternal anxiety does not deny responsibility for children whose betrayals of her are past expression, and she is so far removed from a system of class distinctions that she derives little aid from the influence of social consciousness. She is a supernatural society, sustained by the bond of faith. When this bond is properly conserved, no society can compare with her in unity and consciousness of unity. Catholics now, as when the Epistle to Diognetus was written eighteen hundred years ago, "are not distinguished from other men either by country or by language or by customs. They dwell both in Greek and barbarous cities, as the lot of each may be, following local customs as to raiment and food, but exhibiting withal a polity of their own, marvellous and truly incredible. They dwell in their own country, but as sojourners; they share in everything as citizens, yet suffer everything as strangers. Every foreign land is to them a country, and every country a foreign land."

A bad Catholic often becomes a worldling in the most pronounced degree, an Ishmaelite, his hand against all men and all men's hands against him. From such are corrupt politicians recruited, and saloon-keepers, and the outlaws that walk the streets, and those who deal dishonestly in trade. To such, non-Catholics, decorous, law-abiding, punctilious of honor and self-respect, are always pointing with their query, "If for these you are responsible, how can you claim our allegiance?" But it is cheap invective to accuse the Church in America with default towards any of her subjects, when the field of her duties is so broad and the efforts of her teachers are so strenuous.

A number of priests and laymen have come to feel it on their consciences of late to undertake something in behalf of youth between the ages of First Communion and mature young manhood. First Communion is itself a guarantee of the child's previous good training, and young men of established character find inspiration to high endeavor in their Lyceums, Institutes, Reading Circles, and the Summer-Schools. But one of those agitating the subject says that from the class of thirty in which he was prepared for First Communion, only thirteen have grown to be devoted Catholics, the others are more or less indifferent, and two or three are commonly reputed desperadoes. Each reader must decide how far this instance can be taken as representative. American church statistics are most unsatisfactory; estimates of lapses from the faith vary, and the number of those who have received scarcely more than elementary religious instruction is equally past determination, although of supreme importance in a discussion of lapses, since the majority of them are due to lack of instruction. The private authority quoted above insists upon this truth: his fellow-communicants were left, like himself, to develop under non-Catholic and even non-Christian influences.

Among remedies, catechetical instruction is as old as the church; its continuous use is proof of its value, and since the days when a heathen populace was diverted from its feverish amusements by the brilliancy of young Origen's teaching, the art has had many illustrious masters. It remains for America, which has taught the world in so many ways, to supplement past experience with new inventions for popularizing the truths of faith. The music and social charm of a Protestant Sunday-School, combined with the grading and discipline of a public secular school, afford the material which Catholic doctrine informs with a spiritual value, truly elevating it to a higher order of being. That this ideal is seldom realized in the religious education of Catholic children before First Communion, is a matter of regret; but a like system, strengthened and perfected with a view to the advanced religious education of Catholic youth, could be established in many places. A notable example is the Paulist Sunday-School, in New York City. The institution was founded in 1859 by the Very Rev. A. F. Hewit, late Superior of the Paulist Fathers. It was in its beginning of such primitive character that the pupils were in need of guides along the rocky, goat-infested paths of that rugged island which is now so populous. To-day St. Michael's Chapel, occupying a space equal to that of the huge church above, containing a handsomely appointed sanctuary, a large pipe-organ, and the various mechanical devices necessary for the comfort of large numbers in class at the same time, adorned with paintings and tapestries and memorial windows, presents that combination which Father Hecker desired "to give the child's picture-loving mind a better and more sublime idea of religion than years of reading and preaching can do." This chapel for the children is peopled, not one hour or one day but several times in the week, by an army varying from 1,800 to 2,000. It is an imposing example of what the Catholic Sunday-School can be and should everywhere become for the sake of enlightened, God-directed youth, and of patriotic, God-fearing citizenship.

The attractions of the Sunday-School, the thoroughness and scientific gradation of studies and the advanced classes in Christian doctrine, are its most notable features. Chief among the sources of attraction is the Children's Mass, with which Sunday exercises always begin. Books have been specially prepared which enable them to accompany with vocal prayer and song each step of the Divine Sacrifice. A recent convert to Catholicity has written of the scene:

"I had been told beforehand that I would find there 1,800 children, and therefore when I stood in a corner of St. Michael's Chapel and saw its vast space crowded, stretching so far away that children's faces were indistinct in the distance, I was not surprised, but I was awed. One single child is a mystery of love, and when 1,800 children are gathered in one broad room, and when all the saints and angels and mothers and fathers and other relatives who love those children have their hearts turned thither, then beyond any question the place is awe-inspiring. I was annoyed to think how often I had seen children in Protestant Sunday-Schools without being thus impressed with the majesty of childhood. I explained to myself that here were unity and peace such as I had never seen before, and I set about to inquire their origin. When the services began the great difference between this and Protestant Sunday-Schools possessed me in a warm flood of emotion: HE was there! In the Children's Mass, obedient to the call of the children's priest, the Blessed Son of God came down to be in company with the children He loves. Now all the clean clothes and bright faces, the quiet and order of the crowded Sunday-School, had a reason for being. Ungenerous indeed is the child who does not desire to become more pleasant and well-behaved for the sake of this Guest!"

That the children appreciate their privilege is attested by every visitor. Another, writing in the New York *Sun*, says: "Never have I assisted at Mass with such attention and recollection as the morning on which I first heard that service for the children in the Paulist Sunday-School."

First Communion also, the event to which more than half of these children are still looking forward, is emphasized in its solemnity by the numbers participating. Rank after rank of boys in white military sashes, and of girls in appropriate bridal costumes, advance to the altar-rail or fall back to make room for others, and here, in their post-communion hymn, is perhaps the culmination of their devotional training, the perfected flower of the Sunday-School, as their limpid voices fill the lofty church with the triumphant song of a consecrated multitude. To one looking on from without, therefore, the religious features of the Sunday-School appear to constitute its most irresistible charm. Yet it is likely that in the imaginations of the first communicants their annual voyage to some wood-bound shore of the sea has a mighty sway; it is for many the happiest day of their lives. Others are interested in the bountiful distributions of prizes from time to time, and the fortnightly issue of *The Young Catholic*, a magazine extensively used in this Sunday-School. The more advanced students have free use of a library of almost 2,000 volumes, including the latest and most popular literature of a wholesome nature which each year's market affords. They also find encouragement in the public honor roll, the promised diploma of graduation, and the possible gold medal of supreme merit. Consequently one is not so greatly surprised to learn that a place in the Sunday-School is eagerly coveted, and that graduates, far from outgrowing the Sunday-School, are constantly making application for service as teachers, ready to come any distance or to make any sacrifice in order to fulfil the arduous duties of the position. Yet the lasting attraction must always be the thoroughness of instruction which is made possible by the very numbers it calls forth. Children between six and ten years of age are put in the fourth grade, where they are taught to pray and are prepared for first confession. They meet on Sunday morning and Monday afternoon. The third grade is a year's course of two days each week, specially employed in preparation for First Communion and Confirmation. The second and first grades, with three classes each week, one of which is at night for the advantage of those who work, take children at an age when Catholic Sunday-Schools have been accustomed to drop them, and, for six years during the most critical period of life, absorb a large proportion of their leisure in the study of Catholic teaching, supplemented by doctrinal lectures, occasional exercise in composition, and the study of Scripture references. Besides the requisite age, fourteen years, entrance into the first grade is dependent also upon an examination whose problematic outcome supplies an effectual incentive to good work in the second grade. Exceptions are few to the rule that the best application of the entire course is expended upon the closing three years of advanced work.

By this time all have learned to prize graduation as the highest honor of their youth, and their thoughts are taken from other channels not alone by study, but also by ardent anticipation of the coming reward. To this general motive is added the special excitement of contest for the gold medals. Formerly one medal was of silver, and markedly second to the first of gold, but the latter went so invariably to the girls that the boys lost ambition and interest. Now the first and second medals are both gold, almost of equal value, and the boys, with renewed hopes, have been able to take the first more than once since the change. So eager are these contests that many try each of the three years, with a view to insure final success. The voluntary examinations for medals are the most severe of all, for the questions are devised to afford tests of judgment as well as memory, and are based, not verbally but substantially, upon the text-books that have been used. The questions given during the term that closed in June last, both for the medals and for graduation, are appended:

EXAMINATION FOR GRADUATION.

For what purpose were the feasts of our Lord instituted?

Can the church suppress holydays?

Why does the church command fasting?

Why has the church commanded that the Blessed Sacrament should be received at Easter time?

Does the Fifth Commandment forbid only the actual crime of taking away the life of our neighbor?

What are we commanded by the Fifth Commandment?

What does the Seventh Commandment forbid?

Who is bound to make restitution or reparation?

What does the Eighth Commandment forbid?

How may we best guard against the sins of the tongue?

In how many ways may we sin?

When do we commit mortal sin?

In what does the malice of sin principally consist?

Is the good done in mortal sin useless?

In what does Christian virtue consist?

Can people in the world lead a perfect life?

What means must a Christian use, let his condition be what it may, in order to obtain perfection?

What do we understand by the grace of God?

Does God give his grace to all men?

How long does sanctifying grace remain in the soul?

What is a good intention?

What means must we particularly use in order to obtain grace?

When did Christ give the commandment to baptize?

Who can validly baptize?

What is the baptism of desire?

COMPETITION FOR GOLD MEDALS.

Is it ever lawful to destroy human life?

When do we injure ourselves as to the life of our body?

Give a statement of the dangerous vices which young people are obliged to guard against while attaining their growth?

When may we expose our life or our health to danger?

State the duties required by the Fifth Commandment?

What is the distinction between theft and cheating?

Who has the obligation of making restitution for ill-gotten goods?

Give two examples showing the duty of restitution when there has been no robbery committed.

Mention the sins forbidden by the Eighth Commandment.

How can a Christian be contented, even in poverty?

When is an offence against the law of God not quite voluntary?

What is meant by infused virtue?

Name the four principal moral virtues, and give an explanation of each one.

Why should every Christian strive after perfection?

Which good works should be performed before all others?

For each contest the rule is enforced that full reasons must be given for every answer. "Yes" or "No" will not suffice. The schedule of credits extend to 1,500 for each paper, and over 1,400 has been frequently reached by zealous students. In ordinary class-work every lesson is limited to five questions, the answers to which must be known in sense as well as verbally. All in each grade have the same lesson at the same time, and the marking is uniform throughout—two for each perfect answer, ten for attendance, and ten for good conduct. Each grade has a special examiner, who passes from class to class and requires a review of all the work done since the last visit. In the first grade monthly written examinations are required.

One of the Paulist Fathers is the Director. Under him are grade superintendents, examiners, and various officers who meet the clerical and administrative demands of so extensive an organization. All these are representatives of the laity, and many are graduates of the Sunday-School. Consequently the success of the institution, in its length and breadth, is mainly due to lay co-operation, beginning with the parents at home, who teach the children their lessons and see that they attend all classes punctually, and ending with the grade superintendents, whose multiplex duties call for a high order of judgment, tact, and experience.

Although the Paulist Sunday-School has been the subject of unremitting efforts towards perfection during the past thirty-seven years, its officers and teachers find new problems arise at every upward step; these, also, have been reduced to systematic treatment, and supplied fruitful topics for several conferences at the Champlain Summer-School.

The Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P., who has been for almost fifteen years Director of the Paulist Sunday-School, is well known for his distinguished services to both secular and religious education. He anticipates with enthusiasm a bright future for Sunday-Schools in the Church of America, and is always ready to give cordial aid to those interested in the subject.

It is expected that a series of conferences on Sunday-Schools and kindred means of safeguarding Catholic youth will be held in the Columbian Summer-School at Madison, Wisconsin, next year; the subject will also be treated in the Catholic press as occasion permits, and strong hopes are entertained that in the near future the good accomplished by such foundations as the Paulist Sunday-School will no longer be confined to a few isolated parishes, but will be included in the general plans of American Catholic education and philanthropy. The tens of millions who pray with the League of the Sacred Heart admire the wisdom which guides Pope Leo's world-wide solicitude in the selection of monthly general intentions. That for October was "Religious Instruction in our Schools," and American Catholics, who must pay a double education tax or else have their children taught in schools where God is ignored, are accustomed to offer prayers for the October intention all the year round. For them, therefore, a special interest attaches to a Sunday-School which provides, on two or three days of the week, day and night classes for the full religious education of its pupils, powerfully influencing education between the ages of six and seventeen, and generously equipping them for the fierce intellectual contests which lie in wait for every Catholic in a land where moderate education, with all the superficiality it implies, is the universal rule.

Foes of the church still exist, inveterate as ever and active as ever, and as laymen supported the first ages of the church by their blood, becoming martyrs for Christ, so must the church be supported in this latter age by laymen with their intellects, becoming catechists for the salvation of their fellow-men. Thus alone, it seems, will America be converted to the faith. Martyrs were not of the moment. Their preparation was long, studious, and prayerful. How much more should intellectual confessors study diligently and long in order to present themselves "a living sacrifice to God," doing a "reasonable service," "sanctifying the Lord Christ in their hearts, being ready always to satisfy every one that asks a reason of that hope which is in them"!

FATHER SALVATOR'S CHRISTMAS.

BY MARGARET KENNA.

A BEGGAR at the door!

"Come in," said Father Salvator.

It was almost dark and the snow was falling. Only a moment before he had looked out upon the world, and through his mind had flashed those words of Faber: "There are good angels around us, graces are raining down upon us, great and small, and inspirations are falling upon us as swiftly and silently as snow-flakes"—and as he looked he saw the beggar.

The man came in and, glancing calmly at his rags, said: "Could you give me an old coat?"

"Could *I* give *you* an old coat?"

When a question was asked him Father Salvator always repeated it, twisting his lips to one side and blinking his black eyes. He did it just for fun. It was so comical to watch the face of the questioner, who could not guess what the answer would be. But this time the question echoed itself on his lips and the blinking of his eyes was involuntary.

"I guess not," said the beggar.

"Yes, I can," murmured Father Salvator. "I've got a coat—a very nice coat. See, it hangs there."

It did hang there, just home from the tailor's. Little Tommy, Father Salvator's joy and sorrow, mischievous little red-headed boy, had just been hurried off to the shop to bring it home. Had Mr. Bonway, the tailor, known that Father Salvator was invited out to dine, that he had mended it so nicely, making a new coat out of an old one? He could not efface the marks of age and weather on the shoulders of the coat, but he had put on a new collar of gros-grain silk and brushed the bread-crumbs and marshmallow powder from the deep pockets.

"Tell Father Salvator I want no more candy and crumbs," he had said gruffly to little Tommy. And little Tommy had given the message. "Oh," said Father Salvator, "I must feed my birds and my babies!"

He walked over now and took the coat down.

"I'd rather not take it," said the man, moved by something in the touch of the priest's hands upon the coat.

"You must take it, my good man. To-morrow will be

Christmas, and I could not bear to think that any one was wandering around our little town in need, as the Mother of my Lord wandered about Bethlehem."

"What will you do?"

Father Salvator smiled. In his long experience he had given many coats. It was the first time a beggar had asked him what he would do. He pointed to the fire.

"I can sit here and toast my toes, and when the goose lays her golden egg I can buy a new one."

He drew the coat well over the man's cold shoulders.

"Good-night, sir; thank you," he said as he went out.

Father Salvator watched him from the window. It was dark, but he could see the black figure in the snow. Then looking up, he saw the stars. To him there was a new wonder to-night in their silent shining. They seemed the trembling notes of the Gloria the angels were waiting to sing. As each note rang out in heaven a star would flash and fall in the twilight of dawn, and there would be "peace on earth to men of good will"!

At the last moment, Christmas afternoon, Father Salvator sent little Tommy with a note to Mrs. Kendrick, to say he could not come to dinner.

Then he stood in his room, looking at the smoky walls, the frosted window-panes, the dusty books. He was disappointed—that was a secret that, at least, he could not keep from himself. He wondered if he could go without an overcoat. No; he remembered that his teeth had chattered just crossing the street to the church, and now he saw the snow blowing along the garden like sheets on wash-day. On a little table stood his Christmas gifts. Purely ornamental they were—the parish knew he always gave the useful ones away. There were books of poems and bottles of perfume and flowers. A bunch of red roses from one, and a branch of lilies from another; and they were very sweet to him when one considered that Mrs. Kendrick was the one and Agnes la Garde the other! He took a lily in his chilly fingers, and peered at it through dusty spectacles.

"A lily is not an overcoat," he said sadly.

"Be sure to bring your flute," Mrs. Kendrick had written. "The major is coming, and we shall have some music." And he had even gone so far as to take the flute down yesterday and dust it with an old silk handkerchief. He took it up now and put it to his lips, but the Christmas anthem which shivered out upon the silence was dolorous indeed.

"You poor little flute, I am sorry for you," murmured

Father Salvator. "You love gay tunes and light hearts at Christmas. You are used to the yule log and holly, and you have not been wont to scorn a little drink of eggnog—and to think that to-night you will not see your dear old friend the major's flute. What a jolly little thing the major's flute is! You would almost think it had white curls and red cheeks and a well-rounded waistcoat, like the major! Well, is not imitation the subtlest flattery?

"Are you like me? Do you play my wrinkles, and my fierce black curls, and my heart-ache sometimes? Poor little flute!" He laid it down and rubbed his eyes.

The door was thrown open and Mrs. Kendrick appeared, with an army of invaders behind her. In self-defence, Father Salvator had to rub his eyes a little more. Mrs. Kendrick shook her finger playfully.

"Which was it, your shoes or your coat?" she asked.

"My coat," he answered, startled out of his usual reserve.

Mr. McCaffrey appeared, holding up a coat and a pair of shoes.

"We knew it was one or the other," said Mrs. McCaffrey.

For a moment, then, they all stood silent. It was an invincible little regiment—Mrs. Kendrick, with her lovely brown eyes bent reproachfully on the guilty one; Mrs. McCaffrey, smiling her happy smile, which seemed never to have known a refusal; Mr. McCaffrey, who was very grave when he felt gay and very gay when others felt grave; and Rory McCarthy and Agnes la Garde, "seen and not heard," but always to be found in the face of the fire!

"The major is waiting," said Mrs. McCaffrey, as Rory held the coat for Father Salvator.

"Follow the Little Corporal," said Mrs. Kendrick; and Mrs. McCaffrey was proud of Mr. McCaffrey's resemblance to Napoleon, if he was not.

So Father Salvator, dazed and happy, was carried away like a king. He marched along the snowy streets with his noble guard.

"Merry Christmas, father!" the ladies said as they passed.

"Christmas gift, boss!" said the darkies.

Little children in sleighs shook branches of holly at him.

"Now aren't you glad you came?" said Napoleon, twinkling his mischievous gray eyes.

"Yes," said Father Salvator very softly, "but it is not the coat which warms me."

"Is it the love?" murmured Mrs. McCaffrey.

And Father Salvator only smiled.

SINCE THE CONDEMNATION OF ANGLICAN ORDERS.

BY REV. LUKE RIVINGTON, D.D.

IN order to appreciate rightly the effect of the Bull *Apostolicæ Curæ* in England, we ought to consider the state of things into which it fell as a bolt from the blue.

It must be remembered that the attitude of "English Churchmen" (it is difficult to know what expression to use, but this conveys what is meant fairly well) towards the subject of Orders has been very peculiar. It had been ingrained into generation upon generation of English Protestants, as they delighted to call themselves until of late, that their clergy differed altogether from the "Roman Priest." Those of us who are old enough, like the present writer, to remember the religious education even of the "fifties," know how the notion of the clergyman was, at its highest (and it was with this that I was myself most familiar), that of a person who shared in what we called "the Apostolical Succession." But what that meant was a further and more difficult matter to decide. The one thing that men were careful to emphasize was that there was a "great difference" between an Anglican and a Roman priest. Most High-Church clergymen found it necessary to fall back on this fact, lest their people should turn round upon them and say, "Oh! then you are leading us on towards Rome." As late as the "eighties" I remember hearing an Anglican bishop, considered to be as High as any in the whole Anglican community, preach in South Africa on the Priesthood, and lay tremendous emphasis on the assertion "not like the Roman priest, coming between man and his Maker." A fellow-clergyman remarked to me afterwards that he had thought that at any rate there was no difference between Rome and ourselves on the subject of the priesthood, however we might differ on other subjects. Probably the bishop would have agreed to some extent in private, but have pleaded that it was necessary to soften things down in public.

A SACERDOTAL MINISTRY.

Now the High Churchmen have fought this battle of the sacerdotal character of the ministry of the Church of England, and have fought it well, so far as fighting goes. They have been instilling it into their flocks from childhood upwards, that that ministry is a sacrificing priesthood. None but those who have taken part in the fray can form an adequate conception of the obloquy through which they have fought their way, and the patience and zeal which they have displayed. Their whole lives have, in many instances, been given up to this desire to introduce the conception of a sacrificial priesthood amongst their people. I am speaking not so much of the present generation as of a past. The present generation is, I am persuaded, entering upon a new, dangerous, and probably successful descent towards an agreement to be more tolerant. We, of the last generation, were not tolerant; we had a faith for which to work and die, and we deliberately laid aside all chances of preferment for the sweet sense of sacrifice on behalf of some great dogmatic truths.

The result of this conflict for the maintenance of belief in a sacerdotal ministry is that the new generation have entered into the reward of past labors, and at the same time into special dangers. The burden of the priesthood has its dangers as well as its graces; and where the graces of the true priesthood are wanting, the dangers besetting those who suppose themselves to possess it are insurmountable. The idea of the "haughty prelate" is taken from real life; and not less so the idea of the proud priest. But what are to be thought of the dangers of the *idea* of priesthood, where there is no system, no thought, of obedience such as exists in the Catholic Church? When vestments and all the *accoutrements* of the priest are assumed, and the whole thing is tolerated, and, since the Lincoln judgment, excused as meaning nothing except to those who choose to attach a meaning to these trappings other than that of prettiness—when there is not the same call for heart-searchings as to the responsibilities incurred, as was once the case when the enterprise was a new one—any one can see that there is not the same likelihood of attention being paid to a decision from the rest of Western Christendom (to put it gently) as when the whole enterprise was connected more closely with a consciousness that all eyes were upon the initiators and that corresponding conduct was expected. This latter situation is apt to create a softer soil for the gentle but firm speech of such a Pontiff as Leo XIII.

AUTHORITY DISCARDED.

Further, it must be remembered that the whole idea of authority has suffered depravation during the last quarter of a century. There are few who have not heard such utterances as one that the present writer himself heard from the lips of an Oxford undergraduate, who was confronted with the fact that no bishop agreed with certain of his Ritualistic notions. "Oh, bother the bishops!" was his only reply. This simply and really expresses the general attitude of the leading spirits among the forward party. Probably, with some, contempt has never enthroned itself in their hearts more imperiously than since the encyclical of the Lambeth Conference, when one hundred and ninety-four bishops, who profess to be the teachers of the Anglican communion, succeeded in wrapping up their thoughts on the subjects that are trying members of the Church of England so successfully that one is irresistibly reminded of the "stone" for the "bread." But the whole life of the High-Church clergymen of the Church of England is perfectly unique in this matter of authority. Where in the whole of Christendom have the clergy such power to order the services of the church as they please? A Catholic priest could only stare with amazement at the liberty these clergymen possess to pursue their own way. I do not mean that they can always get their way, as the laity have at least the power of the purse. But there are many things in which the High-Church laity feel they have no right to interfere, and the bishop is the last person whom the clergy would think of consulting. As, for instance, as to whether what they believe to be the Blessed Sacrament shall be reserved, and when and where—matters such as these are actually left to the individual clergyman!

Now, all this proceeds from, and at the same time encourages, a tone of thought, a habit of mind, which would naturally unfit its possessor to listen with any ordinary docility to such an utterance as the Bull *Apostolicæ Curæ*. Yet these are the people who, if any, would naturally lead the way in giving fitting attention to such an utterance. The rest of the English people either quite agree with the Holy Father that Anglican clergymen are not sacrificing priests, because they consider there is nothing of the sort under the New Covenant, or else they view the matter with profound indifference because they have in their own judgment got beyond the religion of ceremonies and sacrificial conceptions into the religion of the spirit, or because they see no sufficient evidence of the existence of a personal God, to whom sacrifice need be offered.

DEFECT OF THEOLOGICAL LEARNING.

Another point to be borne in mind is this, viz., that Anglican clergymen have no treatises on such subjects as *De Sacramentis in genere*, or concerning Holy Orders, to which they can turn as containing the authorized teaching of their church. Many of the highest churchmen amongst them know well the Catholic arguments for a sacrificial priesthood and (certainly in the last generation) have taught their people well on this subject. They are themselves thoroughly and deeply convinced that there *is* a sacrificial priesthood in the New Covenant; but as to the point where that priesthood is to be found, they are not nearly as well grounded in the very preliminaries of this question. They have not really studied it; they have no settled principles on which to proceed; they do not even, as a rule, concern themselves with it. Yet it is strange that they should not. For theirs is not the position of a Catholic. They cannot say they have Orders because they are in the church. They have always, of late years, set to work to prove that they are in the church because they have Orders. A few, of late, have attempted the Catholic argument. But the proof that the Church of England possesses the four marks of the Catholic Church does not really "catch on"; you find people really falling back on the false theology of the consolation, "Well, we are sure we have Orders, and that is enough." The historical question, therefore, as to their Orders is vital to their case; and it is therefore strange that they are not better posted up in that question. Moreover, it is necessary for them to maintain the utterly un-Catholic and illogical position that they can be as sure of a particular sacrament having been rightly consummated as that there are sacraments at all. For they cannot fall back on the Divine protection afforded to the church, since this would be to assume the point at issue, viz., that they are in the church.

Again, and in this I can only speak of what was the case until a few years ago, with any certainty—but recent events seem to show that the state of things is still the same—nothing has been so iterated and reiterated as the assertion, "I know I am a priest, for I feel it. I experience the effects. My people feel that the sacraments I administer are realities"—which is simply the logic of the Methodist applied to the subject of the sacraments.

THE CONDEMNATION OF ANGLICAN ORDERS.

Such was the state of things when the question of reunion made a fresh start. From circumstances which need not be entered into here, the subject of Anglican Orders came to the front in connection with that of Reunion. It was not the logical order, but it became a matter of importance to settle the question, both because it had been pressed on Rome by certain Anglicans and because the matter had awakened a special interest in France. Some French writers of conspicuous ability were (not unnaturally, as it seems to the present writer) misled into thinking that the question had not been authoritatively settled before, and, which was still more natural, they had no adequate conception of the real hatred for the Holy Mass which characterized the "Reformers" of the sixteenth century. I have before me a letter from one of these distinguished persons, which shows how he considers that a truer realization of this last fact would have supplied them with a key to the solution of the question, which only came into their hands when the Bull *Apostolicæ Curæ* was promulgated. One has only to compare the Sarum Missal with the Book of Common Prayer, and the *animus* of the compilers of this latter must be evident at once.

Into this confused state of things came the Bull *Apostolicæ Curæ*. It showed that the question of Anglican Orders had already been irrevocably decided with a care that left nothing to be desired. It reiterated the simple principle that a sacrament must signify what it effects. It laid down the law that the "form," or words closely connected with the matter, must contain the signification of that which is effected by the Sacrament of Orders, and that this signification could only be accomplished by the mention of either the Order itself or the grace and power of the particular Order conferred. The Anglican Prayer-book, that is to say, the "form" in the Ordinal, did not comply with this condition—*ergo*, the Orders conferred by it were null and void.

ARCHBISHOP BENSON'S REPLY.

No sooner was the Bull published than the Archbishop of Canterbury hastened to Hawarden, Mr. Gladstone's seat, having at once published a short *critique* of the Bull, in which he claimed for the Church of England all that Orders could procure for the Church of Rome, without, however, mentioning what those Orders do effect. As no one was ever able to discover what the archbishop believed the Church of England did teach as to the power and grace of Holy Orders, this was not calculated to advance matters, or to clear the atmosphere. A clergyman of the Church of England, who knows that communion through and through, told the present writer last year that Archbishop Benson believed in the Sacrifice of the Mass, but he thought it right and due to truth to withdraw his statement on the following day. However, the archbishop had struck the key-note which was to be followed, and having done this, owing in part (it is thought) to the excitement produced by the Bull, he breathed his last at the very moment when, according to some, he was receiving the absolution of the Church of England. It was in the public service, and many Anglicans have considered that the power of the keys is then exercised over the congregation in general and appropriated by those who have faith so to do. We may well believe that the good archbishop was making his act of contrition, and thus fortified passed happily to his particular judgment.

IGNORATIO ELENCHI OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

The Archbishop of York soon took up the note struck by his brother of Canterbury. At the Church Congress at Shrewsbury nothing less than scorn was poured on all sides upon the "absurd" Bull. The archbishop, in the opening sermon, spoke of the present hierarchy of the Church of England as the successors even of St. Thomas of Canterbury and St. Anselm—of the saint who in dying refused to say that he owed the spiritualities of his see to the king, and of the saint who braved another king's displeasure to obtain the Pall from Rome, and said that to "abjure the Vicar of Christ"—speaking of the successor of Peter—"is to abjure Christ." This tone of high and mighty contempt, resembling too much the shrill shriek of felt weakness, has been adopted on a large scale by the most advanced section. "Absurd!" "What ignorance!" "The whole thing is folly." "What a pity the Pope allowed himself to be so misled!" And not a few—a fact I desire to emphasize as showing the lack of steady thought on the subject,—not a few have said, "Well, whatever uncertainty I had before about the position of the Church of England has now gone. It is plain that Rome is not to be trusted." You hear it also said, "Every one knows that the Pope himself was favorably inclined towards Anglican Orders; but his advisers were too many for him." A Catholic hardly knows how to contain himself at these absurdities. It is useless to protest; he knows nothing. "We are the people, we who are behind the scenes, we who have spent our fortnight or month in Rome—we know all about the influences brought to bear." Yes, "influences" is a good word; it settles everything, and the more so as it is impossible to define, and still more impossible to substantiate the "influence."

The Archbishop of York also started another line of defence, which has been adopted by every High-Church writer, without exception, who has dealt with the Bull. There is a logical trick, whereby we carefully prove what has never been denied, or disprove what has never been stated. I call it a trick, but I do not thereby mean to impute motives. It is, however, a positive fact that each Anglican writer, one after the other, has fallen into this same confusion of thought.

The Archbishop of York spoke of Rome condemning her own Orders unintentionally, cutting off the branch on which she sat herself. For there are Ordinals in which *one* of the two "Papal" conditions of an adequate "form" is lacking—one of the two. If we ask, is there any one in which *both* conditions are lacking, there is silence—no instance has been given, and therefore no answer has been made to the Bull. One would have imagined that such contemptuous dealing with a document of such vast importance, which irrevocably determines the attitude of Western Christendom, to say the least, towards Anglican Orders,—I say, one would have thought that this high and mighty talk would have some careful argument at its back. But no; this one fatal flaw, to speak of no others, runs through all the High-Church answers so far. I will mention only the *Guardian*, the *Church Times*, Rev. F. W. Puller's tract, A Treatise on the Bull (Church Historical Society), the *Church Quarterly Review* (whose article is supposed to be by the Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford), a published lecture by the Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Cambridge, a tract by Mr. Hall with Mr. Puller's *imprimatur*, and last, but not least, the "Answer of the Archbishops" to the Bull; these, one and all, split on the rock of *ignoratio elenchi*. The archbishops' pamphlet is certainly a remarkable little work—remarkable both because it is probably the first time that the two archbishops have sent out a document of this kind at all, and because their graces have managed to mystify everybody, their own co-religionists included, on the all-important fact of the subject, viz., their teaching as to the Sacrifice of the Eucharist. The only thing that is quite clear is, that they do not teach the doctrine of the Council of Trent. The Church of England, so far as she is represented by her archbishops, is on the subject of Sacrifice in manifest heresy.

SILENCE OF THE LAMBETH CONFERENCE.

But the reception of this document is not less striking than the document itself. A blank, significant silence concerning it was observed by the Lambeth Conference. That conference, it has been loudly asserted, is not a synod, nor a council; it is only a meeting of nearly two hundred bishops in conference. In a report of the conference, the fact that the archbishops had issued a document in answer to the Bull is stated, but no word of praise, acceptance, or welcome is allowed to pass the portals of that conference. The archbishops are not even thanked for a document which is addressed to the Catholic bishops throughout the globe, including, we suppose, the "Catholic bishops in communion with the Church of England," as the members of the Lambeth Conference call themselves, and which they have distributed all over the earth. It is a singular situation. The efforts of the archbishops to "make clear for all time" the doctrine of the Church of England are not enthusiastically welcomed by those in communion therewith, not even seconded by one word of gratitude! And it is an open secret that some of the most leading divines of the High-Church party demurred to some statements in the MS. which seemed to exclude the doctrine of the Objective Presence, and that some phrases were in consequence rendered more vague and more comprehensive.

THE ADVANCE GUARD REPULSED.

Meanwhile the Bull has had the result of bringing many of the extreme section, most in sympathy with Rome, into closer amity with those less advanced than themselves. They will henceforth pretend to be at one, and possibly at length succeed: I use the word "pretend" advisedly, but rather from a Catholic point of view than from their own. For it is a mere pretence, that those who teach that our Lord is to be adored immediately on consecration and as long as the consecrated elements remain, and those who teach that there is a Virtual Presence, but that too precise definitions as to the effect of consecration even to the extent under consideration are to be avoided,—it is, I say, a mere pretence to say that these people are one in their faith. They are only proceeding to deprave the meaning of another sacred word, viz., unity. It is a healthier sign when there are men, as there used to be, who will suffer all rather than not proclaim the truth, and risk all possible disturbance sooner than let it be thought that such matters are relegated to the region of opinion, which is what this new platform of unity really means. Those who were at Oxford in the "sixties" will remember how Dr. Pusey wrote to Professor Stanley (as he was then), saying that he and those who symbolized with him had never worked for mere tolerance; and those who have read Newman's wonderful lecture, in his "Difficulties felt by Anglicans," on "The Church movement not in the direction of a party," will feel that the old moorings are being forsaken. Dr. Pusey himself once called on Archbishop Tait and pointed out to him what disturbance his grace was fomenting by his policy in regard to the Athanasian Creed, which the archbishop would have liked to see disused. The archbishop replied that it was Dr. Pusey who made the disturbance by his resistance. If he would only make for peace, the thing would be done; the Creed would disappear. But Dr. Pusey publicly proclaimed that his friendship with the Bishop of Salisbury (Moberley) was at an end after the line taken by the bishop on the Athanasian Creed; and some of us were privileged to hear Canon Liddon's fine sermon from the university pulpit in which he announced that he should be obliged, so to speak, to cut the painter, if that Creed were touched. In like manner, some of us can remember how, when the same eloquent preacher was appointed Canon of St. Paul's, he let his friends know that on some ritual matters he was prepared for give and take, but that if the doctrine of the Objective Presence in the Eucharist seemed to be assailed or obscured, no thought of peace or false unity must stand in the way of open resistance and real practical protest.

THE BULL DISSIPATES FALSE NOTIONS OF UNITY.

But the Bull *Apostolicæ Curæ* has supervened on an already debilitated system in the Church of England, and there is a tremendous rally round her—for the moment. What wonder? The apologetics of the Church of England have, of late, taken a turn which might well prepare us for such a phenomenon. In the beginning of the "Church Movement," as it is called, men had not cleared their minds as to the meaning of the Primacy of the See of Peter. There was hardly need to do so. Of late, the apologists have become more definite. Take, for instance, the literary career of the foremost apologist in one line, Dr. Bright of Oxford. Compare his first edition of his Church History with his recent writings. There was in that earlier writing a certain deference, a reverence, something almost approaching an enthusiasm for the See of Peter. Now he has thrown in his lot with those who trace the very term to an early copy (not forthcoming, nor ever mentioned by any contemporary writer) of a romance. Compare, again, his edition of the sermon of St. Leo the Great with the deliberate charges of intentional dishonesty which he now brings against the same saint. Or compare the tone of Mr. Puller's apologetic writings with those of earlier Oxford writers belonging to the more advanced section of High Churchmen. It is as different as the poles are asunder from the tone of these latter. Although indulging in a ritual which Cranmer, Ridley, and the rest of that crew overthrew as incompatible with true Christianity, he is yet engaged in rehabilitating these hopeless Protestants. The old respect and reverence and love for Rome is fast evaporating, and instead, the critical spirit has entered in and taken possession—not the spirit of criticism in which every Catholic feels himself at home, but that venturesome, rash, and overbold mind which has no living authority in prospect, to whom conclusions are by anticipation submitted and sometimes even rudely checked.

What wonder, I repeat, that the Bull should bring out the disease that lurks within? It is a priceless boon that false notions of unity can no longer be encouraged. It is well, too, on our side, that we should not be working on the ground of false hopes. Whilst playing with friendly expressions, we might have failed to bring our fellow-countrymen one inch nearer the goal. We can now still use friendly expressions—why should we not?—but their bearing will not be mistaken. We can now bear with misconceptions—what else could we expect, when we consider the circumstances that preceded the Bull?—but we can also do our best to remove them.

UNWARRANTED EXPECTATIONS FROM RUSSIA.

There is one other move on the part of the Church of England which may have to play itself out, before the Bull will have had its full effects. The way in which some of the authorities have turned to the Russian Church is part and parcel of the subject on which I have undertaken to write. The Russian authorities have been careful not to commit themselves, but when an Archbishop of York arrives in their country with a commendatory letter from the Prince of Wales to the Czar of all the Russias, courtesies bordering on recognition are a natural sequel. Nothing, however, was done, as a Russian priest occupying an important position informed me, which in any way compromises the Russian Church on the question of Anglican Orders. Some marks of respect, which in the West, at any rate amongst Catholics, would be taken for something approaching a recognition of a person's orders, can be indulged in by a Russian ecclesiastic without meaning anything of the kind. Indeed, the idea that what passed between the Archbishop of York and certain ecclesiastics in Russia amounted to any sort of judgment on the validity of Anglican Orders, was treated by a person in responsible position in Russia as nothing less than an absurdity.

Nevertheless, the hopes of many an Anglican have undoubtedly been raised; and since it is not unlikely that the political atmosphere may favor seeming advances in the immediate future, such hopes must be taken into account in our estimate of the situation. The judgment passed upon the Church of England by a Russian who has had the best means of forming a judgment, was expressed to the present writer in the following words: "The Church of England does not present the features of a church; she has no one, and no corporate body, that can expound her teaching; she is a heap of heresies." And this she certainly would be found to be, if ever questions of doctrine came to be discussed. But, at present, one result of the Bull has been that the eyes of the Anglicans have been turned more steadily than ever away from Rome and towards the East.

THE QUESTION OF AUTHORITY PARAMOUNT.

Does, then, all this mean that England is further from Rome since the promulgation of the Bull on Anglican Orders? Will the distance between them go on widening and still widening? Why should it? The question of Orders touches a point in the Anglican system on which its supporters are naturally sensitive to the last degree. In the case of those who are so wedded to the system that it has become their all, of course it acts as a throw-back to all hopes of reunion. But in the case of those whose minds were, in any real sense, kept open to the truth, the Bull only clears the air. And whether these will be drawn into the fold, will depend, under God, on the energy and loving kindness with which we *explain* its principles, which they have so widely misunderstood, and above all, on the extent to which we succeed in leading them to study the question of authority.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

I.

The bronzèd pool lay seething in the sun,
And o'er it as a mantle, stainèd foul,
Empoisoned slime its oily net-work spun,
The shadows round dark deepening like a cowl.

II.

Breaking its slimy fetters, bursting, lo!
From out the thraldom of the inky deep,
A stainless lily, white as driven snow—
A dream of beauty from a troubled sleep.

REV. WILLIAM P. CANTWELL.

"*Who is she that cometh forth as the morning rising, fair as the moon, bright as the sun?*"
—CANTICLES vi. 9.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF NAPOLEON.

REV. GEORGE McDERMOT, C.S.P.

THE recent appearance of what are called the "unpublished"* letters of Napoleon, covering the period from the Consulate to the final close of the Empire, has revived the interest in him which idolaters will not let sleep. It is said he reveals himself in these letters in a manner that places his genius beyond what his greatest admirers had imagined, and shows his character worse than his most bitter enemies could have made it. So many and various estimates have been written of his ability and disposition that these letters really enable one to form a fair judgment of both; not so much by what they actually disclose as from the fact that they can be read into his published despatches and his acts, that in these he is more in undress than in his published letters and his acts. The acts could be softened down by explanations, while the published letters were written with a regard for appearances. In these and in his acts France was his object—France alone and her glory. Whatever ill-disposed persons might say about his ambition, it was all calumny. He was fond of using the word "calumny," he was also fond of using the word "outrage"; he was so sensitive—this embodied will, so affectionately simple this inexorable intellect.

A MAN ABOVE CONSCIENCE.

What appeared to be ambition was the knowledge that he could do more for the power and glory of France than any other man. It was not his fault that he was so gifted. Destiny had a work for him. By him were to be realized the ideas of Cæsar and of Charlemagne. To do this was his mission, and all antecedent history only led to this as its culminating point. What would be crimes in another were duties with him. The moralities that are necessary to others were but expediencies in his case. It is good for men to be guided by conscience, because stupidity is the inheritance of mankind. Their stupidity is so great that if there were no individual conscience men would run headlong into all kinds of folly.

* Inédites.

Society would be impossible. But for him, the reformer of society and the organizer of universal peace, there could be no such faculty—it would only be a fatal embarrassment. "Ney knows as much about my affairs as the youngest drummer-boy in my army," expressed what he thought of the marshals and generals who could handle masses of men with a skill only less than his own. This self-confidence, this profound egotism, is not exaggerated. It appears in these letters, or rather in the history of his life seen in the strong light they cast upon it.

WHERE IS THE TRUE NAPOLEON?

Such an estimate as we have outlined here could not be gathered from the opinions of writers. No two of them agree. With some he is a domestic man of strong affections, possessing ordinary talent for affairs, but military talents of the highest order. With others he has no affections except such as interest approves, he is an intriguer without a particle of political talent, and his successful campaigns were due to the frenzy of his troops and the ability of his lieutenants. The Revolution made France an army, and he got hold of the army in the field when other men had made it accustomed to victory. The unenrolled army—which was the nation—was in a fever of anxiety to march to glory and plunder, and the army under arms was the best training depot for those enthusiasts. Recently he has figured as a devoted child of the church whom circumstances forced into opposition to her authority. The opposition was more apparent than real, we are informed, for he restored religion in France and died in the faith. He was honest to bluntness or a great dissimulator, according to the point of view; he is a man of genius and a silly child combined; he writes with the terse clearness of Cæsar, he writes like a puffer of quack medicines.

It is clear, however, that an obscure foreigner, educated at the king's expense, led her armies at an age when most men are still in college, obtained supreme power as the magistrate of the people before the earliest prime, seized supreme power as the master of the people in the first years of his prime, and that he held in this power an empire which, if you count the tributary kings and nations, was bounded by the English Channel and the Mediterranean, the Atlantic and the inhospitable regions of eastern Europe. All the unflattering estimates of his ability may be put aside in the face of these facts. Nothing can account for them in a man who began without one of those aids which favor the rise of men in life—nothing but the greatest genius. The quality of that genius is another thing, and so is his character.

CONSISTENT INCONSISTENCY.

There are undoubtedly what appear to be great inconsistencies in his character. We have letters to his brothers when they sat on thrones, tragic in their pathos; we have cruelties to young and old, the great and the mean, directed and sustained with a cold ferocity which shows that policy, not passion, inspired every one of them. This devoted child of the church had more of her prelates and priests in prison at one time than there have been under any European sovereign since the Tenth Persecution. He lied like a Cretan, and only told the truth, if it can be called the truth, when he intended to deceive. He had no more notion of personal honor than a pickpocket, and yet he had the hardihood to write to Fouché, "Shut up Doctor Mayer, to teach him not to preach sentiments against honor." He had no more morals than a monkey. "Invite Madame Talleyrand," he writes to her husband, "with four or five women, to meet him." This is the plan to enmesh the Prince of the Asturias—one as old as Cataline, one as old as Pandar, one fully illustrated in the pages of Gil Blas. This ally of oppressed nations made the proposal to Pitt that he would send him the United Irishmen then in France, if Pitt would expel the *émigrés* from England.

For all that he is a very interesting study. All the inconsistencies may be referred to one root in his moral nature, his over-mastering egotism. He spoke of the old aristocracy with a furious scorn, but he was most anxious to have them about him in the Consular court, and later in the Imperial court. Fame was the breath of his nostrils; everything he did and said was said and done with an eye to effect. He was an actor like the Richard III. of Shakspere, and one naturally wonders that the unpublished letters did not preserve more of the actor's perpetual consciousness of an audience. Still, as he saw things so clearly, like flashes of intuition, and since with him to see was to execute, to perceive to order, it may be that the rapidity of resolve hurried him out of the consciousness that the grand tier of posterity looked down upon the footlights. An actor may, to some extent, lose himself in his part though the audience is before him.

A MASTER OF MACHIAVELLIAN MORALITY.

We have in these letters a cynicism of active judgment that realizes and goes beyond the conception of Machiavelli. There is a good deal of disquisition in the "Prince." The atrocious policy by which an incarnate intelligence is to make a state prosperous pays morality the compliment of recognizing and even debating with it. It may be contrary to morality to murder one's rivals in order to secure the throne, to make away not only with every opponent who has shown himself, but with any one that may possibly be an opponent; yet it is the only way that the prince who has acquired power can preserve it. This is Machiavelli; but Napoleon writes to General Clarke: "Shoot the burgomaster." He hears that an actor is dangerous; he tells Fouché to have him whipped, "as all this riffraff deserves when it meddles with serious things." It did not do for an actor to engage in politics, and it would be waste of time to argue with a "difficult" burgomaster.

IO VICTIS HAD FOR HIM NO MEANING.

He grows upon us in some fascinating way with that forehead of his, which recalls Cleopatra's "broad-fronted Cæsar." He was in authority always. When, an unattached lieutenant of artillery, he sees the rabble before the Tuileries, he would sweep them away with grape-shot. Then the king comes out on a balcony with a red cap and the *canaille* are frantic with enthusiasm. "That man is lost!" says the young lieutenant unattached, at sight of the red cap. It makes him oblivious of every memory, of the sixty kings, "that man's" predecessors, the procession so grand and mournful that passes through the vicissitudes of France: the long-haired Merovingians going back to Rome, the house of Pepin building again the Roman Empire, the keen Hugh Capet fashioned in the iron of the feudal age, the magnificent royalty of Valois, the soldierly qualities of the fourth Henry, the pride and splendor of the Great King. That man is lost, and so the young Corsican turns on his heel with no pity. Louis should have seen across the foul heads that yelled their enthusiasm to the man who could save him and the monarchy, but because, poor king! he lacked a gift like omniscience he was lost, and with the epitaphic comment to be written "He deserves to be lost."

This habit of authority ingrained we have in his attack on the Directory on the 18th Brumaire An VII., "fogarious" month of the new era, or, in Christian language, 9th of October, 1799. He was their officer, their servant, this General Bonaparte, but in the midst of his staff, when Bottot, the secretary of Barras, comes in, he fulminates against the triumvirate, privately signalling to Bottot that the fires were not intended for his master. Fancy this man of thirty years of age, hatched in a Mediterranean island a day or two after it came into the possession of France, brought up as a pensioner of the murdered king, delivering himself in this way to his employers, even though they were only Directors of the Rousseauian republic, of the unclothed goddess of reason and the bedlam rout that worshipped her or it; fancy this high comedy: "What have you done with that France which I left to you prosperous and glorious?" And so on in anticipative Bulwer-Lyttonese.

We have some excellent fooling some five weeks later when he walks to the bar of the Councils at St. Cloud and tells them they are treading on a volcano, but that he and his brothers-in-arms will assist them. But a grand transition: "I am calumniated, I am compared to Cromwell, to Cæsar." This is said in a rambling, broken manner; he poses as the honest soldier, a plain, blunt man, "not accustomed to public speaking," as the great bores sublimely say at English dinners, as if this excused them for ruining men's digestions. It may be that he had a difficulty in speaking, for we give him the benefit of the possibility, since there were like exhibitions of a halting delivery and disjointed rhetoric in the stormy scenes that preceded the Consulate; but allowing for the possibility, we observe that on this very occasion he could storm away, if not like the Titan Mirabeau, still like the Napoleon of later days, whose tantrums make his staff and his court look like whipped schoolboys. Some one asked him, would he swear to the Constitution of the year III. "The Constitution!" he cries; "you violated it. . . . All parties by turns have appealed to the Constitution, and all parties by turns have violated it. As we cannot preserve the Constitution, let us, at least, preserve liberty and equality." It reminds one of Cromwell's retort when Sir Harry Vane appealed to Magna Charta: "Sir Harry Vane! Sir Harry Vane!—may the Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!" All this rhodomontade is quoted by historians as proof of superlative resource, but the best part of their argument was in Cromwell's army and the devotion of Napoleon's soldiers to their general.

HIS APPRECIATION OF THE "GRAND MANNER."

It seems idle to suppose, as some writers do, that on such occasions Napoleon was taken by surprise; for if one looks at this particular occasion itself, we have proof of the direct contrary. All his friends feared he had ruined himself, that the Directory was too strong; he was quite confident that before the day was out they would see he had not. He was right, for on that night the Directory was at an end, and he president of the three consuls; but we are slightly running before the hare. His accesses of fury were not necessarily simulations of passion, but there might have been something stagey in them. Probably the difference between him and the potentates and the great aristocracy of France, about whose bearing in all fortunes memoirs of the time tell so much, is that he lacked their "grand manner." He undoubtedly admired the manner and insisted on the observance of it in the relations of the sovereigns to himself. If they failed in one point of it, the occupation of a capital and the plunder of picture-galleries and pawn-offices would follow.* How he abused the aristocracy when it boycotted his court after its return under the Empire! The ingrates, the paupers, the traitors! It does not seem he feared those splendid nobles who had fled from the Revolution, but he knew as a body they had done cruel things with the grace that accompanied their kindest acts, and that any one of them would have bowed his neck under the guillotine as if he were bending before his queen.

The conspiracy of the Consulate shows we were right in not attributing the rambling speech of Napoleon to confusion. Cromwell, when not mouthing from the Old Testament, spluttered like a player who forgets his cue and rants the wrong part; but he always found the cue before his close in some slaying of the Chanaanite, or in a picture of the "Man," that is, Charles I., as a wicked king to be cut off. Napoleon had forced an issue notwithstanding the broken speech, and as if he said with Marc Antony: Let it work. The evening of the day saw the Council of Elders decreeing that the Directory was at an end, and a provisional government of three consuls should be appointed. So far so good, but the Council of Five Hundred had the initiative and it was opposed to Napoleon, though its president was his brother Lucien. Lucien had stood loyally to his brother in the angry scene of that day, when deputies from every part of the house shouted "We will have no dictator, no soldiers in the sanctuary of the laws." When Napoleon looked uncertain, his soldiers from the door cried out: "Let us save our general!" He was rescued, of course, and the defeated council clamorously demanded that a vote of outlawry should be passed against him. Lucien refused to put the vote: "I cannot outlaw my own brother." It would seem that, although classic models were favored in those days, they were not always followed. Lucien, however, had the patriotic virtue to summon the council for that evening. He invited thirty members, all supporters of Napoleon, and so the act of the Council of Elders was ratified, and another constitution came to light. Is it apologetic wit that describes the thirty members as a minority of the Five Hundred?

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* We think this infamous system of robbery, which did not spare the deposits of the poor, began under Napoleon with the Monte di Pietà of Milan. This may be the revolutionary meaning of equality for rich and poor.

When the three consuls met, Sieyès said they should have a president. "Who but the general should take the chair?" replied Ducos. In a moment Sieyès learned he had not a particle of influence. Napoleon stated his views of administration with the authority of a master. It is from this year VIII. of the new era, of the Romme Calendar, that the unpublished letters begin.

NAPOLEON'S ESTIMATE OF MANKIND.

Cæsar Borgia in the flesh may have been the Prince that took a disquisitive shape in the pages of Machiavelli; but neither shadow nor substance, in our poor opinion, approaches within leagues the imperious will and fell intellect that informed the short, somewhat clumsy-looking person called Napoleon Bonaparte, or Buonaparte. If we find any more marked difference between him and other great and wicked men it is in his creed that mankind was stupid to idiocy. Whatever ability any one possessed was instrumental and departmental. This cold intelligence acted the opinion that the mind of man was a nervous force more active or more useful in some than others. The automata were only good when he pulled the strings. Yet this unsympathetic genius possessed an influence over his soldiers that Wolsey's word "magnetic" fails to convey. He was their god, in him France was an irresistible might to which coalitions of kings and the powers of nature opposed themselves in vain. In his turn he cared for their wants, but not for their lives.

They are nothing, no one is anything to him; success is everything. As we have said, these letters remove obscurities from his acts, and send a new meaning into grandiloquent passages of addresses and despatches. "I judge by my judgment and reason," he wrote, "and not by the opinion of others"; and so strong and constant this confidence in his judgment that he trusted no one with his policy or his military plans. He directed his ministers in everything, from the prosecution of a murderer to the details of a treaty with a great power. He directed the press, composed articles, invented news, inspired libels, criticised the opera, and sang his own praises. Yet he suspected independent praise as though it were irony. He boasted he could teach the whole College of Cardinals theology. We need not be surprised, for the French of that day had a better guide to truth than Revelation, just as every Protestant plough-boy can expound you the Scriptures with more precision than the church. This one consul of three had the post-office as open as a book. If a general entertains at dinner a guest that he ought not, he learns that the consul knows it. A correspondent of some foreign prince receives letters, he is described in the choice vocabulary of the consul pending measures for change of air or residence. If a good-for-nothing printer visits Paris instead of publishing his folly at Marseilles, he becomes aware that he can neither sneeze, eat, nor drink without the consul's knowledge. Better the white glare of Marseilles than the stifling atmosphere of Paris.

AN IMPERIAL DETECTIVE SYSTEM.

The emperor had little to learn from the consul. His reach was wider, but his tactics were the same as in France. No king could say a word that was not reported, and what "pigs" and "dastards" fell on the imperial paper when he wrote about them! His spy system all over Europe was as perfect as in France; and on his campaigns he held the thread of every movement as if he sat by the side of Fouché. Nay, he could send from half way across Europe information to that minister. These argus eyes were everywhere. At the same time his police system was not to blunder over unnecessary things, for he wrote: "The art of the police is not to see that which is useless for it to see." He could also write, "Arrest so and so, and imprison him for so long"; this, of course, when the police thought it was "useless" "to see" so and so. What men of constitutional experiences must admire about all this, was its indifference to forms. It was a step in advance or backward from the formalism of the Revolution. The patriots of that time took away your life under careful forms. It was as tenacious of them as Tiberius in his respect for the methods of the senate. Both attained their end as effectually as if they violated them.

It was for centuries in Europe the practice to consider the Grand Turk was above the usages which guided the intercourse of nations. Ambassadors went to Constantinople very much as policemen go into a burglars' haunt, with life in their hands. The privileges of an ambassador were nothing in the eyes of Napoleon. "I am master in my own house." A recent writer describes this as magnificent; we have heard the same about the seizure of the Duke d'Enghien in a friendly territory and his assassination at Vincennes, but he makes a correct criticism of these recently collected letters when he describes their style as that of command. They at times possess a severe eloquence which may show the influence of Cæsar's notes "from the seat of war," that most admirable combination of the official despatch for the present information of the Roman war office, as it were, with the military report to guide those who were to succeed him in the command.

He gives an idea of how a despatch to a minister should be written by any official, from an ambassador down to an examiner; that it "should try to seize the minister's intention and not to make epigrams." His abuse of every one, from the pope to a wretched spy, is unsparing, and sometimes comical enough, as when he says that Fouché has "a spoiled head," and that General Morio "is a kind of ass that I despise." His brother Lucien is "nothing but a fool," Madame de Staël is "a ——"—the worst meaning that can be put upon coquine, in fact. There is another word for her that even the French editor suppresses. The next compliment that we shall refer to is not amusing: "The pope is a furious madman, and he must be shut up." And the pope was shut up; but he went back to Rome, and Napoleon went to Elba and thence to St. Helena, from whose eyrie he could look out into the waters that had no shore-line, and reflect that beyond them the world went on as if he had never come to disturb the reverence for religion, the laws by which "stupid" men express their belief in the supremacy of conscience.

NATIONAL CATHOLIC TEACHERS' INSTITUTES.

THE National Catholic Institute movement has had a marvellous growth during the two years of its existence. The regular vacation institutes of the second year were more than double in number the ones held the first year. The number of teachers in attendance was greater, and, in several cases, they were representatives from remote missions. The assistance and encouragement given by archbishops, bishops, and priests indicated the attitude of the church toward such work, and the Masses offered for it, the novenas said, all told that the movement had taken deep hold of the hearts of the teachers, and had received the approbation and blessing of the hierarchy of the church.

The first vacation institute for 1897 began June 28, in Burlington, Vt., in the assembly room of St. Mary's Academy. Four orders of nuns were in attendance, two of which were from Canada. Right Rev. J. S. Michaud, D.D., began with an address outlining the work for the week, the relation of the institute to the teacher, and of both to the child and to God, and closed by welcoming the visiting sisters, the institute, and the instructors to the Burlington diocese. The aged bishop, Right Rev. L. De Goesbriand, D.D., visited the institute twice during the week and addressed the teachers on both occasions.

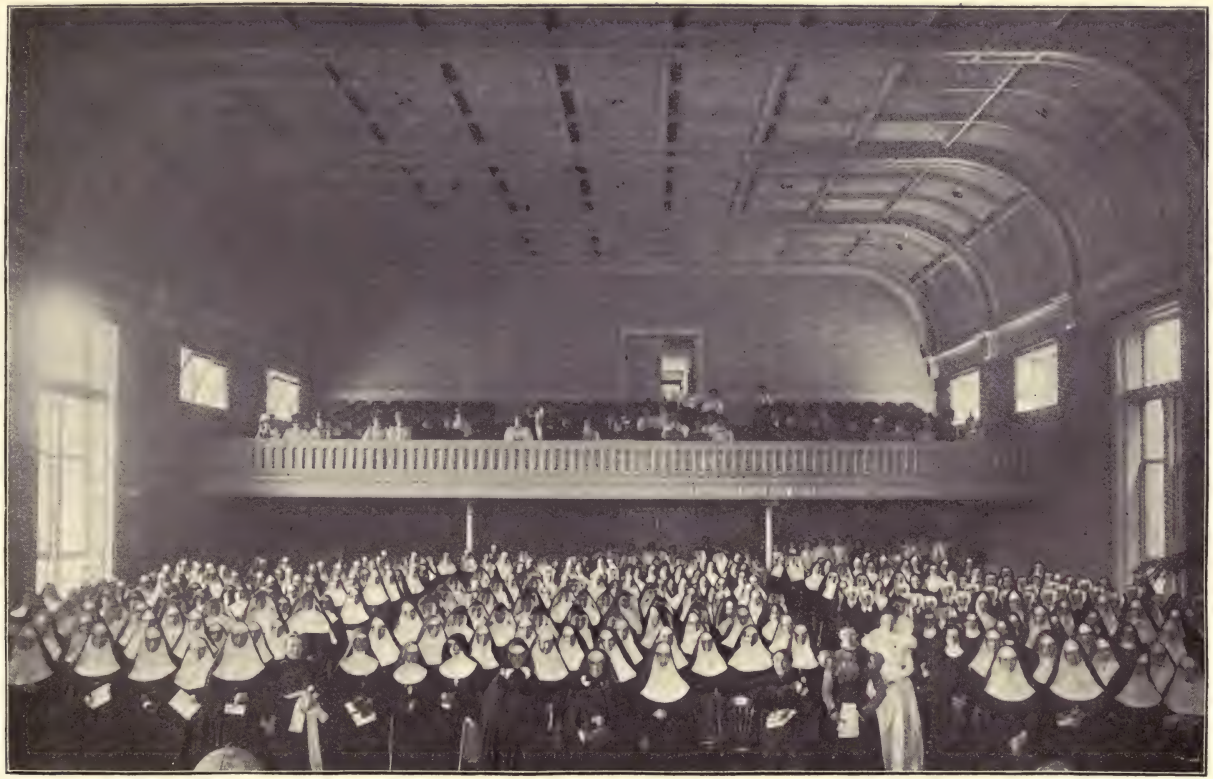
The Burlington institute was followed by others in Beatty, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton, Pa., New York, Rochester, Springfield, Fitchburg, Providence, Hartford, Putnam, Willimantic, and Chicago. At each institute the opening address, given by a bishop or a priest, was of sufficient worth to compensate the sisters for the toil and trouble incurred in being present. Another prominent feature of the work of each week was the Christian doctrine lesson, not on *what* to teach, but *how* to teach the children the great truths contained in the little catechism. It was a revelation to many to see a priest at the black-board, illustrating methods of teaching and making the application to lessons in the catechism. How to correlate the Christian doctrine work with all the other work of school and home, how to utilize nature study, literature, art, music, and history, in making stronger and better the work in the catechism classes, was brought out clearly in this department of the work.

Rochester and Chicago were graded institutes. In the Rochester institute, besides the Christian doctrine work, special attention was given to English, drawing, and nature study. There were three instructors for the department of English, three for drawing, and three for nature study. Primary work, geography, mathematics, and music will be given special attention in 1898. In the Chicago institute the departments made prominent were Christian doctrine, primary work, drawing, nature study, geography, and history. Mathematics, English, and music will receive special attention next year. In the other institutes, where single sessions were held, certain groups of subjects were made prominent, as in the graded institutes.

The body of teachers now organized into an institute faculty for the purpose of establishing and conducting institutes for the teachers in our Catholic schools, is second to no other such organization in the country. The worth of their work has been tested and the results are sufficient evidence of their fitness. Engagements are now made for institutes for 1898 in Wilkes-Barre, Beatty, Rochester, New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Providence, Ogdensburg, Burlington, Springfield, Fitchburg, Hartford, Scranton, and several other cities.

The educational value of having members of different orders meet together as teachers is recognized by all, and by none more so than by the teachers themselves. They earnestly desire union and unity in their work. The kindly telegrams sent from institute to institute, carrying heartfelt greetings from one meeting to another, were evidences of the interest they take in each other's work, and of the desire that in educational matters they should all be *one*.

Expressions voicing desires were often heard during the last days of an institute, such as that we might all meet again, that teachers coming from different schools and different sections of country brought to such meetings the trend of educational thought from their own localities, and thus each contributed to the common good and gained for herself new ideas from others. Another lesson plainly exemplified by these great educational meetings is that the one who receives the most benefit is the one who comes with the intention of contributing from her treasures something of educational wealth to others, giving freely and generously for God and humanity. The spirit of the movement has permeated our teachers in such a manner



The Sisters at the Chicago Institute held in St. James' Hall the week beginning August 30, 1897. The photograph was taken just as the Sisters finished singing "America." The different habits show what a representative gathering was there assembled. This was the last and largest of the Sisters' Institutes, organized by Mrs. B. Ellen Burke during the summer vacation of 1897.

that it can never die; nay, the spirit has always lived in the hearts of true teachers; this marvellous growth would not, nor could not have taken place in so short a time only that the teachers were ready and responsive. It is a mistaken idea that the mission of the institute is to waken the dead; its work is to aid the living, and it has found a welcome and an abiding place only in the minds and souls of those who are real teachers, who are active, progressive, growing educators.

One reverend mother, who is a far-seeing woman and has had years of experience in governing and guiding, said, at the close of one of the largest institutes last summer: "The institute is as necessary to the teacher as the retreat is to the religious." The National Catholic Institute movement is destined to live and become a power in the educational life of the nation. Not alone because it is well organized and well planned, and the workers are earnest, capable, and zealous, but for the reason that the times demand the work and God wills it. It is a grand sight to see the teachers assembled at one of these institutes, to have the privilege of looking into the faces of hundreds of women who have consecrated their lives to the work of teaching. When many are brought together, all working for a common cause with a common motive, what enthusiasm is aroused, what power is engendered, and how far-reaching the consequences! Last year the movement knocked at school-room doors for admittance; to-day it is within the walls and working.

THE CHURCH AND SOCIAL WORK.

IT might appear from the title of this paper that we intend to offer a few moral platitudes on the relations between the clergy and the working classes. Men looking merely at the surface are ready to think that the Church consists of the clergy, and perhaps some pious and charitable laymen who work with the clergy. We mean a good deal more by the word Church, even as a social fact and instrument of social reformation; we mean that divine society which manifests itself in an organization of men, priests and laymen—that society the reason of whose being is holiness and love, and whose activity is exercised in the promotion of them. Consequently if we offer one or two suggestions concerning social work that may be done under the guidance of the clergy, we are doing no more than reminding both clergy and laity of their obligations. We do no more than show them fields where zeal and charity will find room for exercise without adding to the burdens of life, but an exercise which will be good for themselves as individuals and of advantage to all within the sphere of their influence.

That our view cannot be deemed sectarian may be inferred from the fact that this article has been, to some extent, suggested by a visit to what is known as the Mills Hotel, in this city. We inferred from that visit that it was not so much the amount of money as the judicious expenditure of it that was needed for the work of social improvement. For instance, if a commercial speculation could succeed by bringing within the reach of poor people conveniences and comforts which ordinarily would be deemed unattainable, then voluntary associations could handle resources at their disposal with a success not previously considered practicable. As we said, we are not sectarian. We sympathize with everything that is wisely done for the benefit of the poor and industrial classes. The work of social improvement emanating from any honest source may demand the active assistance of the clergy and laity because of their obligation to promote love and holiness among mankind. They are the Church in its manifestation; but we desire it to be not a half-paralyzed body, but one working

THE WORKING-MAN'S HOTEL, NEW YORK.

from the impulse of the life within, which is the Spirit of God. In saying this we are stating what may be regarded as empty sound, or a sonorous mouthing of what is within the knowledge of every little child of Holy Church. This may be superficially correct, but it is only superficially correct; the Church is charged with indifference to the welfare of the working classes. It is to this charge our mouthing, if critics so please, is directed. We deny that the Church was ever unmindful of the less prosperous elements of society; we deny, too, that her awakened interest in the working classes springs from the fear that her influence is seriously endangered. She is no respecter of persons; she emancipated the slave directly where she had the power, she wrought out his emancipation, sometimes by great sacrifice, where her power was only a moral one. In her hands the serf of the soil became a freeman, priest, and pope, when great men would have kept him for ever on the soil. The sharpest conflicts of the Church with the temporal power everywhere over Europe were on the claim advanced by her that a serf or a serf's son, by becoming a cleric, became a free man. No doubt writers opposed to the Church charge her with aggression, spiritual tyranny, and violence to conscience for putting forth such claims, and they praise the spirit which caused king and lord to resist them. Now we, as friends of personal as well as political liberty, think it was a good thing that the peasant escaped from the knife of the porter's lodge, the scourge, from the manorial justice of pit and gallows to the monastery hard by, where he became a student, a monk, a ruler of men in some great see or in the supreme see of all. We prefer such a life as that developed for him to the recovery of him by his lord, whether obtained by the sharp scent of blood-hounds or by surrender from a violated sanctuary. We beg, with the greatest submission, to differ from our non-Catholic friends on this point.

If there has been apathy on the part of the clergy and well-to-do among the laity—we do not believe there has been,—if there has been what appears to be that, it may be accounted for by the Church's struggle for existence in this country. That is decided in her favor; she has attained a vigorous life. But she is the Church of the poor, and the work of all who have the means and leisure should be to lift the poor to a religious life. This can be effectually done by supplying the motives through the uses of an improved social life. This will be the best refutation of the charge of indifference to their welfare. Certain leaders of the industrial classes regard religion as the antagonist of the rights of labor. An appeal to historical testimony does not avail with them. They ask for results now and here, and shrug their shoulders at proofs from the past. Socialist leaders are not without a following, and beyond their following their opinions go out that religious work is in conflict with social work. They point to the sects, a large part of whose activity seems to be expended in unsympathetic charity and the promulgation of theories that are implicitly based upon the inferiority of labor as a status compared with capital. The rights of wealth are so prominent in the utterances of ministers that labor appears to be without rights. But, with a delicate flattery, it is insinuated that capital has religious duties springing from the law of charity. It is graceful for the rich to be considerate and compassionate, something like the principle *noblesse oblige*, but there is no moral claim upon them. Now, clearly this explains the notion that religious work is antagonistic to social work, because there is no morality in the religion which takes this attitude.

But if the Church, which sanctifies morality, which expresses the character of every moral principle in unmistakable language, which takes moral principles out of the natural plane, elevates and sanctifies them, and declares that they are the advocates or accusers of each man, where no interested formulas of dependent preachers shall be allowed to obscure the eternal issue—if she holds aloof from the work of social improvement, no one can blame the socialist for his opinions, and no one need be surprised that they find a lodgment in so many minds. There is one field, however, where her efforts must have fair play: that is, among her own children wavering between the blind theories of socialism, the temptations springing from a dwarfed existence, and a belief in her teachings. It is so hard to reconcile with the goodness of God, as presented in the Church's teachings, the manifold facts which make up a maimed, distorted life. The spirit of the age, as we have it in books and platform pronouncements, demands the largest measure of life for the individual. The demand is not a restricted one. It is not confined to a favored class. Every one is entitled to an equal measure of political rights, and equally to pursue the way to happiness. The Church is an organization of infinite strength and flexibility. Her opponents admit that she is a great moral force working in the interests of order. That is admitted here, it is admitted in France and Germany by her most malignant enemies. We do not care a straw for the inconsistency of those who admit her conserving power, but try to destroy it. Their testimony is enough. Now, we say that she has a great field among her own children, whether they are loyal or discontented, whether they bow to her words or sulk in the byways—a great field for activity along those lines of amelioration which the spirit of the age demands.

MR. MILLS, THE INAUGURATOR OF THE WORKING-MAN'S HOTEL SCHEME.

It is not ours to quarrel with that spirit. We cannot quarrel with it. The way that spirit is described reads like inflated rhetoric, but it expresses, in a vague way no doubt, but in some sense, a law long hidden, but written in men's hearts from the beginning. Servitude covered it up, the freaks of ambition and power ignored it; but when the Lord Christ preached the brotherhood of man and sealed the doctrine with his blood, those who heard it recognized it as something that they had within them, but which was illegible, or it may be inarticulate, till then. With this teaching what we have called the demand of the age, when properly explained, is consistent, and is the only consistent demand. There must be moral equality among brethren, there must be universal rights and duties among them; it cannot be that the rich alone have the rights, and that the poor are to be dependent on their consideration, their good feeling. Consideration a scornful mood! good feeling an accident of weather! The spirit of the age, restricted by our meaning, speaks the moral and material needs of men. Even in the unrestricted shape of the socialist or the anarchist, the principle, though it be of the earth earthy, it is still the cry of the oppressed to Heaven. Men may assail the Church, they may confound her with their enemies and hers, they may say that her doctrines paralyze the brain and rob the hands of half their strength. What of it? Who heeds the ravings of despair? Lawless opinions, wild theories, blasphemies in the form of formulas of justice, are like the inarticulate cries of wounded beasts. Those who have no compassion for them, who invoke the resources of civilization, as the phrase is, to cope with them, are pharisees. This is not the way the Church's Founder looks at them; she cannot look at them in this way. Then those who represent her in the work of life, her priests, her faithful laymen, cannot, dare not be without a great pity for those unhappy souls whom the conditions of existence have so maddened.

The resources of religion are derived from the poor. The few Catholics of wealth, together with the Catholics that are in easy circumstances, could not have supplied a twentieth of the wealth which is fixed in church buildings, religious houses, institutions. We wish it to be understood that the wealthiest Catholic in this country possesses only what would be counted a mere percentage on the means of thousands of non-Catholics, that among well-to-do people Catholics are only an infinitesimal number, and that well-to-do Catholics are only a recognizable fragment of their own creed. This is no doubt known to themselves; this is, we think, why a good deal of philanthropy among Catholics aims at a fashionable advertisement, as some of it most unquestionably is a business advertisement. This we do not want; but at the same time we do want Catholic philanthropy to manifest itself with conspicuous success, and we believe it can be done.

The motive is the impelling power. In proportion to the purity of the motives will be the work accomplished in helping those to whom help at this moment means the value of a life, in helping those who have fallen to recover their feet, in taking out of the dark places of cities the thousands who live in death while waiting death; in finding out the other thousands who lie on door-steps, on quays, or hide in blind alleys, or prowl about seeking some one they may rob—those, the socially lost, the worst of all the classes, whose existence is a blot upon the sunshine, a danger in the atmosphere, and which will be a load upon the earth until they lie beneath it. The problem is not insoluble.

Its solution has been attempted in London with encouraging results. The awakening of England to the condition of the London poor has displayed itself in several independent movements. The Establishment has entered into the work with commendable zeal; but besides the efforts of her ministers, there is the movement from the universities, there are the movements to diffuse sound political and economic knowledge by means of lectures, the movement to establish labor clubs, reading rooms, and a variety of other methods to develop and increase taste and technical skill among the industrial classes. All this tends to elevate their condition.

The fitness of the priests for work of this kind we hold to be assured. They are not inferior in capacity and knowledge to the graduates of Oxford and Cambridge. Their parochial duties come first, and these, no doubt, are exacting, but there must be some spare time that can be devoted to social work. Take an instance of what energy may accomplish. The work of the Establishment in East London had been neglected in a way that cannot be sufficiently condemned. The activity which took its rise from the Oxford movement, in 1840, had to face difficulties as great as those that would confront the priests and charitable laity of New York at the present moment. If the American church enters on the work of social improvement, she does so with advantages that no other influence possesses, because she is a part of that living body we call the Church. What she may do in this path is done by a perfect machinery, and not by spasmodic flashes of enthusiasm. We are not underrating the labor of others, we give credit to the young men whom the Oxford movement inspired with a zeal in the cause of humanity, we readily acknowledge the exertions of the Dissenting bodies, but we doubt the abundance of the spring from which their activity proceeds. It seems to us that the co-operation of these men in social work is held together by the frail tie of voluntary alliance. In the case of the Oxford men the union is based on somewhat approximate views of doctrine and duty; it is the elastic band of common memories and training. As we have said, they had difficulties. They began with the sense of all that was selfish, old-fashioned, and traditionally Protestant in the Establishment against them. They were distrusted as innovators by every vicar and perpetual curate who droned away the lessons once a week to empty churches, and to whom the poor were as great an offence as the Dissenting ministers, to hear whose attacks upon the Establishment they went as they might go to hear an ultra Radical or a Chartist orator.

But the work of these young enthusiasts was productive. It did good in all directions among Protestants. It forced the Broad Church party in the Establishment to put in practice their opinion that doctrine was not of so much consequence as godly life, or at least externally respectable life. It stimulated the Dissenting ministers to exertion to vindicate the reason of their existence. We say, when they accomplished so much the Church in the great cities of the United States—in this great city of New York, can do more.

We insist that it must be borne in mind that the Church is a perfect society, a body all whose parts are bound together in union of life; so that if she gives her approval through her constituted authorities to work of this kind, the spirit which so often changed the world will change the face of cities now. It is only comparing with the work of accidental aggregates of individuals her work when we speak of her in the same breath with the non-Catholic bodies. We do not possess the wealth of these, but that is counterbalanced by the fact of an organization behind us that can do anything, a zeal that is more than enthusiasm the moment it is called into play. We are not preaching, we are stating sociological facts, aspects of the Church's relation as a perfect society to the political society in which we live.

Hence we presume that our younger clergy, at least, are pervaded with the conviction that the social obligations issuing out of the Christian dispensation are meant for life and not for speculation. Duties annexed to humanity might afford a Greek philosopher a subject on which to exercise his dialectic skill before his school; or to Cicero, supping with Lucullus, it might be olives to the Falernian to spout about the humanity which his host's slaves shared with that fortunate proconsul. But it would bear no seed, it would harm nobody, and so his splendid host could pass it by with the thought that if his guest were not insane, he was only worshipping Bacchus under his name of Liber.

There is a moral equality springing of necessity from our holy religion; but in its social aspect it must be regarded with judicious mind and not travestied into theories that violate, in the name of justice, the rights of society and of our fellow-men. But all men have rights against society and against each other. A contract between employer and workmen does not terminate the relations between them. No class of the people is made for the dire poverty that entails the misery and degradation from which alarming consequences to society must follow sooner or later. All classes are entitled as of right to some degree of comfort, of education, of moral and religious training. We are speaking of social elements now; we are not speaking of the thief, the drunkard, the libertine, or the desperate criminal who has no regard for the sanctity of life.

For the social elements down each level there are moral and economic means of elevation available in the Church. Wealth is not so necessary as organization that will wisely em-

THE PARLOR.—OPEN TO ALL INMATES.

ploy the resources at hand. In time a healthy public opinion will be formed in which the dignity of labor will be recognized, in which virtue alone will be deemed aristocracy, in which an honest man who supports his family by his work in factory, or railway, or mine will be looked upon as better than the master who has grown rich by grinding the faces of his factory hands, better than the railway directors who have cleared out small share-holders by their fraud, better than the mine-owner who has amassed a fortune, not out of the coal only but out of the lives of his employees.

As we have already said, in dealing with these classes the Church possesses in her organization advantages incomparably greater than the sects. The success of the Oxford men referred to above is useful as an instance of what zealous and united work can effect. It was due in large part to their fearlessness; they attacked selfishness and cruelty with the courage belonging to their class. But the Church is no respecter of persons, and because of this there is not a young priest who, if he saw his way to do good, would spare effort out of consideration for wealth or social prestige or influence of any kind. If there be any such, he is a hireling who has entered the fold by scaling the wall. With him we have nothing to do.

Persons outside the Church, as we have already said, are beginning to respect her power as a great social instrument. Of this there is no doubt. We learn that the Catholic clergy are esteemed by all non-Catholics who come across them. We are not bidding for support outside the Church, but it is well to have in this country a body of men who dare not condone plunder or polygamy; who are bound by their order to maintain that honesty can in no way be violated without sin, and that pardon for such sin cannot be had until restitution shall have been made; who are bound by their order to uphold the purity of married life and what follows from this, the preservation of the family, that unit which Aristotle calls the basis of the state. Let polygamy be called divorce and legalized ten thousand times, no priest can countenance it; let robbery build palaces and hospitals, no priest can pronounce absolution for it until justice has been satisfied. So we cannot have amongst us pharisees giving an alms out of the spoils of the poor, nor fraudulent philanthropists sitting in the first places in the synagogue, not even a frail beauty masquerading among decent women with the third man she calls her husband. We may be poor. Ours is the Church of the poor; but it is the Church of the Lord Christ too, and inspired by something of His love for mankind, she should be able to do great things for the benefit of man even apart from the religious work which is her proper sphere.

That fearlessness which the priest must possess, and which he can infuse into laymen working with him for social purposes, is one great factor in producing success. Organized work, where labor is well divided, is another; the funds are another still. This last must be within reach. The Church in the United States has not risen, like Ilion, from the sound of music. No witches' withered leaves could have paid for cathedrals, seminaries, colleges, convents, orphanages, asylums of all kinds. The society of St. Vincent de Paul expends a large amount annually in this city. Between clothing, cash, and food ten thousand dollars have been expended in one year in the parish of St. Paul. We are, therefore, very clearly of opinion that the liberality of our people will supply every fair call upon it; but we hope that the call shall be fair.

This fairness will be secured by the co-operation of the laity as trustees to some extent and workers to the entire extent. The priest can, after all, be no more than a counsellor in the different kinds of social work. But the work itself, whether it concerns itself in planning a man's club or a woman's club, a library, a debating society, a reading-room; whether it engages in building enterprises to secure sanitary homes at reasonable rents and under conditions in which life may broaden out healthily, must be done by well-to-do and leisured laymen.

ENTRANCE TO MILLS HOTEL.—ROOMS AT TWENTY CENTS.

We may enter into this subject in greater detail in another issue. For the present we shall be content with giving the instance of the parish of St. George, Camberwell, London. We, of course, are speaking of the parish of the Establishment, but as it in its general features resembles the larger parishes of this city, it is an instance immediately in point. At one time its religious needs were attended to by the vicar and three curates, until two missioners from the College Missions (Trinity, Cambridge) joined them. They set up centres for service on Sundays; we are not emphasizing this, because we are not convinced of its necessity among Catholics even in the largest parishes, but these centres brought religion nearer to homes from which it had been excluded. The social work done, however, is connected with those centres in many respects, and at each centre there is a list of guilds, clubs, and societies which are to be joined by those who wish to participate in the religious and social life of the parish. All over the parish there is a system of district visitors, in connection with which there are trained nurses, some of whom belong to a sisterhood. The registration of visits is minute in its exactness—so that, as we understand it, the whole parish, through its social and religious activities, is bound together as a family.

We have exceeded our space. We cannot now suggest the political reforms, the social improvements through legislation, the means of bringing within reach of the industrious poor all the advantages of the highest artistic, scientific, technical, and literary education which may grow out of such social work as we are speaking of. All that is wanted is energy. We ask, what are the well-to-do laity contributing to the advancement of their brethren? Do the priests, regular and secular, do all in their power? It will not do for the laity to say they contribute out of their purses to all charities. The contribution we want is participation in the life of their humbler co-religionists. We want them to join in clubs with them, in literary associations, help them in obtaining lecturers from time to time, as similar working-men's associations in London obtain gratuitously lecturers who stand in the front rank of literature and science. Association with their poorer brethren will be of incalculable benefit to both. The well-to-do will have the consciousness that they are doing humane and noble work in elevating and comforting lives that had little to rejoice and raise them; their poorer brethren will repay them with affection and respect, than which we know of no higher prize on earth.

THE VIRGIN'S ROBE.

BY CLAUDE M. GIRARDEAU.

OUTSPREAD around the world on high
I see the Virgin's glorious robe,
By foolish mortals called the sky,
Or roof of this aerial globe.

But we, the children of the Light,
Know that about us is a place—
The deep and caverned womb of Night—
A vast immeasurable space,

Thick sown with suns, a silent gloom
Filled with a shuddering mystery
Those feeble lamps cannot illume,
For it is God's Eternity.

Could we but see its fearful deep,
Our souls appalled would sink away,
As sometimes, dreaming in our sleep,
We shriek like children for the day.

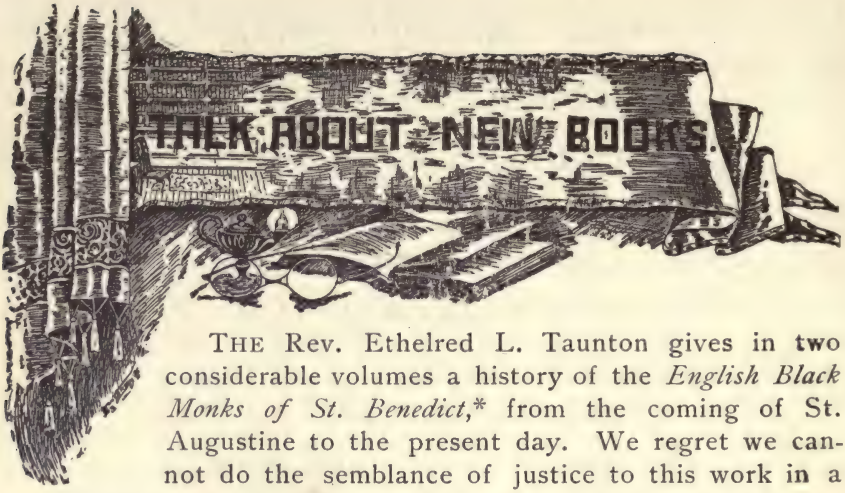
So, round our apprehensive sight,
Our Blessed Mother hangs the blue
Of her translucent veil of light
That only lets God's Splendor through.

Color divine! Our hearts we steep
In that soft radiance, for it lies
About us as we wake or sleep,
The atmosphere of Paradise,

Tinting our wan souls with its hue
Celestial. And when stars arise
Spangling the amplitude of blue,
We see the Blessed Virgin's eyes.

Twelve stars around her lovely head,
The hornèd moon beneath her feet,
Their bright interpretation shed
Upon her face divinely sweet.

At her fair feet, our wearied sense
In her veiled shadow rests awhile,
Secure in God's dear recompense,
The benediction of her smile.



TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

THE Rev. Ethelred L. Taunton gives in two considerable volumes a history of the *English Black Monks of St. Benedict*,* from the coming of St. Augustine to the present day. We regret we cannot do the semblance of justice to this work in a paragraph or two, such as we have at our disposal in this gossipy paper about books; but we can say this much, that a great deal of information, hitherto not accessible to more than a few, is brought within the reach of all. The task he set himself was a difficult one. Even this information would stop short at the dissolution of the monasteries; for the subsequent history, of the "black monks" has not been written with the care and from materials possessing the authority of the older history. Recognizing the somewhat legendary accretions that obscure the facts of their later life, he has endeavored to subject them to the test of research, and we think successfully. We consider the work before us sketches with force and fidelity the history, ancient and modern, of the English Benedictines. It is an important contribution to the study of society as well as a good book in what it tells the individual and its moral effect on him. We cannot get rid of the monks by a brutal taunt, as the Earl of Pembroke did with the mother abbess when seizing the foundation of which she was the head. "Go spin, you jade!" was the retort of that useful member of society to the poor old woman who asked how she and her sisters were to live.

We are in a position to do some justice to the monks, because fair-minded and well-read persons outside the church will listen to us. We could not say much before. It was well that the *Monasticon* and works of that class were compiled at great cost of time and labor. We can draw upon them now, and their authors have the reward in good effects after life, if not in appreciation during life. It tries our patience a little when we hear empty-pated Catholics, with Protestant-magazine knowledge, newspaper knowledge, popular-lecture knowledge, historical-novel knowledge, say that the monks were drones for the most part, and that such relief as the monasteries extended to the poor created and perpetuated pauperism. We hear that Catholic workmen are fond of quoting the blasphemies of a lecturing lawyer. Now, it is in the same way that Catholics, with some pretensions to culture, act in the matter of Catholic political and social history. The work before us, unless it comes under the disability of having been written by a priest, ought to remove from such Catholics the errors which they have gathered with interested good feeling from the maligners of their religion.

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* New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Even such Catholics might see that self-denial has its uses. We are not going to recommend it on the authority of pagan schools, however considerable the weight such authority would have with them, but we suggest that if they possess anything, or if the non-Catholics whom they flatter by imitation possess anything of learning, of comfort, of convenience, of the manners that make intercourse a pleasure, they owe it to the monks—they owe them all to the monks. The new world the monks created amid the ruins of Roman civilization rose so silently that one may excuse the Protestant and recreant Catholic for not seeing their hands in it. But their hands were there all the same—digging, draining, road-making, clearing away forests, building—while others of them, hidden in cold cells not too well lighted, blinded themselves over the manuscripts they had saved from the wreck of fallen empires, in deciphering, copying, and recopying. They did this without newspaper paragraphs paid in cash or mutual admiration; consequently, though the "woody swamp became a hermitage, a religious house, a farm, an abbey, a village, a seminary, a school of learning, and a city," it was not known that they had anything to do with the gradual transformation.

Bearing in mind such growth from desolation to order and fertility in ten thousand landscapes, we transcribe the routine life of the Benedictines, which only differed from that of other rules in their liberality or indulgence. These lazy, dirty, selfish, conscienceless men, who lived on the superstitions of the poor wretches in the vicinity, rose at 2 A. M. and spent until 8 P. M. in the work appointed to each. This is how roads came to be made. Work, incessant work, could construct cities under Eastern, pile up pyramids and temples under Egyptian kings; and the armies of workmen, generation after generation, die under the hands of overseers. This we know, because there is nothing connected with the Catholic Church to obscure our judgment. At the same time it may be submitted, that the silent monks could transform Europe by incessant work, and be inspired by love in doing it. Only that they are monks, the evidence in their favor is immeasurably stronger than for the gigantic enterprises of antiquity. We have abundance for these, but for the labors of the monks every monument, bookish or other, that tells of a Roman civilization, of Barbarian irruptions, of political and social births across Europe from Britain to Greece, tells of the work done by the men who rose in the night to work. We then may admit that roads and villages connected abbey and abbey, city and city, and, as Cardinal Newman put it in his matchless way, "what the haughty Alaric or fierce Attila had broken to pieces these patient, meditative men have brought together and made to live again." We can also accept the proofs which ruined buildings, changed political conditions, lost and acquired trade, reflecting contemporary records, afford, that the labor of these meditative men in making wildernesses smiling landscapes was often undone by fire and sword. New invaders could undo in an hour what a century had constructed, and nothing was left to them but to begin all over again.

It is almost a pity ungrateful Europe, and the ungrateful world, were not left to their fate. This work of reparation going on, as it were, through the force of an overpowering instinct in these communities of monks. Invaders possessing the "stern, manly qualities" our writers admire trampled in the dust churches, colleges, cloisters, libraries, which the "monkish" enemies of personal labor and civilization had supplied with their own brains and hands. What harm is it that they arranged their lives in this way—that, for instance, they recited the divine office divided as to its hours instead of not reciting it at all or reciting it all at once? Such a waste of time and energy! but really we should have no steam-engines, electricity, stock exchanges, monster warehouses, printing-presses only for them. Certainly, if a man considers it is a better employment of time and energy to defraud others by means of company promotion and manipulation than to practise devotion, we have nothing to say to him; but he has no right to compel others to prefer swindling to piety. Suppose we take the little hours at the normal time of 6 for prime, 9 for tierce, which was followed by Mass, 12 for sext, 2 or 3 for none, 4 or 6 for Vespers, and 7 for compline, it may be conceded that the intervals were well spent. They were filled up with reading, that was the rule. What has been left behind by them shows that the reading was work, hard work, not glancing over newspapers, shallow magazine articles, compendiums of popular science, and thinking that in the badly assimilated heap of rubbish all knowledge is possessed—nothing of the kind, but hard work. Even their intellectual recreations display a subtlety which must have had at least one value as a practice, that they kept the mind prompt and penetrating.

The fitness of Father Taunton for the task of a philosophical historian is evinced by his fairness, independence, and industry. In judging the administrative qualities of men he shows himself no respecter of persons. For instance, in the dispute of St. Edmund with the Canterbury monks he does not overlook the fact that great personal sanctity does not necessarily imply the possession of the qualities that are essential to wise government. We express no opinion on the controversy itself, we only draw it forth as an illustration of our author's independence. Again, we have an instance of like courage in his estimate of Wolsey, and we should be glad at some future time to receive from him a monograph on that statesman and his times.

The second volume opens with a very interesting chapter telling the views that took shape in the minds of men fired by zeal for the reconversion of England. There was a difficulty in the way, owing to the opinion, in ruling and Protestant circles, that Catholics were more interested in promoting the designs of Catholic princes abroad than in the salvation of souls. The priests sent to England for missionary purposes repudiated the political designs of Allen at Rheims or Agazzari at Rome; to some extent their professions were accepted, but the best test of sincerity would be a movement away from Jesuit influences. This naturally went in the direction of the Benedictines, whose history was so interwoven with the pre-Reformation history of England. It was led by Robert Sayer, a Cambridge man and a convert, but he died at Venice without having had an opportunity of entering on the work in his own country. But from that time the stream flowed to Monte Cassino and other Benedictine houses, and from these the missionaries went back to England equipped for their labors. It may be observed that Cardinal Allen had become distrustful of the previous methods and that now he favored the new movement. For this change he is criticised in no halting language by

Agazzari, rector of the English college at Rome, writing to Parsons.

There can be no doubt of the purity of Allen's motives in either policy. If he favored the views of Catholic princes abroad, it is only fair to say that he did so only within the limits of an alliance which would secure the liberty of England. The majority of Englishmen called in the aid of a foreigner against their lawful king when they invited William of Orange to invade England with his mercenaries, drawn from every country in Europe. The sufferings of the Catholics under Elizabeth might fairly be deemed a reason to rise against her government, but to rise against it without sufficient support would be a blunder and a crime. Sufficient support could only be had, it may have been supposed, by courting alliance with the Catholic princes abroad. Theoretically this seems tenable; but we are glad that Allen, towards the end, came to realize that missionary work is not to be done by the sword, that Christ's soldiers are not the spearmen of Philip. We regret our space does not permit us to say more about the valuable work Father Taunton has given us.

The Rev. Charles Coppens, S.J., is the author of a book whose title is *Moral Principles and Medical Practice.** Father Coppens is professor of Medical Jurisprudence in the John A. Creighton Medical College, Omaha. The book contains nine lectures delivered to his class on leading subjects of medical jurisprudence, among which he treats on craniotomy, abortion, insanity, and others. He falls into the view which has been for some time gaining ground, that the name medical jurisprudence very imperfectly indeed describes the subject matter which forms the contents of all the older treatises, not excepting the admirable works of Taylor and Guy. The latter writer is admirable in the information he gives of the forms of mental alienation, but his is a collection of notes of observation rather than a scientific tract even in this part. All experts looked to Taylor's handling of gunshot wounds as leaving nothing to be desired. He was used not alone by the lawyer; the practising surgeon went to him as to an avowed tract on the subject for the suggestions on probing and the statement of characteristics of color, which Taylor presents so exhaustively. But in this too the treatment was not that of medical jurisprudence, it was rather that of medical practice. One can see how the earlier writers were landed into the use of an incorrect terminology.

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* New York: Benziger Brothers.

Ordinarily one would suppose that medical jurisprudence should mean the science of the principles on which the laws regarding medical practice are founded. As jurisprudence may be defined the science of the law—that is to say, the science which examines and states the principles on which law is founded—so the branch of it called medical jurisprudence should state and examine the laws controlling medical practice, the principles that underlie them, and their relation to conscience. But in the older works this view was not taken. Facts innumerable were collected under various heads in order that the medical man might fortify himself before entering a witness-box to give his testimony. There was no thought of medical law in the sense of a system which explained the points at which medical practice came in contact with the laws of the land and the courts that administered them. Still less could it be expected that medical jurisprudence would concern itself about the study of the principles on which these laws rest and their binding power on conscience. This latter department of a true medical jurisprudence is what our author offers in his clearly stated outlines; and we think that he has in this work, though necessarily a somewhat elementary one, made a valuable contribution to the study of forensic medicine, valuable in the curiosity it will excite and the hints it affords for its gratification.

*The Fugitives and other Poems,** by John E. Barrett, form a creditable volume. The title poem, as we may call the first in the book, is a tale of slavery. It is told in blank verse. This, we think, was not quite so judicious a vehicle for him to have selected as rhyme would be. The severe majesty of blank verse demands the highest exercise of the imagination and an exceptional command of poetic diction. This is obvious, for there is great danger that the verse, in any one but a poet of the finest artistic sense, becomes prose measured in lines of ten syllables or whatever the counting may run to. The third paragraph or section of the poem is very fine, and reminds one of the melody of Tennyson's shorter poems. It tells of the mental characteristics of the slave, Adam Sage, who under a kind master had ample opportunities for study, and also the moral qualities which the religion of the Lord Christ developed in

* Buffalo, N. Y.: The Peter Paul Book Co.

him notwithstanding the social irony of his lot. He is a hero in his resignation to it, and a hero in his dreadful death, which is described with a strong, simple pathos that ought to put Mr. Barrett in a good place among the minor poets. The other poems, which are rhymed, are in various metres, the long ballad being that which he seems to handle most easily. At the same time there is nothing to find fault with in the rhythm of the one called "A Tree," or that entitled "The Magdalene," the latter in decasyllabic quatrains, the other in octosyllabic stanzas.

We have a *History of England** for the use of schools, by M. E. Thalheimer. The compiler, who if not a German by birth is at least one by descent, puts himself forward as an exponent of the principles established by the Revolution of 1688. But he misunderstands them as he misunderstands the constitutional questions involved in the conflict between Charles I. and his Parliaments. Yet, with a confidence which no one except a German could display, he decides offhand upon issues of the time concerning which the greatest constitutional lawyers were at variance, and on which constitutional lawyers are at variance to-day. If there be one particle of value—apart from force—in the argument from the Parliament side, it is that the king was violating the privileges of the people secured by charters, by royal assents to acts of Parliament, by the promises of the Conqueror and the Norman kings, that they would maintain the laws of Edward the Confessor, based as these were said to be on the ancient "dooms," or on immemorial popular rights. But those who take this line of argument are bound to concede the whole claim for asserting which St. Thomas of Canterbury was assassinated; but this German can see nothing in St. Thomas except an unscrupulous churchman who tried to make a foreign power predominant in England. Is it possible that no one except a German can be found in the United States to write the history of the mother country for the use of schools? That foreigners can write good books concerning profound political and social questions of English history we know. We think that Thierry's *Norman Conquest of England* is a fairly good book, mistaken in certain theories, no doubt, but affording the materials to control the theories. Guizot's *History of the English Revolution* is a good book, but written from a citizen-king point of view. Others could be named, but they are not the works of Germans. Possibly in history, as in criticism, the savants of that nationality dive down deepest, stay down longest, and come up muddiest of all mankind.

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* New York: American Book Co.

Varia, by Agnes Repplier,* is a collection of essays, humorous and literary, that we can recommend as calculated to while away an hour or two in an enjoyable and a not unprofitable manner. The first is called the "Eternal Feminine," and goes to show that what is known as the "new woman" is a person to be met with in all periods of which we have any records. There is some clever writing about that demonstrative female; and particularly good are the references to the variety, "the platform woman." The account of Mary Manley and her libels in the "New Atalantis" is keenly appreciative, and we have a good bit of description in the ladies' attempt to storm the gallery of the House of Lords in 1739. We are not quite sure of her conclusion; we hope it is not expressed in the following lines:

"Cora's riding, and Lilian's rowing,
  Celia's novels are books one buys,
Julia's lecturing, Phillis is mowing,
  Sue is a dealer in oils and dyes;
Flora and Dora poetize,
  Jane is a bore, and Bee is a blue,
Sylvia lives to anatomize;
  Nothing is left for the men to do."

In the paper "Little Pharisees in Fiction" there is scathing contempt for the unnatural little boys and girls that figure in correct stories for children. It would be lamentable if such baby prodigies or baby prigs should ever reach man's and woman's estate; we are reassured at finding that one infant at the age of two years and seven months "made a most edifying end in praise and prayer," as he happened not to have been so much an infant of fiction as of paternal enthusiasm. We must reprehend Miss Repplier for her curiosity in desiring to know what the "nameless" gentleman said to Mrs. Sherwood, author of the *Fairchild Family*, when that excellent lady was not quite "four years of age." These good books cannot have had the proper effect upon our author when she forgets the awful example of her grandmother Eve. "The Fête de

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* Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Gayant" is a lively account of the festival in Douai, which commemorates what no one knows, though its origin is not lost in the twilight of fable, for, if we are not mistaken, it began in 1479. "Cakes and Ale," a title by the way, if we are not mistaken, of a book by Douglas Jerrold, which deals with topics somewhat akin to those adventured on by Miss Repplier, is—oh, shocking to tell!—a plea for drinking songs. The line of defence she takes is what lawyers call confession and avoidance. It will not do. The "avoidance" is not proved by Peacock's songs, though they used to be sung by men in faultless evening dress; and still less by the suggestion of the *Saturday Review*, that the late Lord Tennyson's "Hands all Round!" praying "God the traitor's hope confound!" did not exclude mineral waters.

Indeed, it seems that the fair author has essayed an uncongenial task in advocating the cause of those song-writers whose claim to a place among poets is that they have supplied some good numbers to those who love to disturb the slumber of their neighbors by awaking the echoes of the night. It reflects credit on her training and the sobriety of her ordinary thought when she employs this new mode of thought without the brightness and spontaneity which mark her other efforts. In the land of Bohemia she remains cold and severe as the Lady of Comus among the wild throng that follow her, but unlike the Lady of Comus, Miss Repplier tries to adapt herself to the feelings and customs of the rout.

Mr. Archibald Clavering Gunter gives us *The Power of Woman* * in a novel—a field to which, if its exercise had been confined for the last six thousand odd years or so, the race of Adam would have escaped a vast number of complications; but whether history would be as stirring in that event, is quite another thing. We should have had nothing about "the toplesse towers of Ilion," as Marlowe calls them, if women were not "to do" and not "to love" what they should not, but as, according to the uncle of Clarissa Harlowe, they take very good care of having their own way in doing and loving, we suppose the history of the future will not become monotonous. Mr. Gunter presents us with an astonishing character called Ballyho Bey: we explain him by recalling a Christmas pantomime in which figured a tragi-comic adventurer styled Pat O'Mustapha. Ballyho Bey is described by the author as a scalawag—we consider him a by no means diverting renegade—though he seems intended to amuse by his brogue and turban and to shock by his utter want of principle. The events of the tale begin with an English boarding-school in 1769, and Mr. Gunter has fairly well "made up" the life and manners of the time for the mounting of his piece. One of the girls, Sarah Turnbull, who becomes in time, and a very short time too, the person to manifest "the power of woman," is carrying on a love affair with the captain of a privateer, while another of the girls, a Greek with the Hellenic name of Irene Vannos, has given her youthful enthusiasms to the keeping of the turbaned Irishman. This gentleman cajoles the privateer captain into trusting him with the arrangements for the elopement of Sarah from the school, while he is to carry off the Greek maiden himself. But Ballyho, who is nothing if not a Turk with regard to ladies, intends to carry off both girls himself. This pretty little plot is unsuccessful owing to the unexpected turning up of the privateer captain. From this moment Sarah's character, which had a secret fund of malignity and craft, becomes abnormally developed in these engaging qualities. She revenges herself on every one. The whole family of the Vannos are kidnapped to the early settlement of Florida and Ballyho himself. When we admit the possibility that the favorite study of a boarding-school miss in the middle of the eighteenth century was the "Principe," we are prepared —for the purposes of the author—to accept the tragic consequences that flowed from her disappointment in the love affairs. But this also requires us to suppose that the subtle power of calculating chances, the guile, the preternatural treachery, the diabolical hatred possessed by Italian statesmen—that all these qualities, natural and acquired, belonged to this vulgar, half-educated, middle-class English girl of 1767.

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* New York: Home Publishing Co.

We shall say nothing about the *Pink Fairy Book*,* edited by Andrew Lang, except to recommend our young friends to get it and read it. The tales, old as the hills and belonging to different peoples, are charmingly told. We can say this lore, in which peoples at the opposite poles of civilization exhibit the same hopes and fears, lights and shadows of life, forms not the least important page in the science of anthropology, viewed in its social aspect. The virtues are there and obtain victory in all of them. Courage, kindness, love encounter trials, but the evil influences, represented by witches, giants, and oppressors, in the end give way. "The Merry Wives," from the Danish, is not merely a nursery tale, though it would amuse the nursery as well as the paterfamilias. "The Wounded Lion," which is a true fairy tale from the Catalan, is delightful and admirably illustrated. "The Troll's Daughter" possesses that odd, matter-of-fact quality of precision which gives a natural character to Scandinavian stories of enchantment, and is well helped by its pictures. By the way, in this illustration the Troll is depicted as a potentate of more than human height. This we think is not correct, but we admit his power over pasture, forest, and river, and all the creatures in them, and over the human form divine.

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* New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

A Round Table of the Representative Irish and English Catholic Novelists * gives a list of Irish and English Catholic novelists, with short biographical notes prefixed to the selections from their stories. The list includes the two Mulhollands, Clara and Rosa; R. B. Sheridan Knowles, M. E. Frances (Mrs. Frances Blundell), and others, and is a neatly got up volume.

St. Augustine of Canterbury and his Companions,† by Father Brou, S.J. This is a translation of a small book from the French, but by whom done the title-page does not tell us. We can say, however, that the translation has been executed with great spirit; and renders into English a careful monograph of the most momentous event in the history of the Anglo-Saxon people, as we call the marauding tribes who sailed from North Germany in continuous expeditions until they conquered the greater part of Britain. Montalembert has told the same story in *The Monks of the West*, a thing borne in mind by Father Brou, who modestly questions his own fitness to go over the ground traversed by the great publicist. We do not think he is at all deficient in the gifts of the orator, so that he need not dread comparison with any one. But apart from the literary execution of the work, he has a title to be heard on the score that the critical value of Montalembert's treatment of the epoch and the men who informed it is denied. He brings to the consideration of the subject the most copious and recent research, and in consequence supplies us with a work which, though small, is of great value. There are three illustrations of the monuments of Canterbury, a plan of the cathedral in Saxon times, and a list of the principal works consulted.

* New York: Benziger Brothers.

† London: Art and Book Company.

The work is divided into ten headings, the first of which, "Celts and Saxons," presents a correct outline as far as it goes of the condition of the two races that were brought together by the descent of Hengist and his Jutes on the shores of the Isle of Thanet in 449. It is unnecessary to say anything about the struggle that ensued; its general features are well known. It was the descent on a somewhat civilized country of three Teutonic tribes, hardly above negroes in their condition, but possessing higher powers of intellect, and consequently a greater capacity for civilization, than the negroes. The struggle was an obstinate one. From 449 until 607 the Celts slowly gave way, disputing every inch of ground, sometimes arresting the invaders' progress by a victory, sometimes by a drawn battle, but inevitably yielding to superior fortune, to the advantages of greater union of forces, and the barbarian ferocity and discipline which ages of piracy and war had rendered perfect for attack. The monk Gildas is right in saying that it was God's just vengeance for that people's former sins that gave them up to the will of a furious, debauched, gluttonous, drunken, and unlettered race. The invaders were semi-savages, and the pretence of English writers that they brought with them a polity in which justice and administration were exact, cannot bear the test of examination. The fact is, that the naked coasts, swamps, or forests of that region from which Saxon, Jute, and Angle sailed out to rob upon the seas would have killed a civilization, if they had it already. The inference is irresistible, that the intense hatred of the two races, Celts and Saxons, arose as much from absolute inability to find one point of sympathy which prevails between civilized and uncivilized peoples, both of whom are warlike, as from the sense of the injustice of invasion on the one side, the rage at desperate resistance on the other. Indeed, we know of no people whom the Saxon invaders so much resembled as the Turcoman hordes at whose advance fields were blasted, cities and temples given to the flames, age and childhood without distinction of sex put to the sword or reserved for slavery. Numbers of the Britons fled over the sea; and in Armorica, three centuries after they landed there the tradition of their wrongs was then so strong upon their descendants, that we may conclude that those cruelties have not been surpassed by anything in the experience of mankind. This may help, to some extent, to explain the difficulty that it was said St. Augustine found in obtaining assistance from the Welsh in his work of converting the conquerors. It was hard to suppose that men whose hands were still red with the blood of priests and monks, who had only recently destroyed or defiled church and shrine all over the land, could be vessels of election. What imagination could conceive that those barbarians, who had only a few years before turned cities into wildernesses, would be brought to bow their necks to the soft collar of social esteem? To say the least of it, the greatest tact, the utmost delicacy, were needed to win the co-operation of those poor Britons to serve a people who had inflicted upon them wrongs the memory of which was still burning in brain and heart with a fire that grace alone could extinguish. Even great saints cannot be just, unless they know and feel the difficulties which environ men. We do not think that St. Augustine and his companions did appreciate the difficulties with which they were in contact in this particular matter.

The reader will find in the little work before us the story of the foundation of that Saxon Church which became the miraculous instrument of humanizing a race so intractable that no one need despair of the conversion of mankind. At least even the sceptic must admit there is nothing in the nature of man which opposes an insurmountable barrier to the operation of grace when he thinks of what the Anglo-Saxon was before St. Augustine came, and what change before the invasion of the Danes was wrought in him by the Church of Christ. Whatever England owns to-day of power, of repute for justice and for law, for the hold of influences which have advanced civilization over so large a part of the world, she owes to Gregory the Great and the missionaries whose exertions are the theme of the little book before us—a book which we have read with great profit and pleasure, though at times with a spirit of reserve, but which, despite our reserve, we can recommend to our readers with unbounded confidence.

Several *critiques* on the translation of the Abbé Demore's *Treatise on True Politeness* have deprecated its publication for general circulation, their writers opining that as it was written for religious, it should have been kept for their exclusive benefit. We cannot agree with them. Although the abbé's simple frankness reminds one occasionally of the instructions of the old *New England Primer*, and although the phraseology of his counsels to novices and superiors may sometimes demand from ordinary folk a process of mental sifting, we can but be glad of the production, in our hurried age and among our brusque people, of a manual of etiquette based on axioms such as the following:

"It is only a person of culture, one graced by education or *possessed of the spirit of God*, that can be truly polite. . . . All voluntary incivility committed by a servant of Jesus springs from some evil principle."

FATHER BOOK'S BOOK OF BOOKS.*

The *Book of Books*, by Rev. J. W. Book, R.D., is a powerful attempt to condense and popularize those arguments for the divine authority of Christianity which are based on a study of comparative religions, and to defend the Bible against the onslaughts of infidelity and the perversions of Protestantism. Since everybody nowadays knows a little and talks a good deal about Buddhism and Mohammedanism, the first few chapters deal unsparingly with the cheap encomiums which have been so largely displayed on our conversational market since the Parliament of Religions, pointing out the philosophical contradictions of the exponents of those Oriental creeds and the practical results of their working out in national and political life. Vivacity is given to a line of thought which demands rather close attention, by the use of the dialogue form, the actors being a Catholic priest, a "liberal" Methodist preacher, and a "Latitudinarian" *yclept* Ingersoll. Judaism, Miracles and Prophecy, Tradition, the Authenticity of the Pentateuch and the New Testament, are successively treated, and the concluding chapter is devoted to a discussion of Catholic and non-Catholic Rules of Faith. The strong point of the book is the clearness with which it brings out the indisputable fact that Protestantism has no arguments capable of convincing the infidel of logically trained mind, and that such an one sees unmistakably that his choice is between Rationalism and Rome. The placing of so much and such good matter in a handy form is the greatest merit of the volume.

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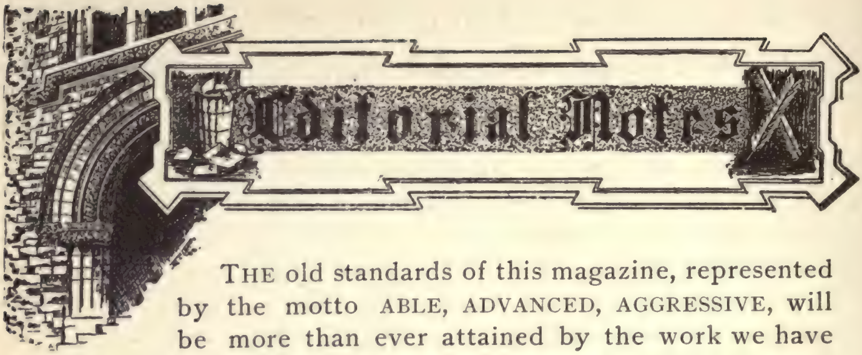
* *The Book of Books; or, Divine Revelation from Three Standpoints.* By Rev. J. W. Book, R.D. Indianapolis: Catholic Record Print.



Editorial Notes

THE old standards of this magazine, represented by the motto ABLE, ADVANCED, AGGRESSIVE, will be more than ever attained by the work we have mapped out for it during the year to come.

It is pleasing to see how actively Cardinal Vaughan is interesting himself in non-Catholic mission work. He went down to Halstead a short time ago and himself gave two of the lectures in the town hall during the course of a mission to the non-Catholics. In England this means a great deal more than it does here because of what is known politically as "heckling." Any one in the audience is privileged to resist the speaker to his face, and at Halstead some of the ministers mounted the chairs and controverted the statements of his Eminence.

It is refreshing to see a prelate of the church, especially one who surrounds himself with such pomp and dignity as Cardinal Vaughan is reputed to do,—it is refreshing to see him descend into the arena and cross swords with the local minister. If it demonstrates nothing else, it shows how much he has at heart the missionary work of the church among non-Catholics.

The social awakening in France is assuming wonderful proportions, and what is particularly striking about it is the frequent congresses assembled under Catholic auspices, in which the laity are associated with the clergy and a large freedom of discussion is participated in and enjoyed by both.

The splendid prospectus of the work we propose to do during the next year is worthy of your special attention. A magazine with merely respectable features, without any decided policy, is a nondescript sort of thing. It reminds one of the "thou-shalt-not" sort of Christians, who never do very wrong because they are never inclined that way, but who never do anything positively good, who have no decided traits of character, and who pass aimlessly through the world, and the world is not a whit better for their living.

AUTHENTIC SKETCHES OF LIVING CATHOLIC AUTHORS.

REV. LUKE RIVINGTON, D.D., whose fascinating article on the mental attitude of the Church of England, "Since the Condemnation of Anglican Orders," appears elsewhere in this magazine, is perhaps the best qualified of living writers to deal with such a subject. Although his age places his Anglican career some twenty years later than those of Newman and Manning, he was still upon the stage before the curtain fell on the last scene in the drama of expiring Tractarianism. A High Churchman from conviction and from sentiment, he was thoroughly grounded in the arguments for "English Catholicism," while his early connection with the Anglican congrega-

REV. LUKE RIVINGTON, D.D.

tion of "Mission Priests of St. John the Evangelist" (generally known as the Cowley Fathers), and his brilliant missionary career in India and in the United States, as well as in England, gave him scope and opportunity for testing to the full, in practical grappling with sin and sorrow and suffering, the tenets in which he had been so carefully trained. He was no mere theorist or doctrinaire—he was no theologian pure and simple—this man who, in the full ripeness of his intellectual powers, with half a century of active and of fruitful life behind him, stepped out, some dozen years ago, from the ranks of the Anglican clergy and sought admission to the Catholic Church as to the one true fold of Christ. His very action was a startling sermon to English non-Catholics, whose position he understands so fully and so sympathetically, and to whose conversion he has ever since dedicated his voice and pen. Dr. Rivington's powers of oratory are unusual, while the delicacy and persuasiveness of his manner, and the charm of his marvellously modulated voice lend such aid to his keen logic and his complete mastery of the science of ecclesiastical history, that one does not wonder when those who know him best avow that in these twelve short years he has made more converts than any other priest in London. Although possibly most at home in the pulpit, he is well known to the Public Hall Apostolate, as carried on in England under the auspices of the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom.

His contributions to religious journalism in England and America, as well as his weightier works, are chiefly in the line of Anglican controversy, as will be judged from the titles of his books: *Authority, or a Plain Reason for joining the Church of Rome; Dust; A Letter to Rev. C. Gore, M.A.; Dependence, or the Insecurity of the Anglican Position; Our Separated Brethren; Primitive and Roman; Rome and England, or Ecclesiastical Continuity.*

MISS MARGARET KENNA (daughter of the late Senator John Edward Kenna, who died January 7, 1893, while serving his second term in the Senate) is one of the youngest of our Catholic writers, but bids fair to take a high rank among short-story writers, at least. What she may do towards the "great American novel" it is yet too soon to prophesy; but her series of sketches, "In the Parish of the Sacred Heart," now appearing in this magazine, manifest a forcefulness and originality as character studies which show that Miss Kenna is

MISS MARGARET KENNA.

laying the most solid of foundations for her possible future work as a novelist.

She has "always loved writing." Indeed, her efforts date so far back into her almost childhood, that she is unable to recall precisely what were her "baby beginnings." They comprise, however, newspaper sketches, written and published while she was a student at Mount de Chantal, the Visitation Convent near Wheeling, Miss Kenna's home being in Charleston, Kanawha County, W. Va.

As yet she has published but one book, *The Madonna of the Snowflakes*, a dainty brochure whose chapters, while as delicately drawn, are hardly as strong as her later work. Our author's stories never pass unnoticed, and the criticism which they have drawn upon themselves in some quarters is, possibly, quite as much to their credit as is the praise which has been showered on them in others.

It is worthy of note that the warmest encomiums on the fidelity to life and on the beauty of Miss Kenna's priestly heroes come from the clergy themselves—who certainly ought to know when "the Priest in Fiction" is well drawn!

ERNEST LAGARDE, LL.D., the well-known Professor of English Literature and Modern Languages in Mount Saint Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md., holds a prominent place in the history of Catholic American literature. Though his services have been especially rendered in directing the students of the "Mountain" for the past twenty-eight years, yet he has contributed not a few articles to our standard magazines, etc.

Dr. Lagarde is a native of Louisiana and was born September 4, 1836. His education was conducted almost entirely by his uncles, Michael Dracos and Alexander Dimitry, both "Georgetonians" and well known as educators in the South before the war. The latter was minister to Costa Rica and Nicaragua under President Buchanan. After spending several years at the military institute of College Hill, near Raymond, Miss., Dr. Lagarde returned to his native city, New Orleans, and began the study of law; however, finding Blackstone uncongenial, he turned to medicine, which he also abandoned to enter the ranks of journalism.

He became literary editor of *The Magnet*, a paper established by Denis Corcoran, at one time American reporter for the Dublin *Nation*, and author of *Court Scenes*. Later, when the paper changed hands and became known as *The Mirror*, under the management of Mark Bigney, the Nova Scotian poet, and his colaborer, Felix McManus, Dr. Lagarde was retained as literary editor. During the Secession convention he was connected with *The Delta*, under the management of Joseph Brennan, the Irish patriot. He afterwards became one of the editors of the Louisiana *Courier* and of the New Orleans *Bee*. He then published a paper of his own, *The Sentinel*, which came out in the Crescent City during the presidential campaign of 1860.

After the secession of Louisiana he enlisted among the followers of the stars and bars, and went out a private in Company D (Louisiana Guards) of the Crescent Regiment. He afterwards became a clerk in the ordnance bureau at the Confederate capital, and while so connected contributed frequently to the Richmond *Whig*, besides publishing a monthly magazine called *The Age*, and immediately after the war was one of the editors of the Richmond *Bulletin*.

When the war ended, Mr. Lagarde began his long and honorable career as college professor. In 1866 he took charge of the modern language classes in Randolph-Macon College, Boydton, Va., where he remained until 1868. While here he received the degrees of A.B. (1866) and A.M. (1868) from George-

ERNEST LAGARDE, LL.D.

town University. In 1869 he was appointed to the chair which he now holds in Mount St. Mary's College—that of professor of English literature and modern languages, of which incumbency it may be said briefly that it has been of great value to the college and to the students who, for over a quarter century, have attended the professor's lectures. Dr. Lagarde in taking his charge had no easy duty to perform, for he was to succeed such accomplished educators as Very Rev. Charles C. Pise, D.D., pulpit orator, historian, novelist, and poet; and George H. Miles, whom Brownson styled "the greatest American dramatist."

During his connection with Mount St. Mary's he has published his *French Verb-Book* and a translation of Quinton's *Nobleman of '89*, a romance of the days of the French Revolution. True to his first love, journalism, he assisted his sons in the publication of the first printed college paper at the college, *The Mount Echo.* From his lectures he selected one on

Shakspere, which he brought out several years since, under the patronage of Very Rev. William Byrne, D.D., V.G. of Boston; while he has now in preparation others on Milton and a series on the English language, delivered before the graduating classes in years past.

Professor Lagarde's latest venture was a series of Readers, which he has placed in the hands of an extensive Western publishing house and which will soon issue from the press.

As a lecturer he has met with much success. Attendants at the first session of the Catholic Summer-School, in New London, will remember with pleasure the two able lectures given by him on "The Bard of Avon."

Mr. Lagarde was this year highly honored by St. Francis Xavier College of New York, which conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws.

Heretofore Mr. Lagarde's professorial labors have been so arduous as to interfere greatly with his literary work, but now he hopes to devote more of his time and attention to such matters, since his collegiate duties have become less onerous.

The professor's home, "Inglewood," a mile south of the college, evokes pleasant memories to his pupils both from the States and the sister Republic of Mexico.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

A STUDY OF OZANAM'S DANTE.*

BY S. M. C.

BUT these with their loveless tissue of fair weaving;
These with the joyless musical refrain;
These letting life go blind and unbelieving;
These looking earthward only and in vain;

These that have lain in the poppy-flowers waving,
Grown where the fields turn wilderness and bare;
These with the look-back and lotus-craving;
These with the thin self-echo of despair;

These ever straining after days that were not;
These with their reckless abandonment of youth;
These that restrain not, wonder not, revere not,—
These are no poets—or there is no *truth*.

PART FIRST.

Dante, the Homer of scholastic philosophy, the doctor who has given us the literary and philosophical *Summa* of the middle ages, is a poet who knows of *Truth*. He restrains, he wonders, he reveres, and compels restraint, wonder, and reverence in all who come to him to learn the *Truth*. He, like the poets he saw discoursing in "flowery glades," tells us of all things high and noble.

Frederic Ozanam has given us "another book on Dante," and one available to Catholics; a book which must help us to come nearer to the problem of Dante's power. In this book we see clearly that the *personal* interest is not what holds us in thrall, first by fear, then by wonder, then by sympathy, at last by an awe-stricken love.

It is not our purpose in studying Dante, under Ozanam's guidance, to spend much time settling the question of Dante's politics. Was he Guelph or Ghibelline matters little now. There are many valuable books written with a view to untangling the very tangled threads of Italian factions in the thirteenth century. Nor shall we try to clear up the Papal, Florentine, and German scandals of the fourteenth.

Suffice it for us, who look to Dante for philosophical and religious enlightenment, to be content with Ozanam's chapters on the unlovely political wrangling of those difficult times. What concerns us most in connection with those disputes is that they led to Dante's exile, and it was during this exile the great Dream was embodied in the *Divina Commedia*.

It was Hell and Purgatory, no doubt, for Dante to leave his beautiful city, to learn "how salt is the bread of strangers, how hard are the stairs of other men."

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* An excellent English translation of Frederic Ozanam's great work on Dante was recently published by the Cathedral Library Association, 123 East 50th Street, New York City.

Ozanam does not seem particularly anxious to prove the personal sanctity of Dante; rather to show that the *Divina Commedia* is the poetic *Summa*, the illustration of the great theological *Summa;* to show us how the "divine Plato" dwindles beside the seer who saw the remotest consequences of evil and the endless beatitude of those who choose good for their portion.

We cannot conceive Dante otherwise than happy while composing his great works, though in exile. Instead of eating his heart out, why not draw out his ideal of a perfect government, picturing that good time coming when every one could sit at ease and perfect himself in prudence and wisdom?—fancying that good time when, as St. Paul puts it, "Man comes to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ?" The treatise on *Monarchy* was *Indexed.* The *Vita Nuova* is a youthful attitude of mind towards God and nature. The *Convito* may be called the rationalistic phase of Dante's mental wanderings, where he makes reason seem, if not all-sufficient, very nearly so. The *Divina Commedia* represents Dante, having gone through the age of doubt and speculation, returned to full faith. Ozanam has served us well as to the judgment we are to pass on Dante's collective works. It is pleasant to think that the twenty years of exile were shortened by these labors. Would twenty years of study on our part justify us in setting ourselves up as *Dantean expositors?* Perhaps yea, more likely nay; meanwhile, all the time we can devote to Ozanam's exposition of Dante as the greatest philosophical and theological poet will be profitably and pleasantly spent. With Ozanam's book and the noble essay by the lamented Brother Azarias as to the spiritual meaning of the *Divina Commedia*, we may take up the great poem again and read it, first, as a mere narrative, and we shall find the difficulties attendant on our first reading considerably diminished. Then we may begin to feel the æsthetic delight that every great work of art should awaken. As for the philosophical and theological reading of Dante, most of us women must do that under guidance. Ozanam has done *us* particularly a signal service; when we have read Ozanam carefully, we may read our *own* Dante—the poet Dante, who, no less than Hamlet, had the painful conviction that his times were out of joint, but who did not go mad in his endeavor to set them right.

We cannot for a moment hesitate as to the propriety of alluding to Shakspere in connection with Dante, for both are poets of all times; though we cannot conceive Shakspere's attitude towards the stage of this world as exactly the same as Dante's—"other times, other morals," but it is always the same humanity. Shakspere in his "brief abstracts and chronicles of time" is the calmer looker-on. We don't go to him for philosophical nor theological answers as such, but who is ready to deny that Shakspere has done as much if not more than Dante to educate the world? and the more we come to know Dante, the surer we feel he would have owned to Shakspere's greater hold on the world as a teacher.

What an interesting study would this be on the comparative merits of the two great poets! Both believed in Hell and pointed out how it may be reached, even before Death puts out our little candle here. Both believed and taught that the toilsome ascent of Purgatory leads to Heaven at last, and both believed and asserted that beatitude can be reached only through faith and atonement. We feel thankful that we are so sure his *Divina Commedia* is not a futile expression of mediæval fancies, no more than Shakspere's plays are mere pictures of the special times and men and women they represent.

Those who have read the *Divina Commedia* two or three times may not care ever again to lose sight of the "Blessed Stairs" in the *Inferno*, but we must all come again and again to the dim, though peaceful, shades of *Purgatorio.* The Second Canto of *Purgatorio* is too beautiful for analysis; in all literature there is nothing sweeter, more soothing. We cannot read it too often. It is a lovely picture—no tears, no bitterness in *Purgatorio,* though there is intense pain. And who that has been once in Dante's *Paradiso* can resist the desire to return again and again? Perhaps the absence of exact *system* is not the least of our delight in this last section of the poem. The symbolism of the "Cross of luminous Spirits," "The Eagle," "The wonderful Rose," are trying to our dim understandings, but they make pleasanter reading than Milton's Battalions, so suggestive of a British military review.

St. Bernard's intimation to Dante that his slumbers are soon to be broken is our final authority as to the *Dream* form of the poem. Perhaps, too, no part of the poem better illustrates the incongruous blending of beauty and triviality, so marked a feature of all mediæval art, than the commonplace figure of speech with which the intimation is given, "We must, like a good tailor, cut our coat according to our cloth." That from a saint in heaven goes with the gargoyles, etc., used in Gothic decoration. We have, doubtless, much to learn of Gothic art. Some criticism vulgarizes great things; our chief debt to Ozanam perhaps lies just here, that he has endeavored to popularize Dante and has not vulgarized him. The great poet is more and more for us as we learn to know him—the great, the *perfect Voice* of many silent centuries.

Canon Farrar says the *Divina Commedia* is an autobiography like St. Augustine's *Confessions*, a soul-history like *Faust*, but attaining a far loftier level of faith and thoughtfulness and moral meaning; of much wider range and intenser utterance than *Paradise Lost.* Yet we are told Voltaire could see no beauty in this poem; he thought the *Inferno* revolting, the *Purgatorio* dull, and the *Paradiso* unreadable!

Farrar says the Hell of Dante is the hell of self; the hell of a soul that has not God in his thoughts, the hell of final impenitence, of sin cursed by the exclusive possession of sin; a hell which exists no less in this world than in the next; just as his *Purgatorio* reflects the mingled joy and anguish of true repentance, and his *Paradiso* is the eternal peace of God, which we can possess now and which the world cannot give and cannot take away.

PART SECOND.

Ozanam and Farrar, and all serious students of Dante, are of one opinion as to the *Divina Commedia* containing the eternal elements of all true religion in the life-history of a soul redeemed from sin and error, from lust and wrath and greed, and restored to the right path of the reason and the grace which ennoble, to see "the things that are as they are." With all due recognition of the claims of the most worthy Dantean commentators on our gratitude, we are blest in the possession of Ozanam's study; he is our greatest Catholic guide in the reading of the *Divina Commedia,* as to its philosophical and religious meaning, and how worthily he takes his place among all the noblest students of the great poem who have chiefly confined their studies to the *Commedia* as a great æsthetic work. A great poem is a Revelation, and Ozanam echoes the assertion of Lecky, who, with his singular eloquence, calls the *Divina Commedia* "the lost Apocalypse."

Ozanam is particularly anxious to impress upon us the dogmatic value of the great vision, though we may be quite sure that Ozanam would be one with Canon Farrar, for example, in this interpretation of the *Inferno:* Hell is the history of a soul descending through lower and lower stages of self-will, till it sinks, at last, into the icy depths of that Cocytus wherein the soul is utterly emptied of God and utterly filled with the loathly emptiness, and so would Ozanam, the dogmatist, we feel sure, say that the *Paradiso* is the soul entirely filled with the fulness of God.

If Ozanam's work can rouse the studiously-inclined young men and women of our day to a careful study of the great poetic expositor of the *Summa* of St. Thomas, what a noble work has he achieved!

There is so much flippancy in most of the popular literature, even the best-minded run some risks as to false judgments on the great achievements of other ages. When we realize the space so much of this latter-day flippancy occupies in our reviews, we are justified in falling back on the great master-pieces.

Fancy such books as Marie Corelli's *Sorrows of Satan* and *Barabbas* standing as long on the book-sellers' lists as any of the best works of the past three years! Can we be too deeply indebted to a gently-severe teacher who takes us as Virgil took Dante through the Inferno, and shows us that Satan is not a flickering, gentlemanly, philosophic man of the world, like Marie Corelli's conception; no, nor like Faust's Mephistopheles; nor even like Milton's "fallen Cherub," but a real three-headed monster, with faces yellow with envy, crimson with rage, and black with ignorance; not haughty, splendid, defiant, but foul and loathly as sin itself?

Would it not be well to read Newman's *Dream of Gerontius* in connection with Ozanam's chapter on *Good*, and collaterally with the *Purgatorio?* Ozanam, Newman, Dante, and St. Thomas are all one as to this one great dogma. God is our sole peace and joy. . . . As to the *Commedia's* claim on our admiration, from a purely poetic point of view, who can set any limits to all that may yet be said over and above all that has been said? Andrew Lang may find many to agree with him as to the direful effects of much of our so-called education, not the least of which is the lowering of our standard of "critical consciousness" and of our "critical learning." It does look as if we were paying the penalty of democracy—telegrams, newspapers, "popular education," and short-cuts generally. It is for such organizations as the Reading Circles and Summer-Schools to work with the great universities (as Newman conceived a university) to maintain the great principles of education and criticism, and Ozanam is one with our erudite Pontiff, Leo XIII., in evoking the great teachers of the great ages of faith; and who to-day, who claims a place among scholars, dares speak of the *mouldy middle ages?* We need not fear, after reading the famous encyclical exhorting all Catholic schools to return to the scholastics, to speak of Dante as the poet of Christendom. The power of Dante is a problem Ozanam helps us to solve. The fitness of Dante for all ages needs no other evidence than his undying hold on the minds and hearts of men—even of the minds and hearts of men at the end of this century, whose proud, but unfounded, boast it is to have outlived mediæval subtleties and rigid interpretations, and to have lost all reverence for scholastic niceties of distinction.

Ozanam has not reached such growth; he has all of Dante's and Pope Leo's reverence for St. Thomas, "from whom nature withheld nothing—the Master of those who know." It is from St. Thomas Dante learns in Paradise most of what he tells us, and like his master, Dante holds that moral truths take precedence of all others. We learn from him that to reach truth we must be docile, simple, pure, "like unto little children" said the Divine Master, who was pleased to say to the greatest of his interpreters: "Thomas, thou hast written well of me." Dante holds, like his teacher, that genius itself cannot reach the inner meaning of certain truths save through the cleansing fires of divine love. Is it surprising that so much of our modern literature is incomprehensible? How can an agnostic, self-sufficient mind form an "equation with truth"? Can we be too grateful for the help Ozanam holds out to us? In all his works he aims at showing the close relation between religion and science. He makes the middle ages his centre of observation. The French knew only the *Inferno* before Ozanam translated the *Purgatorio*, and all they seemed to know of the *Inferno* was the hope-dispelling inscription over the dark gates. They seemingly, also, found a ceaseless pleasure in telling the dismal story of Francesca and Ugolino. Ozanam studies the life and genius of Dante, gives us the general plan of the *Divina Commedia* as in a superb tableau; points out its historical meaning, its political, philosophical, and theological value; shows the *Divina Commedia* to be a grand panorama of general history as seen by the light of science, justice, and love. No careful reader of Ozanam will hesitate to say that he wrought to the utmost of his strength for the glory of God and of his Christ.

Those who have ever been bewildered as to some of Dante's bitter utterances against some of the undeniable abuses of his time and have been perplexed as to Dante's orthodoxy, should read with especial care the fifth chapter of Ozanam's work. Nor would it be amiss to look into the church history as to the evils of the last half of the thirteenth century and all of the fourteenth and fifteenth, to realize what led to the Council of Florence, what marred the orthodoxy of some sessions of that memorable council. A careful study of those troubled times will make it easy enough to understand Dante's harsh treatment of certain churchmen. Considering the *Divina Commedia* as an *In Memoriam*, it is not hard to show how superior it is to Petrarch's *Sonnets to Laura*, to Milton's dirge *Lycidas*, to Shelley's *Adonais*, and Tennyson's noble lament for Arthur Hallam. All these are beautiful because not merely dirges, but the *Divina Commedia* transcends them, not perhaps in expressed love for the lost loved one, but in the well-sustained symbolism from the first starting out in that "dark forest" to the final full vision, face to face, in Paradise. And we too ask ourselves, is disaster, then, what it seems—something malign, the crash of fate, or but a specially magnificent scene in that great, ever-renewed world—tragedy, which it is our human business to play out within the eager cognizance of the spheres? We are, indeed, given in spectacle to God and his angels, ay, and to one another!

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"I come," the New Year saith, "unbid by man."

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THE ROYAL MESSENGER.

"I come," the New Year saith, "unbid by man,
And all the world must look upon my face;
And some thro' sorrow's tears my visage scan,
Striving to see thereon one touch of grace.

"I come, and marvel at the crouching fear
Which souls display when I in silence take
The Old Year gently from his darkened bier,
And bid the world to joy and rapture wake.

"O weary hearts! think ye I come alone,
Unaided, and a wanderer from some clime?
Think ye that in my soul no love is sown,
That I, unguided, winged the aisles of Time?

"Nay, for a Hand Supreme to me was given,
And I was led adown the shadowy land;
I am the gift of naught save hope and heaven,
Bidden by God to speak His high command."

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

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PRACTICAL CITIZENSHIP.

No. I.

BY ROBERT J. MAHON.

ONE hears so much of spoken patriotism in political discussion of the better sort, that we may fairly assume it has much to do with political measures. If the fact be otherwise, we are clearly in a famished state of public life; a condition of pessimism that no American will openly admit. National instinct rebels against the menace and grasps at the tokens of past valor for country. In time of national peril we have been intense patriots, and a glory to independent nations. The late Civil War showed that patriotism was a general virtue, common to every race, creed, or class that formed the American people. In time of peace patriotism has been allowed to become, at times, a glorious sentiment, well used in the past, and capable of great use in the future; but a sentiment only for the present. Yet the need for continuous and unremitting exercise of patriotism clearly exists. The nation, state, or city is still the creature of those who compose the body politic. Those who have the sovereign power of suffrage may within certain limits mould the commonwealth according to their desire. With this power resting in the suffrage, and that so universal and unrestricted, the active components in the body politic become the real rulers.

If a large class or body do, of choice or habit, abstain from participation in the political measures of the day, they remove themselves from their place of control, and resign their absolute right into the hands of those who remain active. In effect this aloofness from political activity gives a greater power to those remaining in the field than was intended. When we consider the question of public control by the majority, we not seldom find that control is really held by an actual minority. While this paradox in a republic of unrestricted suffrage may seem astounding, it is not the less actual, and it is made possible by a false conception of the duties of citizenship. It is almost axiomatic, that where one has power, duty also is imposed. Yet thousands, in our very city, regularly abstain from the mere use of the suffrage without the slightest apparent sense of harm done or duty omitted. When in theory our government rests on the suffrage and other political action by all the citizens, and the contrary is the fact, there is something substantially wrong in the working of the theory. Yet the result is but the natural sequence of a well-known and pitiable cause: the miserable inaction and total surrender by thousands of their political rights. The men of average intelligence who believe that all political duty is fulfilled by registry and voting, present the most pathetic picture of innocence betrayed. Year after year they manfully vote for the candidate offered them, though having quite as much to do with his selection as a candidate as the men of Borneo.

If the source of political power were in theory delegated to a body of twenty men, and if five of them resolved, for reasons of their own, to remain inactive, eight of the political body would have actual control, although a minority. There would, of course, be much condemnation of the five who, by omission of duty, made this minority control a reality. The political critic would have a full opportunity for philippics until the offending five were brought back to duty or shorn of the power they purposely abused. Turning the eye on actual political conditions in our country, we find a precisely similar situation in many communities. Not only do a minority of suffragists hold a seeming control in many places, but actual rule is maintained by a very small portion of that minority. Instances of this general condition might be easily given, but we refrain. The timid souls who fear that discussion of political duties may seem untimely or out of place, can as easily supply the special cases according to desire or prejudice.

While we have no wish to take up here the cudgels of debate for any political belief or mode of action, we are intensely earnest in the conviction that citizens have certain duties imposed as well as privileges given. If they will only realize these duties and fulfil them, there is no disposition to go further. If political conditions are at all awry, upon whom shall we fix the blame? Surely not upon those left in control. Who shall condemn? Surely not those who profit by their control. The political mercenary can pick no quarrel with our discussion; it has so little to do with him, and so much to do with those who have abdicated in his favor. We neither abuse nor cajole him. He has been cunning enough to make the political business of many people his exclusive matter, relieving them of all care and attention, and making out of it the largest possible profit. Day in and day out, all through the year, he has been unremitting in his attention to our affairs, gobbling up our duties with eager maw. This has been custom. As some pundits say custom makes law, he has become a law unto himself.

But this is a long digression from the patriotic idea that provoked the discussion. Patriotism is not a rare virtue, nor does it exclusively attach to any political belief. It is, happily, a common American attribute, welding a great people for noble purposes. Applied to the body politic by every citizen in every political requirement of his duty, it would breathe a pure spirit of unselfish devotion to the city, the state, and the nation. It would dispel the self-interest that so often disheartens the well-intentioned. It would bring together all who are of one accord, yet separated by false and misleading lines of division. This is bosh, says the veteran politician; we're treading on air. To be sure, he would not openly make these comments; but he would sincerely believe it. To such a degree have citizens generally neglected their patriotism by avoiding political duties, that the politician would now view activity as pure meddling. He is mistaken, but honestly mistaken; because he has developed under other conditions, and those have seemed so permanent, sufficient, and comfortable that it is a personal hardship for him to act under other and better conditions. There is immensity of difference between having to do with ten or twenty men, and arranging for the political acquiescence of thousands. And this is emphatically so when the thousands are unselfish, earnest, and patriotic. For in the main, if you find the citizen unselfish in his political relations and patriotic in his motives, you will find a tower of strength in aid of all that is good for the city, the state, and the nation.

The body affectionately and sonorously described as "the people" is to the political humorist a source of infinite joy. There is such an immense amount of fun in the notion that "the people" are really running their political business, that political satirists and cartoonists make small fortunes expanding the idea. And yet always in humor there is much of truth. Consider how much of truth is in the political cartoon of "the people"; and if the shot aims itself at your conscience, do your utmost now and henceforth to repair your past omissions.

REMANDED.

BY REV. P. A. SHEEHAN,

Author of "Geoffrey Austin, Student."

I.

I TELL the tale as 'twas told to me. And it was told by a venerable old man, almost blind, as he stood by the battlements of the bridge one sunny day, and I looked from his intelligent face into the clear, swift waters, or watched the long plumes from a passing engine fading into the clear sky.

It was not on this bridge it happened, but on this bridge's predecessor—a long wooden structure that was swept away in the great flood of '41, when the big elm was blown down, the sister of that splendid tree that now throws its rugged branches far and wide across the road, and seems to be looking for its souls of roots far down beneath the loam of the meadow. It was the time of the yeomen. Bitter and black are the memories which that word calls up to the Irish mind. And the yeomen of this particular little town by the Blackwater were a particularly detestable specimen of their class. They hated the people—they hated, above all, the people's priests. It is not kind to recall it in these peaceful days, but history is history. And they had a particular, undiluted, undisguised hatred for one priest, who was correspondingly beloved by the people, and his name was Rev. Thomas Duan. Why he was so detested by the yeomen history does not tell, but they say he had a sharp tongue, a fearless eye, was cool, firm, dauntless, and when he smote he struck straight from the shoulder, and the man that was smitten remembered it. And he flung the shelter of a protection, that was Providence in miniature, over his shivering flock; and woe to the man that touched with a wet finger the little lambs of his fold! The wolves might come prowling around, and show their teeth and snarl, but they feared this strong shepherd with the keen gray eye, and slunk from him with the flame of hate and the might of vengeance in their hearts.

But Fate played into their hands. Was it Fate, or that

Higher Power that rules our fate? No matter. Suborned and perjured, one lost soul swore informations against him; and eight gentlemen yeomen passed here under the arching elm, and across these waters, to his home at Sandfield to arrest him. It was cheerful work; yet somehow their hearts misgave them. They had not come into close quarters yet with this giant. They had never yet touched the supernatural. And they knew, and believed, and felt that a halo of the supernatural floated, like a spiritual essence, around this frieze-coated priest. Could they break through that they would arrest him and hang him like a dog. As the savages on Tahiti, the moment they lost faith in the godhood of Captain Cook, fell on him and tore him in pieces; so our brave yeomen, who thought as lightly of a hanging as of a ball or a spin with the hounds, would gladly touch and maul and quarter this rebel; but—here again this supernatural burst on them.

"We want your master, the priest Duan!"

"The priest has just left, and is now crossing yonder bridge!" And the old housekeeper stretched her skinny hand towards it.

"It's a lie! We've just crossed the bridge, and no one passed us."

"It's the truth. I saw the priest turn to the left and pass to the town."

"The woman speaks the truth," said Bambridge. "The priest passed us and ye did not speak."

"Then you saw him?"

"Yes, I saw him; he passed outside us nearer to the road. I would have spoken to ye, but I thought—"

"You thought—?"

"I thought ye were afraid."

"What! afraid of a popish priest?" But their lips were dry and white. They went home.

So did Bambridge, anxious and afraid and puzzled. He would solve that puzzle. He opened a drawer and took out a horse-pistol, such as they swung from saddle-bags when on the Croppy-track. It threw a bullet twenty yards; and the Croppy-pike didn't reach so far. That explains a good deal of Irish history.

Bambridge rang the bell: "Call Nan."

A poor old, shrivelled, wrinkled creature came into the room, looking questioningly, pityingly, out of rheumy eyes, at her master. He rarely saw his old nurse, but he loved her.

Times were changing. He had often been asked to send away that old witch, but he would not.

"Sit down; and answer me truly, as you value your life. You see that pistol? I wouldn't harm a hair in your old gray head, Nan," he said, softening, and rubbing down the poor old white wisps that lay beneath her cap. "But this is life or death to me." He moistened his dry lips before he spoke.

"What happened when I was born?"

She looked up frightened.

"What happened when I was born?"

She took up her apron and folded it with clammy hands.

"Once more. What happened when I was born?"

"God forgive me," whimpered the old woman, "but I baptized you a Catholic!"

"Did my mother know it?"

"No; I did it in my own room. You were wake and convulsed, and I said I'd save your soul. I brought you back, and your mother kissed you, as if she knew something. Of coorse the minister christened you after; but I didn't care. He couldn't do you any harm."

The grim man smiled. "That'll do, Nan!" he said.

The next day the priest strolled over to the nearest magistrate, and asked was he wanting? Yes. He came to be arrested. They wouldn't offer such an indignity to a minister of religion; but, you know, informations have been sworn, and the case must go on. They would take his own recognizances, on a single summons, to appear at Petty Sessions Court on Tuesday. So far all was smooth.

Then human passion blazed up, as the smouldering furnace fires leap into swords of flame at the breath of the south wind. Fear, the servile fear of the poor, whipped Celt, leaped from white ashes into white flame; and the recording angel, if he heeded such things, had a well-filled note-book during these days.

Tuesday came, and a motley procession moved up the hill with the gruesome title of Gallows Hill, on the brow of which the court-house stood. They were sad at heart. Their priest, their hero, was cowed. He had said last Mass on Sunday, and not a word came from lips that were always feathered with the fire of zeal or holy anger. They had crowded up to the altar-rails, men and women—and children peeped between their fathers' legs to see the great gladiator, who was to laugh at and discomfit his foes one of these days. Now for an avalanche of thunderous denunciation—a stern, awful defiance of the foe—an appeal to the down-bending heavens to justify him, and mark, by some awful vengeance, its condemnation of his, and their, and God's own enemies! They swung from the iron rails, they panted with excitement—the holy place alone prevented them from uttering their faith and their everlasting trust in his holiness and purity. Oh! but for one word from his lips. No!

"In the law of Moses, it is ordered that such a one should be stoned. What therefore sayest thou? But Jesus, bending down, wrote with his finger on the earth."

Three times he repeated the words: "But Jesus, bending down, wrote with his finger on the earth."

And then he asked: "What did he write? We shall see."

The people wondered, and were sad. And so, on this fatal morning, they climbed the gruesome hill with sad hearts, and sad forebodings as to what the day would bring.

II.

Clayton, of Annabella, was chairman of the court. Two magistrates sat with him, one on either hand. They looked disquieted, and seemed glad to study the ceiling rather than the sullen faces that gloomed under shaggy eyebrows and unkempt hair. The chairman was defiant with the defiance of levity. He smiled at the surging mob that poured into the court-house and filled every available space, bit his pen, took notes or sketches, looked everywhere, except at one face; that alone was calm and unmoved in the little drama. There was some delay, and then the court opened. A few uninteresting cases of drunkenness and petty squabbles were heard. Then the chairman stooped over his desk and whispered to the clerk. The latter looked anxiously around, peering into every face. He was disappointed. With a smothered curse Clayton dropped back into his arm-chair, and whispered to his brother-benchers. There was an awkward pause, and something like a titter passed around the court. These quick-witted people were not long in divining the cause of the embarrassment of the bench. After some communing the case was called—The King *vs.* Thomas Duan. The indictment was read, the witness called. "Abina Walsh!" rang through the court. There was no response. "Abina Walsh!" rang through the corridors, was taken up at the doors, passed down the street, until its echoes were lost over the demesne wall, and the rabbits pricked their ears, rubbed their whiskers, and listened. There was no reply. The titter deepened into a broad smile, that spread itself over sallow, grimy faces; and the smile deepened into a laugh, until a roar of laughter rang through the court, and the magistrates grew red and furious, and the clerk roared "Silence." One face alone was unmoved. Once more the name was called; the echoes died away, the chuckle of the people was checked.

"The court stands adjourned."

"You mean the case is dismissed?"

"Certainly not. The accused is remanded to this day week. There is some foul play here."

Then the priest spoke, and the people hung on his lips.

"There is foul play," he said slowly and solemnly,—"foul play for which the doers will answer before a higher tribunal than this. You say I am remanded?"

"Yes; the case will come on this day week. We shall again accept your own recognizances to appear before me on that day."

"To appear before *you?*" echoed the priest.

"Yes," replied the chairman. "Here, I'll put you on oath. Come hither!" He held out a tiny book, corded round.

The priest approached and solemnly laid his hand upon the book. Their fingers touched.

"I swear—"

"I swear—"

"To deliver myself up to you for trial—"

"To deliver myself up to you for trial—"

"On next Tuesday—"

"On next Tuesday—"

"March 29—"

"March 29—"

"So help me God!"

"So help me God!"

The people poured out of the court-house and down the hill, murmuring, laughing, questioning, doubting, fearing, denying.

"Why the divil didn't he cling them to their sates?"

"He's too aisy altogether with them!"

"Wait, an' you'll see. Didn't the ould fellow look black, though. I wonder where is she?"

"The divil flew away with her. Sure he was lonesome without her!"

"May the Lord spare us till next Tuesday, however! Won't there be fun? He's going to do somethin'."

"He looks too quiet to be wholesome. I'd give a whole week's wages to see Clayton's black mug again, when he called on Abby. Sweet bad luck to her!"

"Dey say the whole country will be riz before Tuesday."

"No, no, no! we'd rather lave it to himself. He's enough for them."

But pikeheads were sharpened in many a forge; and down where the willows drew their fingers through the swift waters there was a massing of men, and a lifting of hands to heaven.

III.

That night a wild beast howled until the early watches around the priest's house. It was the wail of a hungry wolf; yea, rather, the moan of some beast in pain. At intervals of five or six minutes it beat around the house, coming from the thickets of speckled laurel, and going round and round the dwelling, then wailing into silence again. Once or twice the priest, as he sat in his wicker chair reading his breviary, thought he heard the tap of fingers at his window, but he said it was the trailers of the jasmine or clematis that were lifted by the night-wind. But when eleven o'clock chimed, he rose and passed out into the moonlight, and peered around. The glistening laurel-leaves looked meekly at the moon, and the lattice-work of the nude trees threw its netted pattern on the gravel; but there was no one there. Three times he walked around the house, studying every nook and cranny to find the weird, uncanny voice. Then he paused, and listened in the moonlight to the murmur of the river as it fretted over the ford beneath the bridge. He did not see two gleaming eyes that shone in the thick darkness of a shrubbery close by—eyes that gleamed with despair and one little ray of hope, that just now was fading away. Where was her guardian angel that moment? Where the last mercy, that would drag her, despite herself, from that retreat, and fling her on her knees for pardon from the man she had so foully wronged? Alas! these things are beyond our ken. During ten long minutes of grace he stood there, unconscious of the presence near him, listening, half in a dream, to the music that came from the river and the night-silences. Then he passed into the house and turned the key in the door. It was to her, poor soul! the rolling to of heaven's gates—the crash and clangor of bolts and locks that shut her out of Paradise for ever!

In the gray dawn of the morning the water bailiff, who was coming home from his night-rounds on the river, saw something black, where the river lipped the sands, just below the deep hole called the Bulwarks. He went towards it and turned it over with his foot. Before nine o'clock it was known to every man, woman, and child in town that Abby Walsh, the perjured and suborned girl, had been drowned. Crowds came to look at the black heap lying on the gray sands, but no one touched it; and there it lay, the March sunshine playing on it, and making its own lustre amongst the black wet garments, whilst the river came up like a dog which, having killed its prey, returns to worry the dead bird or beast, and lifted one cold hand, and washed around the naked feet, and played with the black fringe that fell from the shawl of the dead girl. It was only when the dusk was falling that the priest heard of this frightful thing, and he hurried down to the big meadow, and very soon stood amongst a curious but most irreverent throng.

"We wor only waiting for your reverence to see her, till we threw her back into the river," said big Dave, the smith, black, brawny, and fiercely and aggressively honest.

"I'm surprised at you, Dave," said the priest gently. "You weren't at Mass on Sunday."

Dave looked confused. And the priest, moving down along the sand, stood over the dead.

"Such of you," he said, with just a suspicion of contempt in his voice, "as were at Mass on Sunday may remember the gospel I read, and the remark I made. There may be outcasts from the bosom of God—sheep whom the Good Shepherd has not found. But it would be the wildest presumption in you or me to judge those whom, perhaps, God himself may judge only with a heart of compassion. I told you, I think, that the Master stooped down and wrote on the sands. So do I."

He stooped, and with his forefinger drew letters on the sand; but the tradition is that each letter disappeared as he finished it, and to this day it is a matter of conjecture what the letters signified, and many a fierce debate has taken place in forge and tavern as to what the priest wrote on the strand near the Bulwarks.

"Now, I said to you," continued the priest, raising himself, and he stood head and shoulders over the tallest man present, "that what the Master wrote we shall see. We have seen something," he said, pointing down to the dead figure; "whether it is his justice or his mercy we do not know. But we shall see more. Go, Dave, and fetch a coffin." He walked up and down the sands, reading his breviary, till the men returned. "Now raise this poor girl, and remember the Magdalen and Christ."

But not a man stood forward. Their horror and dread were beyond their compassion. They stared at this man, who was giving them such unpleasant shocks, and they sullenly shook their heads. "Touch her—God forbid! Our children and our children's children would not forgive us."

Then the priest took off his great frieze coat, and went over and kneeled down by the prostrate figure.

"Oh, don't! oh, don't! your reverence," wailed the women. Then they turned angrily on the men: "You big, lazy hounds, don't you see what his reverence is doing?"

Two or three big, hulking fellows stepped forward. But the priest waved them back, and, gently putting his strong arms around the dead girl, he raised her up and moved towards the rude coffin. As he did so her head fell back, and one arm dropping down, a paper fell from her hand, and five bright, wet sovereigns rolled upon the sand. One little, ragged urchin leaped forward to seize the prize, but big Dave caught him by the collar and swung him six feet away amongst the ferns, saying:

"You little cur! you'd take her blood-money." So there the sovereigns lay, bright and round, under the cold, steely sky, but though many an eye hungered after them, no hand would touch them. Meanwhile the priest had lifted up the drooping head, from which the long, black hair was weeping, and, placing his hand under the neck, drew the face upwards. And men will swear to this day that the eyes of the dead opened on his face, and that the white lips moved to thank him. But he, the "Kalos poimen," the beautiful shepherd, whose prototype was so familiar to the hunted Christians of the catacombs, saw nothing, but reverently placed the poor dripping figure in the coffin, reverently straightened the head and covered the naked feet, and then placed and fastened down the lid.

"Perhaps," he said, with the slightest touch of sarcasm, "you expect me to take the coffin to the grave?" But those fierce people were beginning to be awed by this wonderful man—more awed than ever they were by his thunders from the altar, or the fierce invectives that he exulted to pour forth against the enemies of his church and people. With shamed faces, four men stepped forward and slung the coffin on their shoulders. The priest moved to the front, and a wondering crowd followed.

When they emerged into the main thoroughfare there was again a pretence at rebellion.

"To the Banfield, I suppose, your reverence?" said the coffin-bearers. The Banfield was the local Haceldama, the place for the nameless and outcast dead.

"Certainly not," he replied, without looking back, "down to the church-yard."

To the church-yard, where their own dead reposed—their decent fathers and mothers and children! To place this perjured suicide amongst the good Catholic dead! What next?

With bent head and hands firmly clasped behind his back the priest moved on. Great pity filled his heart. The thought of that woman's wail last night, his own possible neglect in not seeking her and saving her; the slender chance of salvation which was held out to her, and which was snapped, perhaps, by his stupidity or negligence; the remembrance of that upturned face, so beautiful, so pitiful, even the little human feeling of patronage and protection (almost the only human feeling a priest is permitted to entertain) as the head of the dead girl rested against his breast—all these things filled him with such pity and divine love that he almost forgot his own great wrongs. But, then, Irish priests are fatalists. They are so habituated to the drama of relentless iniquity that is always going on around them—the striking of the feeble with the mailed hand, the chaining of the captive to the victor's car, the sleek, hypocritical but unbending despotism, under which the helpless victims hopelessly writhe; the utter despair of all, as destiny for ever mockingly weaves her webs of hopes, and then as mockingly destroys them. All these things make the Irish priest patient under circumstances that ordinarily drive men to madness. He has to lean on some dim philosophy that the wrong side of the tapestry, with blurred figures and ugly colors, is turned towards him; and that it is only when he goes above and looks down he will see how fair were the patterns of the Almighty, how brilliant his colors, how faultless his designs. Some such thoughts ran through the priest's mind as he passed down the thronged street, whilst the crowds looked at him and wondered. Then one wave of awful indignation against his pursuers swept these tender thoughts away. But he tried to suppress it. And it was then, whilst, yet quivering under its excitement, he approached the gate that led into the graveyard, that some one came to him and said: "They have locked the gate."

He looked up. The gate that opened into the avenue that led down to the Protestant church, around which were located the resting places of the parishioners for six hundred years, since the old abbey was founded, was locked and chained. The sight of this new assertion of supremacy goaded him to anger.

"They drove her to death," he said, "and they refuse her a grave!" And running down the little steep, he struck the iron gate with his shoulder, flinging all his strength into the assault. The rotten chain parted, the lock was smashed in pieces, and with a suppressed cheer of triumph the people swept into the broad avenue. They chose a quiet, green spot for her burial, down near the wall that cuts off the big meadow. There the priest's mind went back to the little child that had learned "Hail Marys" at his knee, to the young girl that had received her First Communion from his hands, to the bright young woman who was the idol of her father, to the wailing soul around his house last night, to the poor suicide by the river's brink—to this poor coffin, this lonely grave; and he said, as he turned to his little cottage: "Thy ways are upon the seas, and Thy pathway on the waters, and Thy footsteps are not known."

IV.

The quick impulsiveness of the Celtic nature hates the silence of mystery, and—dreads it. It is eager to get behind the veil, and will sometimes drag it down to discover its secrets, but always with a dread that the discovery may lead to something uncanny and unwholesome. The impatience of the people, therefore, in this little drama, to hear what their priest was going to do had reached its culminating point on the Sunday morning after the discovery of the dead body by the river; and at last Mass on that day the congregation was a dense, close mass of humanity that pressed against the iron rails of the sanctuary, was packed against walls and pillars, and overflowed beyond the precincts of the little church far out to the gate that opened on the street. Crowds had come in from the country districts—strong, prosperous farmers on their horses; laborers with rough, red breasts opened freely to the March winds, with just a pretence of protection in a rough, homespun jacket of flannel, tied in a knot at the waist; tradesmen with some distinguishing mark of their occupation; a crowd of women and girls drawn hither in curiosity and fear. And one hope was in all hearts, that this day the avenging power of the Almighty would be explained and a clear forecast of future impending judgments be given. There was something very like a smile around the firm, curved lips of the priest when he turned towards his people at the Post-Communion of the Mass. He knew what was expected, and he knew they were going to be disappointed. He read a long list of names of deceased persons to be prayed for, and he closed the list with the name of Abina Walsh, who died during the week. Usually a deep murmur of prayer follows such announcements in the Irish churches. This day there was sullen silence. The priest looked them over calmly for a moment, rolling between his fingers the list of names. Then he said:

"How often have I told you, in the words of our Divine Master: You believe in God; believe in me! You might have learned this past week that God's arm is not foreshortened, nor his eye made blind to the iniquity that pursues us. Yet you forget. Your solicitude for me blinds your faith in God. Fear not, for I have no fear. I do not miscalculate the malice, nor the power underlying that malice, that seeks my life—or what is dearer than life, my honor. But so far as this little drama has proceeded the machinations of my enemies have been checked, and God—and I, his unworthy servant—have been justified. What the future will bring forth I know not; but I know He in whom I trust will deliver me from the toils of the hunters, and the bitter word. It is not for myself, it is for you I am solicitous. It has come to my knowledge that several young men amongst you contemplate violence next Tuesday, should an adverse decision be given against me on evidence which again may be suborned. I beg of you, as you love me, I implore of you to desist from any demonstration of force on that day. I know that you will only be playing into the hands of your enemies. Large forces will be drafted into town next Tuesday. I don't want to see you falling under the sabres of troopers or the musket-butts of the yeomen. Believe me, all will be right. God will justify me; and before the red sun sets you will know who hath the power—the Unseen Judge of the living and the dead, or the hirelings of perjurers and despots."

A deep breath was drawn when he had concluded. The women were satisfied—their faith always leaps highest. The men were not. They hated this mystery. They hoped he would appeal to their manhood to defend him. They grudged the defence to God. And when the priest, about to leave the altar, turned once more to exact a promise that there should be no violence, the young men sidled out of the church, and to the request that all hands should be raised in promise, only a few trembling old men raised their half-palsied hands and instantly lowered them.

And so there was no surprise on the eventful day when, every shop shuttered, every door closed, the streets were paraded by bodies of young men who walked with a kind of military precision, but apparently had no weapons of offence. Those who were in the secret understood that in yards and recesses arms were piled. And when a strong phalanx of laborers entered the town from the north and took up their places in front of the court-house, leaning, as is their wont, on their spades, every one knew that these light spade-handles were never intended to battle with the brown earth, and that somewhere away in these voluminous flannel vests the Croppy-pike, with its sharp lance, the hook to drag down the hussar, and the sharp axe to cut the bridle, were hidden. And it may be said that not fear, but the joy of battle, filled these honest hearts when, just at ten o'clock, a troop of dragoons, with drawn sabres, moved slowly down the main street, and drew up in two lines close to the demesne wall and opposite the court-house. The soldiers were good-humored, and laughed and chatted gaily. Their officers looked grave. So did the mounted yeomen that acted as a body-guard to the magistrates, who, under the sullen frowns and muttered curses of the people, took their way up the hill to the trial that was to be eventful for them. But there were no shouts of execration, no hysterical demonstrations of hate. Neither was a single shout raised when the priest moved slowly through the thick masses of the people. But every hat was raised, and women murmured "God bring him safe from his enemies!" For it was generally supposed that the indictment would not fail, even though the principal witness was dead; there was a deep suspicion that some clever machination would yet involve their beloved priest with the law; and "you know, Clayton is the divil painted, and he can do what he likes with the rest." It was some surprise, therefore, to find that Clayton had not yet appeared. Eleven o'clock struck. The crowds that crammed the court-house began to grow curious. It was the scene of last Tuesday repeated: anxious magistrates, a bewildered clerk, a jeering, sullen crowd, one calm figure—but the central seat on the bench was empty.

At last the case was called: The King *vs.* Rev. Thomas Duan. The prosecutor arose, fumbled with his watch-chain, looked feebly at the accused, mumbled something about withdrawing the case, he had understood witness—the chief witness, could not appear, etc. The magistrates declared the case dismissed. The crowd, taken by surprise, looked stupidly at the bench and at one another. Then a shout that made the old roof tremble filled the court; it was taken up outside, and the cavalry drew their bridles, and backed their horses, and clutched their sabres, as the roar of triumph was taken up and passed from lip to lip, until the hoarse murmur filled the air and the people seemed to have gone mad with joy. In the court-house, however, not one stirred. The magistrates on the bench looked as if glued to the seats; the people waited the signal from their hero. He rose slowly, and said in his quiet, emphatic way:

"You say the case is dismissed. The prisoner is not dismissed as yet."

"Oh, yes!" said the magistrates, "you may go."

"Thank you!" he said, contemptuously. Then, knitting his brows, he bent them on the quailing justices, and in a voice full of wrath and indignation he cried:

"I took a solemn oath before the Most High God last Tuesday that I would deliver myself into his hands for trial to-day. We held the Book of the Gospels together, and my hand touched his. I am bound by that oath to deliver myself into his hands to-day. Where is he?"

"We don't know," replied the magistrates. "He is not here."

"Then I go to seek him," said the priest, turning to the door.

The vast multitude poured out after him, as with long strides he passed down the hill-side and emerged on the square. Here the shouting was again taken up, hats were waved—but all were stilled into silence when they saw the grave man moving rapidly onward, looking neither to the right nor to the left, and an awed and silent multitude following. Then the whole multitude fell into line, and, with wondering eyes and parted lips, followed the priest.

V.

It is a long, narrow street, curving in a crescent from bridge to bridge, and extending probably about a mile from the extreme end where the court-house was situated to Annabella House, the residence of the magistrate, Mr. Clayton. Silent but tumultuous in their actions and motions, wondering, curious, afraid, the great crowd poured in a rapid stream, swelled here and there by contingents from narrow lanes and side streets. The priest walked five or six paces in front. No one spoke to him. He moved along quickly, as one questing for some object that might evade him, his head erect, and the ordinary pallor of his face heightened by a pale pink flush. In less than ten minutes he stood at the iron gate that led into the park, and the multitude swept around him in curves that gradually thickened into one compact mass of humanity. It was a bright March morning. The black buds were just breaking into tiny beads of soft green. A heavy dew lay on the grass, and was smoking under the sun-rays except where the shadows of the elms fell. The house, a square mansion, without pretensions to architecture, looked very white in the morning light, and the shuttered windows stared, like the white eyes of a blind man, at the sky.

"No man passes this gate but myself," said the priest. "I go alone to see what awaits me."

A murmur of disappointment trembled through the crowd, and some ragged youngsters, to console themselves, clambered on the walls, from which they were instantly dislodged. The priest closed the gate, and moved along the gravelled walk to the house. The blinds were down and the shutters closed. He knocked gently. No answer. Then imperiously, and a footman appeared.

"I want to see your master, Mr. Clayton!"

"You cannot see him," said the man angrily.

"I insist upon seeing him," said the priest. "I have an engagement with him."

"You cannot see him," said the man nervously.

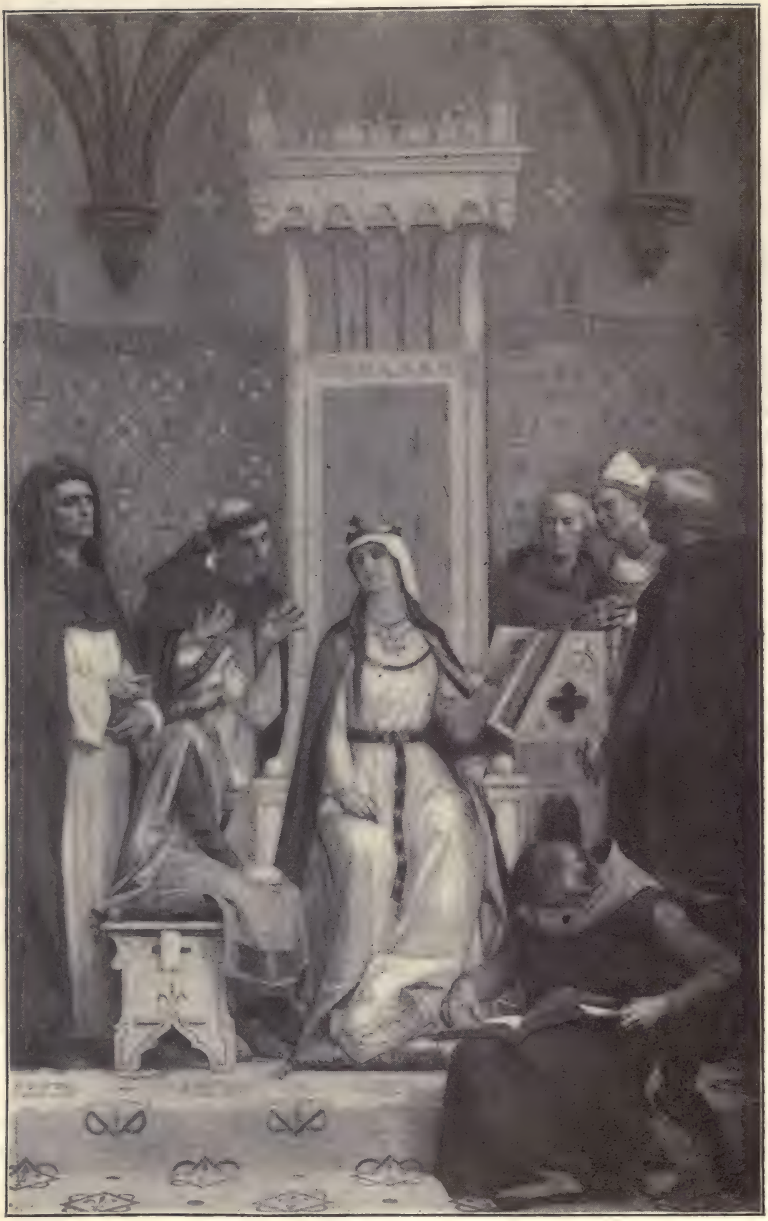
"Take him my message," said the priest: "say that Thomas Duan, priest and prisoner, must see him."

"Take your own message, then! cried the man as he passed into the kitchen.

The priest walked up stairs, whither the man had pointed. He paused on the lobby uncertainly, then pushed open a half-closed door and entered. The room was dark. He opened the shutters and drew the blind. Then even his great nerve gave way. For, lying on the white coverlet, dressed as if going out, lay Clayton, his head shattered into an undistinguishable mass of bone and blood, his brains blackening the white wall behind his pillow, his right hand clutching a heavy pistol; and there, by his side, was the mouldering, disinterred corpse of Abina Walsh, the face just darkening in incipient decomposition, and the brown earth clinging to her bare feet and black clothes. The priest could not restrain a cry of horror as he rushed from that awful chamber of death. Whatever he had expected, it was his intention to give himself up formally into the custody of his enemy by placing his right hand on Clayton's and interlocking his fingers, as had happened on the day when he took the oath. But all other feelings vanished at the dreadful spectacle he had just witnessed. Full of horror and self-humiliation at the sight of such awful retribution, he passed rapidly to the gate. Then raising his sonorous voice to its fullest pitch, he said to the expectant multitude:

"Go back to your homes, and fall upon your knees to implore God's mercy. And let them who have touched the dead beware!" Then, in a lower voice, he said almost to himself: "I know not which is more dreadful—the wrath of God or the vengeance of man!"

For years Annabella House lay untenanted. It was believed that no human power could wash away the dread blood-stains on the wall. Paint and lime were tried in vain. Even when the mortar was scraped away, the red stains appeared on the masonry. About thirty years ago the mansion was pulled down, and the green grass is now growing on the foundations of a once famous mansion.



BLANCHE OF CASTILE, INSTRUCTING THE CHILD ST. LOUIS.—*Cabanel; Mura*
Painting in the Pantheon.

AMERICAN ARTISTS IN PARIS.

BY E. L. GOOD.

THE mystery and charm of artist life in Paris have haunted the imaginations of American boys and girls until the benches of the Julian Academy are recruited quite as much from the backwoods of Tennessee as from the high-schools of Boston and New York. It takes pluck and devotion to study art abroad on a scanty income. Most of our countrymen do it, and it is gratifying to see the work of Americans in the Luxembourg Gallery sharing the honors with the greatest artists of modern France, and, indeed, of this century. Harrison and Melchers, Dannat and Macmonnies, Whistler and Sargent are there represented, and Melchers—"Garry" Melchers, a Detroit boy—has been honored with an order to fresco part of the Congressional Library now building in Washington. The projectors of the Boston Library entrusted similar work to the celebrated Puvis de Chavannes, and than his France boasts no prouder name to-day. His frescoes in the Pantheon will be a wonder and delight for all time. They represent scenes from the life of St. Geneviève, the patron saint of Paris, and form one of a series of groups of historical paintings by the masters of French art. It is interesting to note that these Pantheon "frescoes" are in reality oil paintings on canvas stretched on leaden plates and sunk in the walls. A fresco painter, using a lime wall as his basis, is seriously hampered in his choice of colors, because the lime quickly destroys some of them. On the Pantheon canvases he was free to use any tint in his box, and as colorists the modern French artists have never been equalled. The incarnate splendor and aerial delicacy of their canvases suggest brushes dipped in the evening sky. No tint so subtle, no texture so gossamer fine as to baffle their clear vision, and even the "old masters" would, I think, be willing to forego a few moments of heavenly glory to look at the Pantheon frescoes and see the primary colors in their nineteenth century combinations.

But to return to the Americans. It is at the Académie Montparnasse that most of the American girls study. Colin, Mer-son, and Macmonnies are instructors there. The Julian Academy, which is the best known of the Paris schools, is frequented more by men. J. P. Laurens and some other of the best artists in the city teach there. The students study from a living model. When a sketch is especially good it is selected for criticism at the "Concours," a kind of official monthly examination, and those whose work is thus distinguished have first choice of the position in the room from which they wish to draw the model during the next month. This, in a class of sixty, is a great advantage. To have a drawing taken for the Concours is enough to exalt one of these enthusiasts for days. Their lives are not too full of encouragement. A man may work for weeks without a word of either praise or blame from Laurens, or whatever great man makes the tour of inspection. Notice of any kind from him is greedily watched for and enviously noted, and butterless bread and over-black coffee turn to nectar and ambrosia on the day the coveted word falls. Unfortunately, it is not always a word of encouragement. Whistler was one day passing a man who had just rubbed out his work. Whistler remarked: "That's good."

Barring the pursuit of a purely religious ideal, I know nothing like devotion to art for developing a spirit of self-sacrifice and cheerful endurance. The romantic notion that the lives of artists in general are jolly and free from care is a pleasing fallacy which promptly vanishes on acquaintance with their daily routine. "It's not all beer and skittles," says Trilby, which means that poverty, hunger, and cold are hard facts in the Latin Quarter as well as on the East Side. One comes to know the impecunious art student by a certain far-away look in the eyes and bagginess in the clothes. The girls wear Tam o' Shanter caps, or "berris," and short capes like a policeman's. The eight hours daily at the art school are entirely unremunerative, so most of the students teach between hours, or illustrate for the magazines as "a pot-boiler." The cheapest way to live is to rent a very small room up a great many pair of stairs. There is the cost of lighting, and heating, and keeping enough of a kitchen to make a cup of coffee, which, with a roll, is all anybody takes for breakfast in Paris. If one is hungry and can afford it at noon, there are tempting buns and cakes to be had for a few sous, but in the evening one really dines at some tiny restaurant for anything between one franc and three. Yes, one can live—but not grow fat—on a miraculously small sum. Then there are chances like that of winning

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI DYING AND BLESSING HIS NATIVE TOWN.—*Bénouville.*

the Prix de Rome, which gives four years of study free. Then is found, now and again, the wealthy patron who takes a liking to the young artist, and there follows a modern fairy-tale such as was enacted on the steamer on which I crossed last summer. The attention of the passengers was attracted to a young man in the steerage who was clearly the social superior of his fellows. On being questioned, he said he was going to

HOLY VIATICUM IN BURGUNDY.—*Salmson.*

Munich to study art. He had saved one hundred dollars. Of this he had spent twenty-five for his passage. He had neither friend nor introduction in Munich. His new acquaintance showed some of his pencil sketches to a critic on board, who pronounced them excellent; whereupon a kindly old gentleman, who had stimulated these inquiries, sent for the young artist, invited him to remain in the first cabin as his guest during the rest of the voyage, and on parting gave him a letter of introduction to the editor of the *Fliegende Blätter*.

Not infrequently the art student falls in arrears for the rent of even his airy perch on the "*sixième*," and landlords have scant sympathy for beings who can "soar to the empyrean," but can't pay cash. One young man, six months in arrears, knew that his landlord was keeping a watchful eye on his trunk, which stood opposite the door, feeling sure that whilst it was there the owner would not depart. Our artist painted a portrait of his trunk on the wall opposite the door, and in the night took himself and his belongings quietly away; nor was he missed for several days. Good work sometimes serves very inartistic ends. An American boy or girl may live very comfortably at the American Girls' or Boys' Club for sixty cents a day "tout compris." The American Girls' Club is located 4 Rue de Chevreuse. It is more a family hotel than a club house. Any American woman studying a profession in Paris will be received there. There are Thursday evening "At Homes," and five o'clock tea ("feev o'clock tay" the French call it) is served every afternoon. Visiting Americans are welcome on these occasions, and everything is done to make the club as home-like as possible.

When a young artist has a picture accepted for exhibition by the Salon he has taken the first step towards fame. He is then an "arrivé," and the envy of the Latin Quarter. A favorable criticism, a purchaser, a medal, are more steps, until, little by little, the successful artist becomes more widely known than the president of a university. The red ribbon of the Legion of Honor, a decoration bestowed by the government for excellence in the arts, has been won by several Americans; and so jealously does the Republic guard this honor that any one who wears a bit of red ribbon fastened in his button-hole, without having won it in the legitimate way, is liable to arrest. Melchers, Macmonnies, Harrison, and Whistler belong to the Legion of Honor.

Melchers has studied much in Holland. In his painting en-

LE PAIN BÉNI.—*Dagnan-Bouveret.*

titled "Mother and Child," in the Luxembourg, the influence of Dutch art is apparent, although the child might stand for the type of nestling, cooing babies the world over. It is the admiration and despair of the strivers, and "the Melchers' baby" enjoys a distinct and enviable social position in art circles.

Whistler and Sargent have lived so long abroad that one is apt to forget their American birth. James Abbott MacNeill

The Dancing Girl.—*Sargent.*

Whistler lives now in Paris. He is slight in figure, and dresses with the utmost care. He rarely appears without a monocle, a high hat, and clothes of the latest cut, in violent contrast to most of his colleagues. There are dozens of stories told of his pugnacious, erratic disposition, but those who know him say that these qualities are the result of the opposition he encountered at the beginning of his career, and were not in the man's original make-up. He was a pioneer in art, with strong, perhaps extravagant, convictions. He painted in the "Impressionist" style, which was new and quite unintelligible to the casual observer. He was laughed at, mocked, then called hard names. Dr. Johnson's test of the strength of his own writings was the measure of the resistance they excited. From this stand-point Whistler should have been abundantly content with himself as a force. The famous trial to which he obliged Ruskin to submit has its pathetic as well as its humorous side. Out of it grew Whistler's book, "*The Gentle Art of making Enemies,* as pleasantly exemplified in many instances wherein the serious ones of the earth, carefully exasperated, have been prettily spurred on to unseemliness and indiscretion, while overcome by an undue sense of right." The trouble arose out of the acceptance of a painting of Whistler's by Sir Coutts Lindsay, for exhibition and sale. It was entitled "A Nocturne in Black and Gold," and represented the fireworks at Cremorne. Ruskin, then dictator in matters æsthetic, published *Fors Clavigera* about that time, and in it appeared the following criticism of the Cremorne piece:

IN THE COUNTRY.—*Lerolles.*

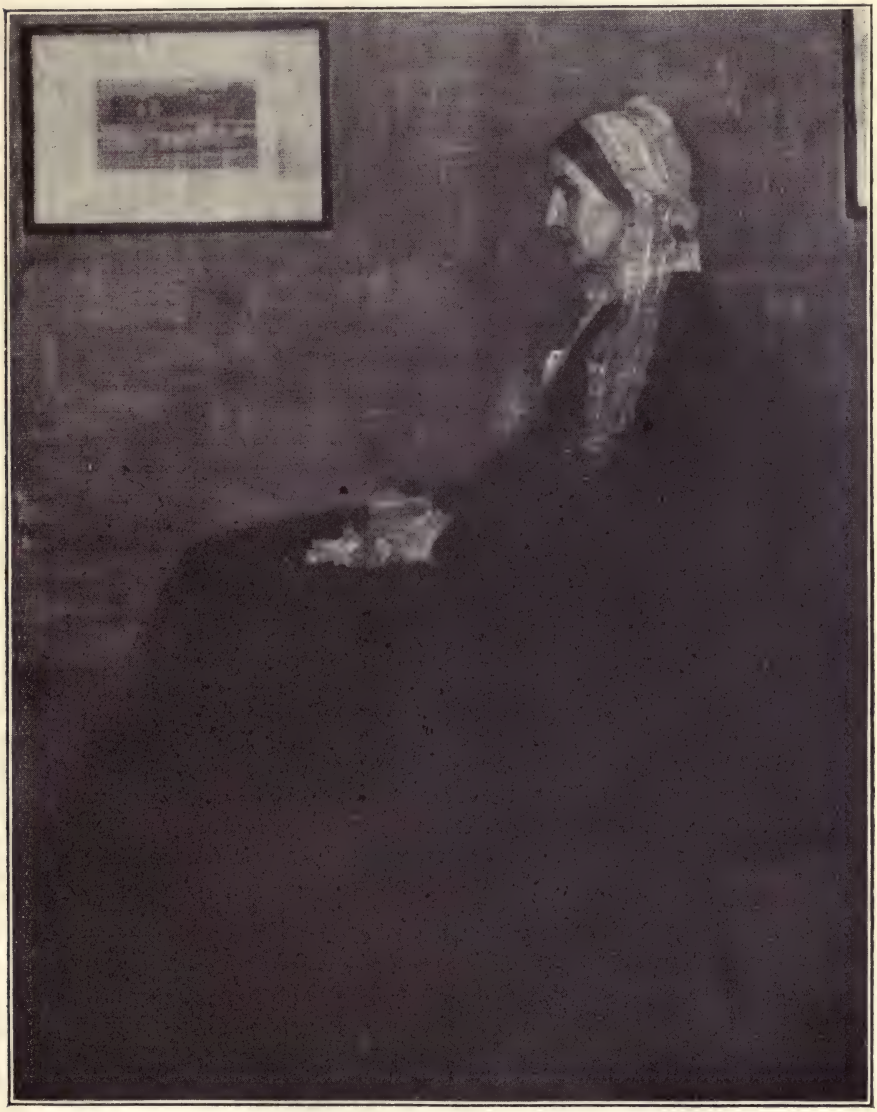
"I have seen and heard much of cockney impudence before now; but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face."

Whistler sued for a thousand pounds damages for libel. During the trial sarcasm and repartee were the order of the day. Lord Harcourt, the lawyer for the defence, asked Whistler if he thought he could explain to one of the uninitiated, a person like himself for example, wherein his Cremorne piece represented fireworks. After regarding attentively, first the canvas, then Lord Harcourt, Whistler replied: "No; it would be as hopeless as pouring music into a deaf man's ears." Although the honors were his in point of rejoinder throughout the trial, the verdict could hardly have been satisfactory. The jury awarded him damages to the amount of one farthing. Nevertheless, his work has stood the test of time, and the public are beginning to perceive wherein it is great. The Portrait of his Mother in the Luxembourg is eloquent of the quietude, serenity, and gentleness of honored old age. There is not a tone in it higher than gray, but we can fancy the odor of lavender floating out from the lace ruffles falling over the slender hands, and we are sure the lady's voice is low-toned and a trifle tremulous. We feel, too, that she would have gently remonstrated with her son for remarking that that picture was "the finest thing in the gallery," even had she shared that estimate, lofty but not prevalent.

In contrast to this "symphony in gray" is Sargent's "Ballet Dancer," gorgeous in yellow skirts, her eyes flashing, her lips smiling, her light weight poised never so airily on the tips of her toes, and all but whirling across the canvas. Sargent is best known as a portrait painter. His method is to begin and finish a portrait, at least in the rough, in one day. After conversing with his subject and noting characteristic expressions and poses, he paints the head in rapidly. If, at the end of the day, he has not caught the likeness, he paints the whole thing out and begins afresh the next. He is said, in one case, to have painted the portrait of a lady twenty-two times before he got what he wanted.

Harrison has a very interesting canvas in the Luxembourg. A boy stands at the stern of a row-boat about to plunge into the cool depths of a dark blue pool overhung by dense foliage. Harrison posed his boy model every evening for two weeks at the end of a boat, while he made a study of him from the shore. After that he went to his studio, took up his colors and began this painting.

Macmonnies has an exquisite group in the gallery of sculpture. He is very popular with art students, and the day after he was decorated with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor the students of the Académie Montparnasse came to his studio similarly bedecked, willing to brave the challenge of a gendarme in their desire to pay a tribute to their master. The organization of the New Salon has encouraged the younger artists. This exhibition takes place every spring in the Palais de l'Industrie.



PORTRAIT OF HIS MOTHER.—*Whistler.*

It is less conservative than the old Salon and has been severely criticised for fostering a tendency towards the extravagant, the bizarre—a tendency already too pronounced in French art.

Every one now aims at a piquant, "original" style, and tries to be a law unto himself. The study of the old masters is more and more neglected, and students turn out surprising and erratic compositions in hopelessly bad taste and quite meaningless, forgetting that a good "style" is but the form in which an idea naturally expresses itself, and when one has no idea to express all styles are equally uninteresting! To invent a new style, in the hope that the public may mistake it for an idea, is foolish; yet a young man painted a girl's head adorned with dark brown tresses, sent it to the New Salon, and got it back with thanks and regrets. Without altering any other detail, he repainted the hair with peroxide of hydrogen or orange chrome, producing a wonderful carroty hue. Under a *nom de plume* he sent it again to the judges, when lo! it was accepted. Ruskin has said: "No great intellectual thing was ever done by great effort. A great thing can only be done by a great man, and he does it without effort." Once in a century comes a genius whose thought outruns the mould of existing forms, and he creates a new style because he must. Wagner did it, Browning did it; but they made their style to fit their ideas, not their ideas to fit their style.

The Impressionist and Plein-Airist schools are to Whistler and Chase what the fugue and sonata forms were to Bach and Beethoven, and the feeble work of would-be rivals makes one sigh for that happy time whereof speaks Mr. Kipling:

"When earth's last picture is painted
  And the tubes are all twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded,
  And the youngest critic has died;
We shall rest, and faith we shall need it,
  Lie down for an æon or two,
Till the Master of all good workmen
  Shall set us to work anew.

"And those who were good shall be happy,
  They shall sit in a golden chair,
And paint on a ten-league canvas,
  With a brush made of comet's hair;
They shall have real saints to draw from,
  Magdalen, Peter, and Paul,
They shall work all day at a sitting,
  And never get tired at all.

"And none but the Master shall praise them,
  And none but the Master shall blame,
And no one shall work for money,
  And no one shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of the doing,
  And each in his separate star
Shall paint the Thing as he sees It,
  For the God of Things as they Are."

I am, nevertheless, loath to see in existing mannerisms and affectations a sign of decadence. This century has been the golden age of modern art, and France its centre. Her artists have held the mirror up to Nature, and never before has she seemed so passing fair. The modern painting, like the modern novel, portrays human life, human passions, pain and joy as they have never before been portrayed. It is humanity longing, suffering, exulting, that lives and breathes on the canvases of Levy, Lenepveu, Cabanel, Bouguereau, Constant, and De Chavannes. True, we miss the spiritual, and look in vain for a Madonna who is aught but a beautiful and winsome woman. It was the glory of the ages of faith to give us those incomparable conceptions of the Madonna, her pure face beaming with "a light that never was on land or sea," the light of her soul enshrined. The fifteenth century was the century of Madonnas, of the Ideal in art. The nineteenth is the century of Men and Women, the century of the Real. Both are great. Need we decide which is greater? Does not each represent the highest point reached by two very opposite systems of thought, and is it not a difference of kind rather than of degree?

CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE.

BY JOHN JOSEPH MALLON.

FLING off the masks, for gowns and placards fail,
Proud Temple paragons—both scribe and sage—
Who trace with guilty hand the sacred page!
Faithless to law, your words o'erweening quail
When speaks Judea's all-wise Son. O frail
And meek-eyed truant Boy, to rank and age
Thy ministry's calm arguments still wage
A storm of wonder! Does naught else prevail?

Wide gaped long since its portal, and the wall,
Battered and crumbling, ruined lies whereto
In youth's white livery Thou didst fulfil
What time destroys not, nor can words undo:
Thou whom the ages yet to be shall call
Young Thought-provoker, Seer inscrutable!

THE RUINS AND EXCAVATIONS OF ANCIENT ROME.*

BY REV. GEORGE McDERMOT, C.S.P.

DR. LANCIANI is professor of ancient topography in the University of Rome, and his reputation as an archæologist is world-wide. In the work before us he proposes to supply to students and travellers a guide to the antiquities of Rome. The excavations that have been carried on up to the present moment have placed before archæologists such an amount of information to extend, to verify, or to control, that in existing historical and archæological works it may be safely said very little more can be learned about the growth of the Roman state, or the life and manners of all classes of the Roman people. Their history, public and domestic, from the foundation of the city until the fall of the Western Empire, passes before us in the illustrations and text of this book like the unrolling of a panorama. The author professes to supply a guide-book to students and travellers, but he unconsciously assumes that students must be travellers to some extent and travellers students to the entire extent. We consider this was unavoidable from the mass of material, and perhaps from the tendency of experts to take it for granted that amateurs are better informed than they really are. At the same time the work can be read by amateurs with advantage. The arrangement of subjects is as favorable to properly understanding them as their number and variety will permit, and the author's style, though sometimes labored, is, upon the whole, illuminated by that scientific imagination which paints in the mind a system of inquiry as distinctly as historical intuition will perceive the meaning of facts of a remote time, or as the poetic fancy will shape the forms by which passion and emotion are to be revealed.

Before entering on the subject which Dr. Lanciani's work suggests to us—the development of Roman society as testified by the remains which lie on and beneath the surface of the great city—we think it right to state that the author, notwithstanding the modesty of his purpose, supplies, even to these advanced students who wish to make Roman archæology a special study, such references to standard works that they can hardly be less indebted to him than are the class of readers he chiefly had in mind. And this means a great deal within the limits to which he has confined himself, for if he were to give all the standard authorities on subjects or parts of subjects in the volume before us, he would simply convert it into a catalogue. This may be seen from these facts. Up to the year 1850 there were a thousand volumes on Roman topography, from the hands of one hundred and twenty-four standard authorities. The number has doubled since. On the River Tiber alone four hundred valuable works were published before 1880, and what may be calculated to take one's breath away is, that in the one year 1891 there were issued on the history and topography of the city four hundred and twenty-four publications of one degree of value or another. When we reflect on the part Rome has played in the history of civilization, we cannot think this evidence of curiosity and the desire to gratify it at all to be regretted.

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*By Rodolfo Lanciani, D.C.L., Oxford, LL.D., Harvard. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The first illustration we have in Dr. Lanciani's work is a map of the ancient city, executed with conspicuous knowledge and fidelity. Everything connected with the topography and hydrography of Rome is illustrated in a manner to make the text impart information to the reader as exactly as if he lived in the time of Augustus and had the same passion for antiquities as the elder Cato or Cicero. Living in the closing years of the nineteenth century and knowing the resources of modern sanitary engineering, we cannot forget how slow cities have been to adopt sanitary reforms. Overcrowded dwellings are still a danger in many European and American cities. In many European cities the drainage is defective and the water-supply inadequate. The same could be said of most American cities in both or one of these respects up to a most recent date. The Romans lived in a walled city—for we may reject consideration of the extra-mural population, both because of its comparatively small number, its more or less floating character, and the more favorable conditions with regard to health under which it lived—but notwithstanding that they lived in a walled city, the public drainage system of the Romans seems to have been efficient. The water-supply is not, upon the whole, surpassed by that of any modern city now; and it was immeasurably beyond that of any modern city until a few years ago. It was made to keep pace with the growth of the population, improving as this increased, so that there can be no question but that, when the number of the inhabitants was highest, Rome had, between what was brought from great distances and that within the local watershed, as liberal a supply as when the wells within the wall of Romulus amply sufficed for the needs of the few shepherds and robbers that formed her earliest inhabitants.

It is wonderful when we look back to the earliest time of the city, guided by memorials of all kinds to be found at different strata, to observe the success with which the first Romans and their successors coped with the constant inundations from their unruly river and with the difficulties inseparable from a site consisting of promontories and isolated hills rising from swamps easily flooded. Embankments and drains, river channels and canals, resisted or directed the rising waters in the only way possible to reduce danger to a minimum; but the frequent sweeping away of bridges, the waves spreading into the adjacent low parts, and sometimes foaming against the sheer cliffs of the hills or washing the more graduated elevations we have called promontories, proved that Father Tiber broke at times from the control of his children. However, we can offer one speaking proof of the triumph of their drainage. In the early period under the kings—assuming the tract of time commonly so-called to be correctly characterized by this title—malaria rested on the lower parts of the city and frequently found its way to the abodes upon the Palatine and other elevations. A temple was erected to Fever, and later on three temples to the same maleficent power testified to the havoc which the malarial situation wrought among the citizens; but a time came when public works on a vast scale and executed with more exact engineering skill obtained the victory. Rome enjoyed almost complete immunity from malaria until the Barbarians, in the fifth century of our Lord, broke aqueducts, choked drains, cut embankments, and thereby turned the levels between the hills once more into a swamp.

The consistent policy of Rome at all times was to make the performance of public works the office of men influenced by a lofty sense of duty and responsible to the state. We have heard so much of farmers of the public revenue, the robberies of proconsuls on a gigantic scale, the smaller spoliations of procurators, the venalty of public men, long before the end of the Republic, that we are tempted to jump to the conclusion that any considerable amount of drainage and water-works, road-making and schemes of colonization, were attempted only a short time before the rise of Marius, and only expanded to an extent commensurate with the greatness of the state after the battle of Actium placed the world at the feet of Augustus. We are tempted for that reason, also, to think that whatever works of the kind were accomplished in the days of the Republic yielded to commissioners and contractors spoils that would match those of a Verres or a Lucullus. How else could the order of knights, a moneyed class, arise? In the time of Marius foreigners were said to believe that everything was sold in Rome—the advocacy of a senator, the justice of the august assembly of the Conscript Fathers, the services of the consuls, the interest of tribunes, the final judgment on appeal of the haughty Plebs itself Yet, for all that, public works were overseen by commissioners with strict integrity, and they would be executed by contractors with fidelity, because these could not receive back the deposit made by them as security for performance until forty years use, in the case of a bridge and analogous constructions, proved the solidity of the work. A like deposit and a like test vindicated fidelity to contracts in other kinds of public work, though at a distance from Rome; whether the work were the making of a new "colonial" road, the raising of an embankment, the drainage of a town just planted, or the building of its market-place. In this universal and constant vigilance we see one cause of that expansion and long term of sovereignty which make the life of Rome for the twelve centuries from Romulus to Augustulus a thing apart in its character from every civilization that had preceded, though in some respects all civilizations had contributed to form it. The very polity of Rome speaks in her public works, as in the conscientious manner of their execution. Solid and enduring as the Seven Hills, they were to last with the rule typified in Jupiter Stator. Nor has that prophetic conception of lasting power been altogether defeated. Wave after wave of invasion swept over the realms she swayed, broke in pieces the monuments she constructed, blotted out her institutions, but her influence still remains. Nations still march along the roads she made, fleets ride in her roadsteads, administration walks in her precedents, the municipal laws of every civilized land rest on her jurisprudence.

Although much of what is called the history of the kings and early consuls is fabulous, still we have in the monuments of all kinds evidences of a growth born of policy and public spirit, ascending through stages from the rule of a robber chief over his banditti to that sovereignty under which 120,000,000 of people lay down in a peace the like of which the world had not known till then, and has not experienced since. The thatched hut of Romulus and the palaces of emperors and patricians stand at the extremes of architectural evolution, as the raids of the robber chief touch one end and the majesty of the Roman peace under Augustus touches the other of political evolution. Our author's system, to a large extent, shows Rome's progress by the method of architectural development. It is history written in monuments of stone and metal, of fresco painting and statuary adorning private houses and public edifices, and these monuments tell much to him who can read them. But this is not the gift of every one called an archæologist, and we have theories apparently framed to attract attention, but without real relation to the details upon which they stand or which they purport to explain. In these we find we have been led by a mirage instead of gazing on a living scene. We can suppose the city looked down upon from the Capitol by Manlius as the Gauls moved in the early dawn, and that he discovered the indistinct masses separating from the houses, trees, and fixed objects of the landscape, and that he could grasp the situation at once without being informed by the cackling of the sacred geese; but we cannot suppose the whole story a fiction invented to account for the title Capitolinus, bestowed upon the man subsequently executed as a traitor because he espoused the cause of the poor. The sack of Rome must have been complete, because all documents, public and private, perished. The Roman annals really date from the restoration of the city after the departure of the Gauls, but there were monuments not lost in the fire and which escaped the destroying hands of the invaders. These were tombs, temples, stone houses, medals, statues, pillars on the highways, or at street corners, which contained inscriptions and reliefs. We have them to read into and control the tradition which Livy has embodied in his history with such effect.

Our author gives incidentally an explanation of the rather long time spent in breaking down the bridge over the Tiber to check the advance of the great array of the Tuscans under Lars Porsena, which the reader will remember is the subject of Macaulay's fine ballad "The Lay of Horatius." His explanation upsets a theory that the whole story, like that of Manlius Capitolinus, is an ætiological legend. The Romans were still too "moral" to use iron implements in the Age of Bronze in repairing or breaking down structures of a quasi-sacred character such as this bridge, which was the oldest in Rome. Apart from any historical value, the suggestion has interest as a circumstance in the study of the origin of religion and social development generally. But without saying the historical character of the story is entirely rehabilitated by Dr. Lanciani's valuable bit of archaic information, we think there is enough in the whole matter to prevent us from rejecting Horatius even as a myth; while we hold it criticism run mad to maintain that the defence of the approach while the bridge was being broken down is all a fiction. We have the high authority of our author for the existence of the bridge long before that time; to that we add the statue in the Comitium, the grant of land to Horatius, and the double current of tradition keeping the main facts of the defence of the bridge, while differing only in dividing the glory of the achievement; and these, we hold, are elements sufficient to support a story whose main features are characteristic of the tone and temper of early Roman feeling.

We might point out, from the instance of another bridge mentioned by Dr. Lanciani, the process by which historical criticism, working in an opposite direction, attains results that are not always to be relied upon. There is no mention of the Bridge of Agrippa in histories, medals, monuments, coins, inscriptions of any kind. No one ever heard of it until the recent discovery of a stone cippus containing an elaborate inscription of an order of Tiberius, in which the name of the bridge appears as one of the limits of an area included in the order. Now, if perchance a writer like Tacitus mentioned that an event happened in the reign of Tiberius at the Bridge of Agrippa, the suggestion of severe criticism, if at all favorable, would be that the historian assigned the incident to the wrong place. But if other points in the narrative showed that, whether there was a bridge there or not, the writer meant this spot and no other, severe criticism would reject the passage as spurious if it stopped there, instead of treating the entire work as a forgery of a later age. If we had space, we could show that a number of plausible theories would spring to life from such a passage, no two of them agreeing. There would be the theory of an interpolated passage in a genuine writer of the time; there would be that of a forgery of the middle ages, notwithstanding that the work was in the Latin of the last days of the Auggustan age; there would be a theory that the passage referred to an event that must have happened after the first years of Caracalla, because he built a bridge there; there would be a theory that there was a Tacitus of the time of Caracalla who possessed for that reign the sources of knowledge, and the way of employing them, that his prototype enjoyed for the early Cæsars.

Passing, however, from the question of critical theories, we recall our readers' attention to our statement that the Hut of Romulus (Domus Romula) gives us an idea of the stage of social development which the founder of Rome and its first settlers had reached. We may interpose that what was called the Hut of Romulus was the habitation of his foster-father, Faustulus, who received him and his brother, Remus, and brought them up there, as the old legend tells. Viewed in this way it is justly described as the Hut of Romulus, and, of course, would appeal more directly to the descendants of "the wolf-bitch brood," that would die hard when overpowered by numbers, like the wolf among the dogs, until all foes found, as Pyrrhus had found, that a victory was as costly as a defeat. Until the middle of the fourth century of the Christian era the hut was preserved by periodical renewals of the thatched roof and wooden frame-work. But it was not the only type of prehistoric dwelling preserved through the influence of sacred traditions. There was the other hut of Romulus on the Capitol, and the similar prehistoric structures, one group called the chapels of the Argæi, and the structure known as the Focus of Vesta. The same words were applied to all of them: "they were made of woven osiers or straw," "they were covered with straw," "they were made of reeds and straw."

All traces of these have disappeared except the foundations of the hut referred to as that of Faustulus. These were discovered not long since in that area rising from the steps of Cacus, and within which stand the ruined arches that formed the substructures of the palaces of Tiberius, Gaius, and Germanicus. Within less than a bow-shot of each other we thus find memorials of the two extremes of architectural, and consequently of social, development. The foundations of the Hut of Romulus (Faustulus) are blocks of tufa forming a parallelogram thirty feet long and seventeen feet wide; but these, of course, were placed as a pedestal, or rather platform, to preserve the memorial associated with profound national and religious memories. By themselves, then, they would be rather calculated to mislead than guide the historical imagination in reconstructing the hut—for the shape must have been that of an ellipse and not of a rectangle—but they afford proof of the tradition that the House of Romulus stood there until the middle of the fourth century. The House of Romulus, clearly, had a definite shape, which architects recognized as distinctly as they would one of the orders of architecture. The Romans brought it with them to foreign lands, and accordingly we find, from inscriptions in Proconsular Africa, that a tomb built in the shape of this elliptic hut is described as a Hut of Romulus. In connection with this matter we may mention a very interesting discovery in the necropolis of Alba Longa, in the year 1817. There was found the model of a hut made in clay by an Alban shepherd about the time of Romulus which gives the type perfectly. Already the plastic skill by which the Etruscans were distinguished above the other Latin tribes must have penetrated the dwellers of the wild regions of the lower Tiber; and this suggests the idea that a degree of social advancement had been reached when Romulus appeared to infuse that policy into his followers which in succeeding ages stamped itself upon the civilized world. Of course we only offer it as a suggestion, but to the philosophical mind which recognizes how much epochs depend on men, it cannot be without some force.

Putting aside, then, consideration of the steps of evolution, we shall close this article with a word or two about the palaces whose remains are near the foundations of the Hut of Romulus. We assume that the highest stage had been reached. We do not believe in an indefinite advancement through purely natural agencies, any more than we accept the theory that the rise of Rome was due to the extinction of the individual in the state, and not to the possession of great natural virtues in successions of distinguished men, and to a somewhat elevated moral standard among the people at large, on which the exceptional virtues of those distinguished men acted with great power until the era of luxury set in to sap the virtue of both patrician and plebeian. Not believing in such unlimited advancement, we hold that the culminating period was attained when Augustus could sit in his room—*locus in edito*, as Suetonius called it—and see below and afar the transformation of the great city from brick to marble going on before his eyes. From that moment no improvement was possible except in those things which ministered to a luxurious refinement.

Accordingly the palaces of the Roman nobles became museums for everything that was rare and costly in art, their table a feast in which invention was exhausted on what every sea and land contributed of its best. The group of buildings we are to speak about communicated with each other and with the palace of Augustus. Of this last we shall say nothing; nothing of its great entrance, of its Temple of Apollo, its Portico of the Danaides; its Greek and Latin libraries, forming one section, as Ovid would say, dedicated to Apollo; of its Shrine of Vesta, forming another section; of the imperial quarters, filled with the master-pieces of Greek, Tuscan, and Roman genius, forming the third section, and which, the same courtly poet would tell us, was the part reserved by the Imperator for himself.

We shall take as a type the beautiful house of Germanicus, the beloved of the people. Most probably its state of preservation is due to this love. On entering the part of the house used for reception, you did so by an inclined vestibule paved with mosaic, and found yourself in a forecourt (atrium) with a like pavement. The altar of the domestic gods was there, and we may assume that statues of the ancestors stood in niches. Opposite you three halls opened, one on the left divided by slender columns, around the shafts of which ivy and vines are festooned. The central hall, you will find, is adorned with columns like the one you have just looked into, but the frescoes on the walls must take possession of your soul for the interest of their subjects, if you are a Roman of the first century, and for the design and execution, if you have as much taste even as that cave-dweller who carved with such spirit on the walls of his home the great beasts who were his contemporaries. It is impossible to convey the impression produced upon us even in the guide-book tones of Dr. Lanciani. The picture in the Induction to the "Taming of the Shrew," or the life and movement so manifold and wonderfully wrought by the workman Vulcan on the shield of Achilles, will give an idea of how the incidents of this scene are made to live. It is one in the life of Polyphemus—a long-drawn-out agony and rage, relieved with suggestions of humor and softness, acted in a Sicilian sea with a background of rocky coast.

There are other pictures; one interesting to the student of social science—a street-scene with houses of many stories on either side. A woman, followed by her attendant, knocks at one of the doors, and four or five figures appear at the windows or on the balconies to make sure who is seeking for admittance. Now, to the sociologist the very high houses convey a suggestion of insanitary conditions, but to us the charm of the association lies in the touch of humor and fancy, showing that the artist of the first century had a mind and a hand like Hogarth, and the Romans of the time tastes like our own, so that we are all of the one human kind, countryman or stranger, bond or free, prehistoric men who drew their moods of laughter with fishbones steeped in some unmanufactured dye, as well as those who tell them to-day with the last aids of art. With these words we leave the work in our readers' hands.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

St. Luke ii. 21.

THE red cloud in the sky at morn's first light
Presage of coming tempest doth disclose:
The red dawn of to-day's mysterious Rite
Christ's Passion-storm of blood and death foreshows.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

THREE CHRISTMAS EVES.

BY AGNES ST. CLAIR.

I.

"MARSE EGLETON, Miss Fanny. I ast him in de parlor 'cause you was busy in here, and I reckoned you'd want to primp and friz some 'fore you seed him."

A young woman, slight and fair, turned quickly from the picture about which she was twining holly and mistletoe branches as a grizzled old colored man thus unceremoniously announced her visitor.

"Bring him right in, Uncle Regulus. It is too cold in that room for any mortal being. There hasn't been a spark of fire in there to-day."

Frances tucked under the sofa-pillow the apron she had worn, and her fingers played a moment among the bright curls over her brow.

"Miss Fanny, you gwine spile dat man 'fore you marry him. Lawd knows what you gwine do ater'ards."

"In the meantime you'll let him freeze in that cold parlor. I shall tell him how disrespectfully you speak of him, and see how much 'Christmas' you'll get to-morrow," laughed Frances, balancing a sprig of holly, red with berries, above the picture of her *fiancé*.

"Guess Marse Egleton carries fire 'nough long o' him 'thout needing kindlin'-wood and matches. Bless yo' heart, missy, you kin spile him and count on me to keep de fire up. Gwine bring in a back-log now." And, beaming with faithful pride in the beauty of the "chile" he had "toted 'fore she cou'd wark," Uncle Regulus hobbled off.

"Determined to cheat old winter of dreariness, Lady-bird?"

"Clarence! I am *so* glad you are home for Christmas; it seems an age since you left."

Two trembling white hands were clasped in two strong ones, and the love-light flashed from brown eyes to gray. Then Clarence looked upon his photograph opposite where they stood, and the pleasure brightening his smile as he noted the tribute of decoration told how perfect he felt his welcome.

"Now for a cozy chat. Aunt is out making last-moment purchases, and the children are at grandma's, so that Santa Claus may have more freedom here. I've dressed dolls and worked book-marks till my fingers ache." (The strong fingers soothingly stroked the tiny weary ones.) "You will not mind the bits of holly and the general disorder of the room?"

"INDEED, I'VE BEEN REALLY JEALOUS."

"Chaos would be delightful if I found you in its midst. Ah! little Frances, if you knew how dreary I have felt in crowded drawing-rooms, with all their magnificence, because *you* were not there!"

"Indeed, I've been really jealous when reading your letters that told of receptions, dinners, and other gaieties, for I feared you would not leave them till the Christmas season closed. We can offer you but the merest shadow of festivity here."

"One carol warbled by my nightingale is more to me than all New York's orchestras. But, dear, you, with your great love for harmony, would revel in such music as one hears there; and when you yield yourself entirely to my will we shall enjoy it together. For this I thank Uncle Reuben's choice of me as his heir. His money will buy such pleasures for my Frances!"

Then the two drifted back again to talk of their own living romance. The breaking oak-sticks on the hearth and consequent shower of sparks recalled them to practical life, and Clarence, remembering relatives and friends yet unadvised of his return, went forth into the gathering darkness, promising to call after tea to bring gifts for the little ones. Frances stood watching his retreating figure till it was lost in shadow, then throwing open the shutters, she looked for the hundredth time on the beauty without, so witching because of its novelty in this semi-southern land. Often, in the eastern portion of the Old North State, the young folk are quite perturbed on account of the dangers besetting Santa Claus' frail sleigh in the snowless fields. But this year stubble and rocks and ruts were buried deep, while gate-posts, well-sweeps, and bird-houses were like magic sculptures. The evergreens wore crystal spangles and powdered crests. Oaks, myrtles, and mimosas were steel-clad, and the clash of armor broke the twilight stillness as the spirits of air sported among their branches. Merry children strayed past, pelting each other with snow-balls and hurrahing for the old woman in the clouds who scattered her goose feathers so liberally. Busy men hurried on, anxious to reach home ere night, and dodging the white missiles, lest some precious gift hidden in great-coat pocket should suffer. Frances saw in a humble country couple, plodding through the cold, reminders of Joseph and Mary the blessed, and the loveliness seemed gone from the snowy, frosted landscape because of the suffering such weather brought the poor. Many warm garments and simple toys, with palatable food, she had that day borne to homes which but for her had known no Christmas joys, yet she felt in that moment as if the comfort of her home, the happiness of the great love that filled her life, rendered her unworthy to rank among the followers of the

Babe born in a stable, laid in a manger; and from her heart rose the prayer, "Lord, give me to prove I love thee above all. Show me what thou wouldst have me do."

A jingle of bells broke on her reverie. From the sleigh grandpa had improvised, by putting a light-wagon body on runners, two little maidens and a sturdy boy sprang, waving adieus to the dusky charioteer, and turned, racing up the broad walk, their winsome faces radiant with the pleasures of that day and expectancy of to-morrow. Opening the door before they reached it, Frances was scarce able to withstand the impetus of their entrance as the trio struggled for first kiss.

She led her cousins into the library, asking their help in completing decorations there and gathering up the *débris*. They begged a story, and she told them of the dear St. Francis, his great love for the Babe of Bethlehem and the little ones in whom he saw that Babe Divine; how, forsaking all, he lived the life of the Crucified, and how the Master of hearts made men and beasts subject to his faithful servant, so that even the wolves obeyed him and birds gathered to hear him preach. She promised that next Christmas she would make for them a crib such as St. Francis was wont to build—a Christmas carol which the tiny child, the untaught youth, and illiterate old age could read perhaps better than learned clerks.

"Isn't it funny none of those folks live nowadays?" soliloquized Roy.

"What folks, Roy?" asked little Nell.

"Why, the kind that give up everything and live like St. Francis, to prove they choose what Christ chose."

"St. Francis has many imitators in the world. The Franciscan monks are his sons, the Poor Clares his daughters. These practise mortifications which make the flesh creep as we think of them. But, unfortunately for us, none of his children have their home in our State," said Frances.

"Suppose you, Roy, set example for the rest of us—become a Franciscan and give your fortune, if you get one, to found a monastery here," suggested his twin sister, saucy Janet.

"You'd never see the good of it all if I did, Miss Vanity-love-my-ease. But I say, Fran, if you knew that, though God didn't demand it of you, he really would rather have you do something of that kind, think you could leave all of us?"

"I hope, with God's grace, I should be strong enough.

Without his special help I could not, for I cannot even in thought leave my happy home among you darlings."

"Except for a happier one with Clarence. Wish the jolly old fellow would come back," said Roy.

"He was here this afternoon, and will return after tea."

"Hurrah! There is the bell now. Let's hurry and get through. Remember, Fran, when you feel inspired to don the robes of religion, choose me for your father director." Roy bowed low as he opened the dining-room door and stepped aside "to let the ladies pass."

Two hours later the children said "Good-night," for once in the year without a murmur.

Roy whispered to Janet, as they passed up stairs, he felt something hard and suggestive of well-bound books as he struck against Clarence's overcoat pocket in the rush of welcome.

Janet thought it might be "one of those lovely manicure cases he said he'd see if he could find in New York."

Twelve silvery strokes pealed from Frances' little clock as she rose from her knees, thanking God for one happy Christmas Eve.

II.

"And *this* is your decisive answer, Frances?"

"It must be, Clarence."

"Thus, having played with me, fondled me, amused yourself with my love as with your poodle, you cast me off more heartlessly than you would him?"

The slight form trembled, but no word of reply rose to Frances' lips. Ashamed of his unmanliness, and urged to repair his fault by the same passionate love that had caused it, he drew near and, lifting her hand, thought to hold it as of old; but the girl quickly withdrew it. His ring no longer sparkled there, his right was denied. The repentant tenderness could not be turned back even by this act; nay, her shrinking but made it stronger.

"Frances, forgive me! Remember last Christmas Eve! Everything in this room recalls its happiness. The thought that such bliss was only a dream maddens me. Tell me it was no dream—that you, my life, *are* mine, that you have not cast me away!"

"Oh! Clarence, it is you who cast aside that happiness; you who voluntarily relinquish every blessed gift which made that Christmas Eve so bright."

"HE TURNED, AND HIS ONLY RESPONSE WAS THE CLICK OF THE CLOSING DOOR."

"I merely threw aside the shackles of superstition—you I never thought to lose. The love I gave you then is stronger now. Though I long to have you share the freedom that is mine, I swear never to obtrude it on you; while rejoicing in my own liberty, I vow never to place obstacles in the way of your practising any mummery you hold dear or holy. Frances, can you not believe me?"

"Even in your protestations of love you scoff at what is most sacred to me; your very oath-bound promise of tolerance in regard to my religious practices is blasphemy. It is better, Clarence, we should part now. God knows I love none but him better than you; but I must choose between him and you. You cast him off, you strive to draw others to a denial of his very existence; you could, in time, but scorn one whose only hope is in him. I have prayed this chalice might pass—he wills I drain it to the dregs. Do not add to its bitterness. When you come to me with *Credo* on your lips, *Credo* welling from your heart, then will I listen to you—then my measure of joy will be full. Till then, farewell!"

He turned, and his only response was the click of the closing door.

As on that other Christmas Eve, she stood behind closed blinds and watched him till the dusk hid him from her burning eyes. Each foot-fall, as it echoed from the frozen ground over which no beautiful snow spread dazzling carpet, seemed to her the thud of clods upon a coffin, the burial of life's joy. Tortured by the simile she could not banish, she lay on the sofa hiding her face in the pillow; not thinking, not weeping, not praying in the accepted meaning of the word; only suffering, with a mighty longing to unite her pain with His who bowed in bitter agony beneath Gethsemane's olives.

She did not move when the door opened, nor when her aunt, tenderly embracing her, whispered, "My poor little one!" In that moment a current of sympathy swept from heart to heart which during three years of close and amiable relations had never really known each other. Family circumstances which had severed her long-dead mother from her relatives through Frances' childhood, had brought it about that she had been left for some time an orphan in the charge of strangers, so that when she came at last to her aunt's house it was scarcely home to her. She was a diffident child, naturally reserved; but her reticence was intensified by the secret fact that her young mind associated with her new-found relative all the sorrow of her childhood. Her aunt pitied her and showered on her every comfort of a well-appointed home. Kind words alone were addressed to the orphan, but none gave the sympathy, the spontaneous love, which only could have melted the icy reserve of her lonely young heart. No one dreamed she suffered, yet her life was as lonely as if she lived in a desert. She was cheerful, for she appreciated the generosity of her relatives and the advances of their friends; yet she moved among them without becoming one of them. Later, the frank, warm affection of her little cousins won her deep love; but not till to-night had her heart met her aunt's. Over sorrow's sea they drifted, at last, together.

Clarence's love had burst on her life as a golden glory melting every barrier by its sympathetic warmth. Now that it was torn from her, God sent this milder tenderness to support her through the gloom. When the night had wept itself away and the Christmas bells were again silent, Mrs. Weir told Frances how she had, years before, passed through the sorrow of renouncing the first deep love of her life in obedience to filial duty. Frances knew no second love would ever heal *her* heart, but she was stronger because there was by her one who had suffered too; and all for Him, since all duty is of God.

III.

A crowd of young people awaited at the station the coming of the south-bound train. They were a merry party, yet through their mirth ran a minor strain that told of parting, sad even to youth.

"O Janet! you know you do not mean *never* to come back. I would be heart-broken to think it."

"Of course she will come back, and soon too," spoke Fred Merton. "I wager a box of the best French sweetmeats I lead the New Year german with her."

"Takes more than one to decide that, old man. You may be cut out and have to take a side stand."

"Not afraid, Adonis, if your shadowy down *is* fascinating some of our beauties."

"Well, I put a silk cravat made by my own fingers beside the sweetmeats, that Janet helps me receive at my Christmas party. Who'll bet to the contrary?"

"I, for the pleasure it will give me to glove those fingers. Two pair twelve-button kids against the tie. Of course you'll win, Miss Floy; but you'll make me the tie, won't you?"

"Doesn't anybody dare take up my sweets?"

"I will, Cousin Fred. I have to give you a birthday souvenir on New Year anyway, so, a smoking-set against the confections," replied Mae, her voice trembling despite her assumed mirth. The shrill, warning whistle of the locomotive, as it swung round the sudden curve some five hundred yards north of the station startled all, and a general hand-shaking ensued.

One more embrace from Mae the disconsolate, and Janet sprang after Frances on the little platform of the car. Swift adieus through the window, and she was whirled away southward.

Bright, for our frolicksome Janet, had been the ten years since we last saw her. Fond of amusement, talented, fascinating, society had welcomed her entrance into its fairy realm, crowning her queen of all revels. At first she exulted in her triumphs, but flattery soon palled on her ear. Her heart was too pure to find joy in such vanities. Like the dove that found not whereupon to rest its foot, she returned to the ark that had sheltered her girlhood—the convent wherein "Aunt Olive" had prepared for her First Communion. In her sorrow, Frances had found the gentle, confiding love of Janet a great comfort, while the child's merry moods diverted her mind from sad thoughts. Unable to speak with one so young of her later trouble, Frances dwelt with her on earlier losses, and one evening in the late summer told the story of her mother's convent girlhood and after life.

Mr. and Mrs. Weir were just then debating whither to send the child to pursue her education. Janet begged to go to the Ursulines, who had instructed "Aunt Olive." As Mr. Weir had relatives in New Orleans, no objections arose. When, two years after leaving school, Janet asked her parents' sanction to the consecration of her life to God in that same convent, her father insisted she should defer such action one year, till she should be of legal age. She bore the probation in such cheerful submission that he hoped ere it was over she would have relinquished her idea of becoming a *religieuse*, and gratify his worldly pride by accepting the life he planned for her, his heart's darling. But when, on her twenty-first birthday, she renewed her petition, he granted the permission without any visible reluctance, for his love of her was too holy and too unselfish to oppose God's designs or stay her happiness.

So he grieved silently and alone in the little study, full of souvenirs of her loving thought for his comfort and pleasure, while she was borne hourly further from him. Nor was her heart free from tender pain as she thought of the parents thus left. 'Twas no earthly love had lured her from them. Only He who demanded the sacrifice could have given her strength to consummate it.

Silently Janet and Frances sat side by side, each lost in thoughts blended with prayer, as through the deepening twilight the train sped on.

It was Sunday, bright and warm. Frances and Janet were walking to the convent, which was but a few blocks from the house of Janet's aunt, with whom they had spent the three days since their arrival. They spoke but of the priceless blessing Janet felt to be hers, the inestimable grace of vocation to the religious life. As they passed a church, a woman of beautiful features but wild expression stood suddenly in front of them, and, looking earnestly into Janet's face, asked: "Are you the Lady Clare? They told me she was very beautiful and very rich. Tell me, are you called Lady Clare?"

Janet answered kindly "No," and gave her name. The woman, who was, they saw, demented, turned away repeating, "If I come dressed as village maid," etc.

At the convent they asked if any knew of such a character as had interrupted their walk, and were told the poor woman had been in infancy adopted by a family prominent in the social circles of the city. When in her twentieth year she was on the eve of marriage with a young man who had been her lover from childhood. But just a week before the wedding day her father died suddenly and intestate. He had never legally made the child his heiress, and of his large fortune she received but a pittance, doled out to her in the name of charity by distant relatives of the deceased, who were his only heirs. Mr. Fonteau had loved Madelon as a daughter, and his neglect to secure to her the fortune he intended should be no other's was but the consequence of an over-confident and procrastinating temperament. The relatives of the groom-elect declared he should never marry a penniless woman. He knew he could not afford to do so unless he sacrificed his ease to earn for her the support he had in reality expected from her. To such sacrifice his love was not equal. Madelon had at first bore all with a calmness born of numbing grief in the bitter loss of her idolized father. But as the weary months passed into years, and her health failed under labors and privations so new to her, her mind grew weaker and weaker, till there seemed left of it but a memory of the sad past. Tennyson's "Lady Clare" had been a favorite poem of hers, and often in the sunny days when Victor told her of undying love she had read it again and again, almost wishing fate would test the devotion she felt was true as Ronald's.

The winter advanced, but Frances lingered in the south. Janet's clothing was fixed for Holy Innocents', and till then Frances declared she could not leave.

'Twas Christmas Eve again, and throngs of devout men, women, and children crowded around the confessionals, eager to hear the blessed words "Go in peace!"

Frances came from the confessional with the fulness of peace reflected on her calm brow and breathing through her half-parted lips. A man, rising to enter as she passed out, glanced at her, and fell again to his knees as if arrested by some sudden apparition. Later, emerging from the sacred tribunal, he looked around as in search of some one. Espying Frances a distance up the aisle, he knelt near till she rose to go; then followed a little behind. In the vestibule they were alone. He softly whispered "*Credo!*"

She started, then, extending her hand, calmly answered "Clarence."

"Frances, were you aware I was in the city? Have you heard from home in the last ten days?"

"I had heard nothing, Clarence, and when you spoke I was at first startled, but not surprised. I have always hoped, even in the darkest hour, that you would return to God, and of late years I have *known* it. I asked not to *see* it, but, oh! I am very happy God granted me the consolation."

"I was home a fortnight ago, but asked the friends there not to tell you, as I wished myself to bring you proof of my repentance of the past. Illness detained me a week in Atlanta. I reached New Orleans to-day, and sought you at your uncle's. He told me you were at the convent, and would probably remain till late. The Jesuits have been my confessors since my conversion, and wishing to communicate to-morrow, I entered their church to prepare, never thinking *you* waited my coming."

"How was it, Clarence, that God called you back, not to belief in him alone, but in all he has revealed to his Holy Catholic Church?"

"By the persistent whispering of the still, small voice; by the constant showers of grace your prayers, my little woman, obtained for me. There are more things wrought by patient, hopeful, trusting prayer than this world dreams of, my Frances."

"I could not always pray; words forsook me when I tried to utter my longing. Ceremonies often wearied, but I hoped. I did trust Him, and I felt He heard the voice of my longing."

"My conversion was a miracle wrought, as your prayer was uttered, or rather *breathed*, in silence. No eloquence of sacred oratory, no grandeur of ritual, no phenomenon of terrific storm, as in case of St. Norbert, nor of sudden death to friend beside me, drew me from my sinful pride and folly. Some one, God himself, spoke to my soul, and I said within my heart, truly 'tis the fool hath said 'There is no God'! The evil one would not let me return at once to my Father's house. Doubts arose, pride cavilled, human respect fought hard, the intellect refused long to obey. I sought the aid of prayer, and the direction of ministers and doctors. 'Twas a Jesuit gave me most satisfaction in clearing away the difficulties pride of intellect raised up—a man full of the spirit of Christ, of sympathy with human frailty and love for sinners; one who separated the offender from the offence, and loved the one while he hated the other."

"They two will wed, the morrow morn. God's blessing on the day!"

A slight figure disappeared in the darkness of an alley they were passing. Clarence looked in wonder after it, half credulous of supernatural apparitions. Frances told him the melancholy story of Madelon. As he listened a prayer of thanksgiving went up from his heart that *one* had passed through fire but to come forth more beautiful.

"Sweetheart, can it not be as the poor creature prophesied?"

"Not so soon, Clarence; let us give to God the season so entirely his, and with his blessing we may seek our happiness two weeks later."

"I have kept you waiting ten long years, and now rebel that you delay our union two weeks! But, my queen, I yield obedience for the time named. Extend it at the known risk of revolt, and I say not what the consequence will be!"

"Remembering who is to obey for the time to come, I think, sir, you could more gracefully accept the subordinate position for so short a period. Ah! they are wondering I am so late returning. See, the hall door stands open to bid you welcome home."

As together they entered the church near the weird midnight hour, each silently thanked God for the peace and joy brought to them on this sweet Christmas Eve.

SAVONAROLA—MONK, PATRIOT, MARTYR.

BY F. M. EDSELAS.

ONE of our most brilliant writers, referring to Washington, says: "It is an act, not alone of piety but of polity to resurrect every few years, from the graves in which time has laid them, the memories of the great. . . . It is a law of anthropology that a great man is never alien to any people, nor absolute to any age. The qualities which made him conspicuous above the men of his time are such as appeal to all humanity. . . . In the midst of turmoil and distraction a few quiet and Titanic men have stood unafraid. No thunder of threatened catastrophe could daunt them, no tidal wave of impulse sweep them from their feet; no whirlwind of the soul carry them from the rock of honor on which they stood."

Thus might with equal truth be eulogized Fra Girolamo Savonarola, Prior of San Marco's Dominican Convent in Florence. The age that gave this man birth was indeed a marvellous one, an age of greatness telling on character, deeds, and destiny; one in which nations are forged out to govern, defend, and perpetuate their commonwealths. Men of letters and of art were there, of science and invention; architects who immortalized themselves in massive structures of stone and marble; artists who wrought with deft fingers marvels of delicacy and beauty, winning and holding the world's admiration for all time. Scientists, too, were seen utilizing nature's secrets for the benefit of their brother-man, and chaining her tremendous forces laying blindly around—the master becoming the servant.

Yet with all this material prosperity the dawn of the Renaissance was none the less an era setting at defiance law and order, while morality and religion served as a mask for the basest crimes and the most daring plots against church and state. Such epochs demand men energized with the one supreme aim of rendering religion—the Christian religion—a reality and necessity above all other aims and endeavors; men surcharged with the elemental virtues of right and justice, representative types of stalwart honesty and manly courtesy, fearless in denouncing evil as in upholding good; and possessing with these essentials a substratum of common sense and intense devotion to the cause in hand.

Stormy indeed have been the eras marking Italian history. But of that history Italia may well be proud through those that made its fame, the record bearing such names as Arnold of Brescia, Dante, and Savonarola—a triumvirate unparalleled by any other nation. Yielding a wide margin for difference of character and principles, Arnold may well be styled the antitype of the great Florentine monk, his course and fate being similar. The mould in which he was cast doubtless owed much to Abelard, the instructor of Pope Celestine II., Peter of Lombardy, Béranger, and other notables, developing an energy of genius so imperatively needed for periods rife with perils and difficulties, appalling souls less dauntless than his own. The Guelphs and Ghibellines, ever in conflict, brought desolation and ruin upon the country at frequent intervals during this thirteenth century. Ruler and ruled, swayed by their baser instincts, roused the fiery zeal of St. Bernard of Clairvaux, who poured forth his burning eloquence and scathing rebuke as he said: "The whole nation, nursed in mischief, has never learned the lesson of doing good. Adulation and calumny, perfidy and treason, are the familiar acts of their policy."

Similar must have been the state of affairs in the following century, when the Bianchi and the Neri again stirred up the people to bitter conflict. Dante, espousing the cause of the former—the poor and oppressed—fearlessly sounded the note of warning in those inspired odes which place him among the immortals in poetic song, with impassioned beauty and thrilling melody striking the key-note of liberty and eternal justice as ever working for the good of the common people.

With the lapse of more than a century we meet the last of this famous trio, Savonarola, his only earthly heritage being a noble ancestry, though marvellously dowered by heaven.

While yet a mere lad, Savonarola realized the sad condition of his country, and the still sadder fate awaiting it if thorough reforms were not at once brought about. He knew too well that this planet of ours had not been framed for the lasting convenience of hypocrites, libertines, and tyrants; hence divine justice must soon avenge the wrongs of his chosen people. With strong hope, born of implicit faith, he felt convinced that from this fearful chaos might be wrought out for his beloved Italy a destiny more glorious than that of imperial Rome, even in her palmiest days. To one of his strong and impetuous nature, seeing an evil was but the prelude to its removal. Hence, with the dawn of manhood, fired with zeal for this his life-work, the world at once lost all charms for him, and at the age of twenty-three we find him leaving home unknown to his family, and with his little pack wending his way to the Dominican Convent at Bologna, where he applied for admission as a lay-brother.

Received in that capacity, he remained seven years, passing from the humble state of servant to that of novice-master. Then he appeared as a preacher at Ferrara, his native place. But as honor seldom attends one in his own country, success did not await him; his countrymen knew more than he could tell them. Shaking the natal dust from his feet, he wended his course to Brescia, Pavia, and Genoa, where friends were not wanting; thence to Florence—magnificent Florence, destined to witness his brilliant career and his heroic martyrdom! Cordially welcomed by the Dominican friars at the Convent of San Marco, he soon proved himself worthy, by right of his rare gifts and sanctity, to take a high rank in that famous order.

With keen intuition, Fra Girolamo realized that the life of Italy was in jeopardy, not so much from its declared foes as from the decline of moral principles. No less surely did he also realize that the justice of God was like his kingdom; "it might not be without him as a fact, but all the more would it be within him as an intense longing." With luminous insight, he saw visions beyond our ken, and heard orders of divine authority we might not hear. If his body was a vial of intense existence, his soul was no less a dynamo of tremendous power kept ever fully charged.

Lorenzo de' Medici, the Magnificent, then at the zenith of his power, saw his enemies crushed beneath his feet, the mob and rabble being won over by *fêtes* and pleasures in every form, while religion was but a name, a mere cloak and tool for power and base hypocrisy. Villari draws the curtain when he says: "There was no faith in civil affairs, in religion, in morals, or in philosophy. Even scepticism did not exist with any degree of earnestness. A cold indifference to principles reigned throughout the land." Character-building was now to be wrought upon a deeper, broader basis. Little does the world know the worth of God's messengers at the time of their advent. Wonder and admiration endorse the *consummatum est* of some glorious event, yet the beneficiaries seldom realize the humble source that gave it birth. Still unknowns may have played a more important part in the world's betterment than the so-called immortals whose names are heralded to the ends of the earth. Thus was it with the despised, persecuted monk—Savonarola.

Lorenzo, knowing too well the powerful opponent he had in the eloquent Dominican, tried by persuasion, gifts, and even threats, to checkmate his movements at every point; but without avail. Dimly did the haughty ruler comprehend the grandeur of soul enshrined in the humble, white-frocked monk. About this time elected prior of San Marco, more earnestly than ever did he labor for the one supreme purpose of his life—purity of religion and government for Florence. Already had he noticed the dark cloud rising in the west portending the invasion of Charles VIII. of France, that new Cyrus, whose army sweeping over the country might purify it from iniquity and corruption. In the trail of the previous year, 1492, we can plainly trace the approaching crisis. At its dawn, Lorenzo de' Medici, powerful though he had been, could not resist the approach of that stern messenger to whom the mightiest must yield. Knowing that his illness was mortal, he retired to his Villa Corregi. Then thoughts of his God, and that religion so long neglected, faced him like a terrible spectre. What should he do, and whither turn in this hour of swift peril?

Not one could be found true to him who most needed help. "None of them," he said, "ever ventured to utter to me a resolute 'No.'" Then, recalling Savonarola, the dying prince added: "Let him be summoned without delay." The man of God responded and entered the chamber of death.

"I have sent for you, father," said Lorenzo, "for my need is very great. My soul is stifled with the memory of my shameful, wasted life. Three terrible sins must be confessed: the sacking of Volterra, the money taken from the Monte di Pietà, and the blood shed at the conspiracy of the Pazzi."

"It is well, my son," replied the Frate; "but three things are also requisite before I can give you absolution. First, that you be truly penitent and have a lively faith in God's mercy; second, that you restore all your unjust gains; third, that you give liberty of church and state to Florence." Lorenzo heard, but heeded not. Turning from the holy friar, he died as he had lived, unrepentant and unabsolved.

With wonderful tact and diplomacy, born of a shrewd and dominating character, the prince had held in check the smouldering jealousy so long rife between Naples and Florence, Rome and Milan. Each in turn feared the other three, and the quartette, with the lesser states of Italy, were held in abeyance by Venice, through dread of what she might even then be plotting against them. And well might they fear, for was it not this very Venice, "the cautious, the stable, the strong," that wanted to stretch out its arms, not only along both sides of the Adriatic but across to the ports of the western coast?

However, by the death of Lorenzo, his son and successor, Piero de' Medici, checkmated this wary policy through his own rash vanity, rousing the suspicions of Ludovico Sforza, who held the ducal crown of Naples in his grasp. However, this same Ludovico stood in wholesome fear of the old king, Ferdinand, and his son, the crown prince Alphonso of Naples, therefore determined to nullify any plots formed against him by courting the favor of the French king, whom he invited over with his army. As heir of the house of Anjou, he could thus attach Naples to his own domain—a stroke of diplomacy not to be overlooked. Ambassadors and nobles, with cardinals of every shade and degree, lent their influence to this scheme, resulting in the incursion of Charles and his army into Italy.

It will be well to remember that the true condition of Italy was but dimly understood by the great majority. Those in power had so long deceived their subjects, through cunning statecraft, with fair promises of better times—golden days and the speedy coming of the millennium—that they had fallen into a sort of expectant content, with very indefinite ideas of what "the good time" meant, or how it would be brought about. But now the veil was dropping from their eyes, the delusion vanishing. They had found mere promises a very unsubstantial diet in the long run, hence their determination to have something more tangible. With the entrance of the French army hope revived. But when Charles had been there three months, and nothing favorable to their interest resulting, the Florentines were more perplexed than ever, divided between hope and fear, desire and dread of the still doubtful future.

Piero, fearing the Frate's influence, sent him out of the city. For a time he remained at Genoa, Pisa, or in the vicinity, everywhere sounding his familiar note of warning, and rousing the people to nobler ambitions and a higher life as their only means of escape from imminent peril. True, religion had fallen so out of perspective as to become strangely distorted, and, with the undermining of its manhood and womanhood, the nation's life was sorely menaced. None knew or felt this more keenly than Savonarola. But just as fully did he realize that if only the heart of the masses could be touched with remorse, hope for their betterment would be assured. Surely the fault was not in their religion, but *in the want of it!* Noting the utter contradiction between their profession and their conduct, he endeavored the more earnestly to impress them with the homely but solid truth that "One thing is better than making a living, and that is making a LIFE." Inspired with such motives, through the semi-darkness arose clear and strong the voice of the great Dominican, kindling in their hearts a fire from God's altar which they could carry through life. In the dim twilight he saw breaking the light which his ardent faith assured him foretold the dawn. As the key-note to his stirring appeals he ever sounded the grand, eternal principle, that patriotism and civic virtue must go hand-in-hand with the highest and purest religious motives. Though the methods of Savonarola may lie open to criticism, yet, actuated only by desire for the glory of

God and the welfare of humanity, all must admit that "he never insulted God by a single doubt, or honored man by the shadow of fear." The champion of orderly liberty, he was none the less fearless in putting down misrule and rebellion. He "made little things great by doing them well, when there were no great things to do."

But a still higher motive, as the *summum bonum*, was the impelling force of Savonarola's work. Knowing that the church had been commissioned by Heaven for the task of conquering the world to Jesus Christ, he felt urged to hasten on, as best he could, that glorious purpose by saving the people from themselves. Born and reared in an atmosphere the most inspiring, and fitted with a character for unusual things and dire emergencies, little wonder that he sounded again and again the trumpet-note of "liberty to the captive, and the acceptable year of the Lord." To be sure this familiar straw had been threshed again and again in the sight and hearing of the people, but now it was presented on another basis and with more tangible prospect of success. Had he not proved himself an all-sufficient representative of the people? With such prestige, his simple word of advice went far, and the wholesomeness of his leadership became all the more direct and telling. With rare insight into the character of the multitude crowding the grand Duomo of Florence, and yet without the slightest trace of human respect, he presented the plain truth in all its stern reality. Even now we can almost hear the echo of his ringing words appealing to his hearers, as he says:

"If my life has thus far meant anything in the grandest and holiest of causes, henceforth it shall mean doubly more. The aid of you, the stronger, must come to us, the weaker. Thus we shall do that which is of vital necessity and mutual benefit, we shall throw off the shackles of religious, national, and sectional prejudice, lifting ourselves out of the ignorance and selfishness that have thus far hampered our way into a clearer, purer region. Then only can we serve and aid one another, caring for nothing whatever save the highest good of humanity, past and future."

The succeeding events were indeed epoch-making achievements of paramount importance. To animate hope and sustain courage in the Florentine mind, Savonarola recalled the great victory of 732, gained by Charles Martel on the plains of Tours over the Moors, when, after a seven days' battle, the latter left more than 300,000 of their dead on the field. By this glorious conquest the gates of Europe were closed upon the barbarous hordes of Mahomet, and the doors of Christian civilization for ever opened to the world.

From this the Frate drew a happy omen in the coming of the French king, which, though it might be by fire and sword, would in the end bring good out of seeming evil. Piero, still the weak and wicked intriguer that he was, found it expedient to banish Savonarola, well knowing that he was too much of a man to become the tool of any potentate. The prince then tried to form an alliance with the Pope, Alexander VI., and King Ferdinand of Naples. Neither being won over to his plots, the fulness of his base perfidy appeared by his breaking pledges with these rulers, and courting friendship with the invader himself, surrendering the fortress of Sarzana, the town of Pietro Santa, and the cities of Pisa and Leghorn.

This ignominious act of Piero, while winning for him the deserved hatred and contempt of the people, but served the more to rouse the latent spirit of patriotism in the Florentines. Now it was the republic, and nothing less than the republic, that would satisfy them. Secret plots indicated the spirit of rebellion filling the air, and when the Florentines saw the French army at the very gates of their city an embassy was appointed to confer with the king. All negotiations failing, as a last resort Savonarola was called in as intercessor. Again failure. Then the army marched into the city, pillaging and laying waste their beautiful places, in which the people joined, urged on by a maddening resentment, like the Communists of our own century, though why or wherefore many of them could hardly have told.

Both parties having done their worst, with little gain on either side, the Florentines looked around for one who could bring order out of this sad desolation. Involuntarily all eyes turned to the Frate as their only resource, begging him to frame a new government, giving civil and religious liberty in its fullest sense. He well knew how vague and illusive were their ideas—license being to them a synonyme for freedom. To undeceive them, he marked out in unmistakable terms the only course leading to the desired end. Law and order must first of all be maintained, and this chiefly through religion of heart and life taking the place of vice and corruption. That tower-stamp of genius ever marking the Frate's burning indignation against church and state now burst forth, swaying the multitude as never before. None were spared in these terrible invectives—prelates, officials, and people alike shared in the scathing rebuke.

"In the primitive churches," exclaimed he, "they had wooden chalices and golden prelates; now we have golden chalices and wooden prelates. Behold, the thunder of the Lord is gathering, and it shall fall and break the cup; and your iniquity, which seems to you as pleasant wine, shall be poured out upon you, and shall be as molten lead! Trust not in your gold and silver, trust not in your high fortresses; for, though the walls were of iron, and the fortresses of adamant, the Most High shall put terror into your hearts and weakness into your councils. He will thoroughly purge his church. The sword is hanging from the sky; it is quivering, it is about to fall, the sword of God upon the earth, swift and sudden!"

The mighty influence thus exerted was not in vain. Hearts were touched, moved to contrition, for a time at least, being willing to share the common pressure of destiny with their fellow-men, whether for weal or woe. The departing footsteps of disorder and misrule were followed by order and harmony. Usury was abolished, thus sapping avarice at its very source—thirty-two and a half per cent. being frequently charged by the Jewish brokers. As a counterpoise to such injustice, the Monte di Pietà was established. Here deposits even of the smallest sums could be made with perfect security, as also loans at a mere nominal rate. These, and like beneficial enactments, served the more to gain and hold that almost passionate influence of the great Dominican, extending to private and more personal matters; this being specially manifested when he faced the vast multitude daily surging to the grand cathedral, waiting like breathing statues for his least utterance. Often, wrought up to the intensest emotion by his earnest faith, feeling could no longer find expression through the channel of speech; then silence took its place, save for a low, deep sob from his overwrought heart, which, vibrating through the conscience-smitten audience, thrilled each soul with a responsive throb.

In that upturned sea of faces could clearly be seen every type and condition of humanity; and herein lay the secret of that marvellous power of Savonarola. Grasping fully the myriad phases in character of the vast multitude before him, he as readily adapted his exhortations to the needs and longings of each waiting soul. Whether pouring forth torrents of eloquence, or in those pauses when silence becomes more masterful than speech, in both appeared the same magnetic force of superior genius. But never was this effect more persuasive than when he brought home to them the ultimate valuation of this life, as the other opened before them, and they would "be put to the question." The little concern which would then be felt for aught else he urged them to feel now.

The throng of eager, absorbed listeners gathered in the grand, historic Duomo was typical. There were those of high birth and low, the cultured and the ignorant, ranging from the magistrate and the dame nurtured in luxury and refinement, to the coarsely-clad artisan and peasant. With these were interspersed the Piagnoni, or Weepers, as the recent converts of the Frate were facetiously called, all held captive by his irresistible power, as if that destiny which many regard as "the sceptred deity of the existence" had seized them in mortal grasp. Even those ready to revolt and to defy this man of God with words of contempt and scorn, found their lips palsied and their tongue mute while his message of command and entreaty fell upon their ears, and his glance, so calm yet piercing, met their own abashed and self-convicted.

In Girolamo Savonarola grandeur of mind and heart were united to a no less striking personality, reflector of the energetic soul which it enshrined. Tall and sinewy, his well-developed frame-work of body was fitly crowned by a massive and shapely head, covered with thick, dark hair wherein the tonsure was specially marked. The large, curved nose, arching brow, and sensitive mouth told of high resolve and passions held well in check. But the dark-blue, grayish eyes, radiant and changing with the ever-varying emotions of his strong and mobile nature, were the marked feature in that expressive face, luminous from the soul's inner light, wherein was revealed that subtle, mysterious power which none could resist and few could comprehend. His whole countenance, without being beautiful in the ordinary sense, yet possessed that wondrous charm coming only from the most exquisite refinement of mind and rigid discipline of body. One glance from that face convinced the beholder of the deep and abiding interest felt by the friar in all who came directly or otherwise under his guidance. Thus mere human fellowship became transformed into a friendship, strong and abiding, casting its roots into the very fibres of the soul. And herein we have the secret of that influence telling so much for the good of humanity, exerted by all true spiritual guides. It is the soul standing behind and speaking through the priest or director which gives the unction alone carrying conviction. Thus with Savonarola, as, in spite of insults and curses hurled against him, none the less earnestly did he press upon men the necessity of a law so directed that the one hundred thousand citizens within their gates might live as brothers and children of God, their Father. With even higher aim he led his people to see that this was the mighty purpose of God, and the one for which He waited with infinite patience, spite of their resistance and ingratitude: and still more, that the history of the world was but the history of the great redemption wrought out upon Calvary by the Supreme Offering there made for them, and that in this very sacrifice each one was a helper and fellow-worker in his own place, however lowly, and among his own people, however poor and ignorant. Thus encouraged, they could but feel that now was the time to aid in this divine task of purifying Florence, and being a personal, individual matter, impulsive and warm-hearted Italians responded to these appeals, in their own peculiar way.

"The Frate tells us we must give up our folly and vanity, our gay attire and costly baubles. The Frate knows; is he not a prophet sent by heaven? He has visions and revelations; you can almost read them in his face. By this means only, he says, relief can come."

So said one to another, each adding a little more by way of confirmation, till from a spark a flame was soon kindled, reaching its climax in the Carnival, one and all taking part in it—a carnival so unique that it has remained and always will remain unparalleled. This was a holocaust of all their most valued treasures, of which "the Pyramid of Vanities" was built. Its tree-like branches, some sixty feet high, broadening at the base to a circumference of nearly eighty yards, showed tier upon tier of shelves, filled to overflowing with costly jewels scattered between pictures of priceless value, besides countless foolish trifles, ministering to pride, pomp, or questionable pleasure. Gunpowder and combustibles were stored in the centre of this pile, to be set on fire on the last day of the festival, which was done amid the blare of trumpets and hymns of praise. Thus was closed the old-time carnival, with the inauguration of this the new.

Other methods, though not so demonstrative, but more lasting in their effects, were adopted by the Frate, who ploughed still deeper furrows for the people to harrow and sow. Thus the self-doubt and irresolution of this fickle people was grappled by a stronger will and a firmer conviction than their own, and held steadily to the good, the better, and the best.

Knowing that upon the virtuous training of the children depended the nation's future welfare, and that what could not be accomplished with the elders might be done through the youth, Savonarola began the work of reform some two years before the carnival just mentioned, by establishing societies not unlike our modern sodalities, brigades, etc., and enrolling the Florentine youth, who were pledged to purity of word and act. Aside from their own personal benefit, the Frate hoped by the zeal and fervor of these children to shame the want of virtue in their elders. For this chosen flock were reserved the most elevated seats in the cathedral, and many an application did the eloquent Dominican make in their behalf, pointing to them as "the future glory of a city especially appointed to do the work of God."

Equally far-reaching were his plans for the general good when establishing the Great Council, akin to that of Venice. In this appointments to office were limited only by age and merit, rank and party having no weight in the matter. The pith of the Frate's instructions led the people to feel the necessity of subordinating their interests to the public welfare, and through the Great Council giving a purer government to Florence, leading the way in the renovation of the church and the world.

Whatever the methods of Fra Girolamo, they ever bore the same high and sacred significance, and even to the very last, while still laboring for his people, in dread of the terrible ordeal which he foresaw awaited him, this martyr-hero could in truth say to his remorseless judges and bitterest foes, the Arrabbiati, "Do not wonder if it seems to you that I have not told many things, for my purposes were few but great." Doubtless he felt that rare intensity of life which, following the thought of another, "seems to transcend both joy and grief—in which the mind feels in itself something akin to elder forces that wrought out existence before the birth of pleasure and pain."

The Great Council for a time won the impulsive Florentines to better motives and worthier acts, but they could brook no delay in the fulfilment of their ardent desires. As they found the anticipated millennium still delayed, the tide so happily drifting to port and a safe harbor turned its current in the opposite direction, and this with the greater impetuosity as the flood-gates had for a time been held in check. With the reaction we find the people drifting back to much the same condition as if there had never been a Savonarola to sound the warning note of divine retribution. The leaders of the Medicean party, gaining fresh courage by the failure of the French expedition—and of the people's cause as well—resolved to carry out their base designs at any cost, and revenge their recent rebuffs. As "the head and front of their offence," the most essential act must be the removal of Savonarola, by fair means or foul, so the end was gained.

The Lenten course of 1495 practically closed the public career of the great Dominican. Sore at heart in noting the sad change in sentiment and action of the misguided Florentines, he carried on the more earnestly his perilous mission. Knowing so well their differing characters, calibres, and aims, he realized all the more closely the effects wrought by the interaction of their tendencies. From these observations he took his bearings and guided his course accordingly.

The live questions of the hour give color and inspiration to the thought and speech of those throwing themselves into any impending conflict. But when a deep religious movement underlies and vivifies word and work, what enthusiasm fires the heart and flames the speech! Thus was it with the Frate in his Lenten farewell, although it found him at its close worn out with labor, harassed in mind, with his sad forebodings regarding the future of his beloved Florentines intensified by a brief from the pope, Alexander VI., forbidding him to preach in public.

Yielding to the mandate, he withdrew to the retirement of San Marco. This edict of the pope at once emboldened the Arrabbiati to such an extent that the past fearful disorders were renewed with greater violence than ever. They being beyond endurance, Savonarola was again permitted to resume his functions at the Duomo, and offered the cardinalate, which was at once refused.

Only for a brief time was this favor granted, during which period he devoted himself to the relief of the sick and dying, a terrible plague having broken out in Florence after the siege of Pisa. At the same time he still exhorted them to penance and good works. Again the Mediceans asserted their power, gaining the pope to their side so far as to cause him, in May, 1497, to issue sentence of excommunication against Savonarola. It was solemnly pronounced in the Duomo. That grand cathedral, so long the witness of his glorious triumphs, now bore testimony to his shameful but unmerited disgrace. All intercourse with him was interdicted. Alone, undefended, and unfriended, Fra Girolamo was left to taste in all their bitterness the ingratitude and treachery of those people for whom he was about to lay down his life.

San Marco was mobbed—the mad rabble ran riot through the city. The pope ordered their victim to be sent to Rome; but they hesitated, fearing he would be the ruin of the Holy City, though in their heart of hearts was the conviction that by his presence could they alone be assured of safety. Generally, if one person only urges a measure of reform, he is regarded as a fanatic; if many, an enthusiast; if everybody, a hero. The fickle Florentines, swayed by public opinion, had in turn assigned to the Frate one or other of these *rôles*. Now his sun was setting amidst darkest clouds.

On March 18, 1498, the Dominican preached his last sermon in the Duomo; with masterly skill as an orator holding his people in breathless expectation, he urged upon them with added force and tenderness the one grand purpose of their lives—liberty of church and state, in which rulers and ruled should alike assist. Still all in vain. The rabble, led on by the base Compagnacci, again attacked San Marco, which barely escaped destruction by fire, while Savonarola, alone in his cell, wrestled with God in prayer for those seeking his life. Knowing that his end was near, he assembled his brethren for the last farewell. A few moments of that intense silence, more eloquent than speech, was at length broken by the master:

"My sons, in presence of God, and before the sacred Host, with my enemies at hand, I confide to you my doctrine, which came from Almighty God. He is here as my witness that what I have said is true. I little thought the whole city would so soon have turned against me; but His will be done. My last admonition to you is this: Let your arms be faith, patience, and prayer. I leave you with pain and anguish to pass into the hands of my enemies. I know not whether they will take my life; but of this I am certain, that dead I shall be able to do for you far more in heaven, than living I ever had power to do on earth. Be comforted; embrace the cross—by that you will find the haven of salvation."

Scarcely had he uttered the last word when the rude soldiers rushed in, bound the Frate, and took him away as prisoner. Passing on through the waiting crowd, jeers and curses greeted him from all sides. Then followed mock trials, repeated at intervals for days, to which was added torture by the rack and by fire, his limbs being stretched and bruised in every joint, while live coals were applied to the soles of his feet, until his worn and shattered body bore little resemblance to its former self. The mind, too, shared even more deeply in this cruel treatment, delirium resulting at times. This gave his enemies, the judges, a chance to force from their victim a denial of his former teachings, as in his terrible agony he exclaimed: "It is true, what you would have me say: yes, yes, I am guilty! O God! thy stroke has reached me—let them not torture me again!" Yet when consciousness returned, and he was taunted for his retraction, in bitterest humiliation, laying his mouth in the dust, he again asserted the truth of his doctrine, saying: "The things that I have spoken I had from God."

The last bitter drop in his chalice of deepest grief came when, thrown back in his lonely cell, with the vulgar taunts of the self-ignorant Florentines ringing in his ears, he was left in utter desolation to face "a sorrow which can only be known to a soul that has loved and sought the most perfect thing, and beholds itself fallen." But the end was near. A man of ordinary calibre might, perhaps, have steeled himself by rising above insult and ignominy. Not so Savonarola. His nature, of the most delicate fibre, was too delicately strung not to quiver with intensest agony at every shock received—and what shocks were these! Nor was personal degradation the keenest dagger piercing his heart, but rather the conviction that his cause was lost—that cause, the aim and endeavor of his whole life. That it should be dragged in the dust and mire of the vilest rabble was past endurance. No wonder that his mind was at times utterly shattered!

Being allowed pen and paper, his last few days were spent in writing, but not an accusation of his enemies, or a protest against their proceedings; neither was a word penned in self-vindication. The time had passed for all such emotions. He was beyond and above all that. Facing the eternity so near at hand, his habit of mind led rather to tender and loving communion with his divine Lord, seeking complete reconciliation by perfect self-abasement. Even the thought of martyrdom, which he had often regarded as the essential act in accomplishing his mission, does not seem to have recurred to him. Complete abandonment to the divine will alone occupied his thoughts. Hence all the more should he be honored as a martyr, since this perfect resignation when facing the most fearful odds can alone give the clear title to such an honor,

> "As long as the heart has passions,
> As long as the heart has woes."

The cell of Savonarola was in the tower of the Palazzo, the same in which Cosmo de' Medici had been imprisoned. From this he was taken, on May 19, 1498, for his final trial before the two Papal commissaries who, with the Florentine officials, were to sit in judgment. It was, like the previous ones, a farce and mockery, since he had been virtually doomed long before. It closed three days later, the death sentence being passed upon the Frate, with his two companions, Fra Domenico and Fra Silvestro, who accompanied him through affection, or, as others say, because implicated in the same charges as their master. No intercourse, however, was allowed between the three, who were fully resigned to their fate.

Jacopo Niccolini, a religious father, attended Savonarola. At his request the condemned were allowed to pass the last night together. The Frate slept a little while, resting his head on one of his companions. In the morning, after confession to a Benedictine, the Frate gave Holy Communion to his companions. Then the summons came for the final act in the fearful tragedy so long impending. The three victims were conducted to the public square of Palazzo Vecchio, where a platform had been erected, over which three halters suspended told too plainly the fate awaiting them, to be consummated by the burning of their bodies. A heap of brushwood had already been prepared beneath the gibbet. In the crowd assembled could be recognized both friends and enemies of Girolamo, giving vent to their feelings even as he stood in the very shadow of death.

The trio were first subjected to the humiliation of degradation from their functions as priests and religious. This required them to be deprived of their black mantle, white scapular and long robe, leaving them in the close-fitting tunic of mere seculars. Then the Florentine officials pronounced their sentence, as heretics and schismatics, to die as malefactors, their bodies to be consumed by fire, which indeed had been lighted before released by death. All was carried out to the letter, and in the spirit, too, which had actuated the chief actors in this terrible tragedy.

The grand Duomo of Florence still holds its historic place in Italy's fairest city, and though the voice once so eloquent is hushed in eternal silence, yet pilgrims from all lands still hasten to the shrine made for ever sacred by the glorious memory of him whose presence alone hallows it for all time. The Convent of San Marco, too, has its devotees; with reverent tread they enter the narrow, low-arched cell once occupied by the famous Dominican friar. There is his portrait, the little Bible daily used, and from which he preached; his rosary, crucifix, and other objects of devotion. A bit of charred wood is also shown, snatched from his funeral pyre. His ashes could not be preserved, being thrown into the Arno; but by their dispersion, typical of the great truths embodied in his life and teachings, they passed "into narrow seas, and thence into the broad ocean, and thus have become the emblem of his doctrine dispersed all over the world."

Every individual is in a certain sense a mosaic and more or less a composite of other men, varied by the influences, opportunities, and environments in which his lot is cast. Hence, in estimating the size and quality of such a man as Savonarola all these factors must be considered. Then, not as an American of the twentieth, or indeed of any other century, should the Prior of San Marco be measured, but as an Italian of the fifteenth. Yet withal, in any age, whether among aliens or countrymen, this monk was always and everywhere greatest among the great. In the life of this rare man history proves that true greatness is measured by adaptability to all exigencies, by a breadth of sympathy and a fecundity of resources unfailing in the most perilous crises. Gifts and talents of the highest order came to him by birthright, and yet so marked and exceptional that even from his youth he was noted "as a white blackbird among his fellows." In his presence one felt as if in contact with some grand dynamo of intelligence and character. Enshrining by nature the dominant soul of an imperial ruler, he struggled ever with destiny against his better, higher nature; then with mighty resolution he wrenched himself loose from the bonds of the illusive age into which he had been thrown from his mother's arms, convinced that he was destined by heaven to be the helper and deliverer of his people.

But what is the judgment of mankind upon his success or failure? Ever varying and strangely conflicting it must and will ever be, until a clearer, fuller knowledge of mediæval history is revealed, since so much now veiled from sight is vitally essential to a correct estimate of this wonderful man. Then, and only then, can we know what influences made or marred both leaders and people; causing governments and systems to be cast up from the great heaving mass of humanity below. Then will the patient student and wise archæologist reconstruct and rehabilitate the mere historic skeletons peopling the miscalled "Dark Ages," since "we know them now as the ages wherein the new and the old were blended into something that was neither new nor old, but partaking of what was best in both, gave us the highest civilization to which man had yet attained." Surely it was not merely in court and camp, in palace and lordly mansion, that humanity's mighty forces struggled with life's strange problems; no, not there alone, but with the lowly, toiling masses in cot and hovel as well, where "they saw both the present and the past in a sort of gigantic mirage."

Only through this desired revelation shall we form our correct estimate of the Prior of San Marco, and no longer be left in doubt, as the saintly and venerable pontiff, Pius VII., when he said:

"I shall learn in the next world the mystery of that man. War waged around Savonarola in his life-time; it has never ceased since his death. Saint, schismatic, or heretic, ignorant vandal or Christian martyr, prophet or charlatan, champion of the Roman Church or apostle of emancipated Italy—which was Savonarola?"

Let enlightened public sentiment answer this question by erecting during this intervening year the first monument to his memory on the fourth centenary of his death—May 23, 1498—thus declaring to the world his clear claim to the title, *Monk, Martyr, and Patriot of the fifteenth century.*

THE "CUI BONO?" OF INFIDELITY.

BY A. OAKEY HALL.

APART from the triumphant victories which Holy Church achieves in its contests against the beliefs —or rather unbeliefs and chronic doubts—of the agnostic, or the free-thinker, or infidel, by whatsoever name they who deny the existence of God or immortality choose to call themselves; and even separate from theology, infidelity as a possible debatable question may be successfully combated by addressing to any Ingersollite the old Roman question, *Cui bono?* which is colloquially surviving in the English language in the constant question regarding any proposition of every-day life, "What's the good of it?" When Ingersoll shall have perilled a soul by endeavoring to win its possessor in mortal life to his peculiar views—or, as he prefers to phrase it, "my doubts"—let that possessor ask the doughty colonel, who has lately announced his adoption of assaults upon the church as his profession, *vice* jurisprudence resigned, two questions, *Cui bono?* and also, "After you may have undermined faith, what do you propose to put in its place?"

Even, *ex gratia argumenti*, admitting that the churchman's belief in God and immortality is a delusion, behold, Colonel Ingersoll, what a sweet and soothing faith it is, even if every man should consider himself solely in the capacity of a worldling! Colonel Ingersoll is a *littérateur*, and may be appropriately asked, "Suppose the Prophets and the Apostles to have been charlatans, where in the realm of letters can there be found profounder philosophy, sublimer poetry, or even wonder-tales more dramatic than those alleged charlatans have bequeathed in writing to generation after generation of the sons of men? Where even in profane fiction can be found, for instance, a sweeter heroine than the Madonna, or a tragic hero like her Son? Where in the world of *belles-lettres* will Colonel Ingersoll find more winning biography than appears in the published lives of the saints, and where, for another instance, a grander romance than is Cardinal Wiseman's *Fabiola?*" The sacrifices which the agnostic is compelled to make in matters of music and art, as he passes his life here below, are of themselves painful. What to the agnostic, compared with the churchman, is the delight of listening to the strains of Gounod's "Ave Maria" or of Handel's sublime composition attached to the words "I know that my Redeemer liveth"? To the agnostic such music is as the warble of the canary bird, without signification, and merely alluring to the sense of hearing, but to the churchman doubly delightful through his beliefs. What to the agnostic are the statues of the Apostles? Nothing more than those of Mars or Apollo; while to the churchman their sight inspires a delicious flood of heartfelt delight, historic and holy memories, and ineffable comfort. Cardinal Newman is known to have been an admirer of the fiction of Charles Dickens, as Colonel Ingersoll professes that he also is; but to the former must have come deeper pleasure in reading about the death of Paul Dombey's mother or of little Nell than could possibly come to the latter, who believed that both of those characters were merely annihilated.

All the beauties of that Nature which in his pagan moments Colonel Ingersoll mysteriously and darkly substitutes for a Creator of the universe are to the churchman doubly endeared because he says, with an English poet, when surveying ocean or mountain or landscape and the shining stars of night, "the hand that made us was divine." Toward whatsoever point of the varied business of mortal existence any one may direct his attention, the believer in the doctrines of Holy Church will have greater—even selfish—delight than an agnostic. What to the latter is the sight of the cross at the apex of a cathedral spire, or what the spire itself, which to the faithful—in the words of Alexander Smith, an English poet—"rears its head toward heaven as if to plead for sinful hamlets at its base"? Or what to him his meeting on a promenade of a Sister of Charity on her way to the bedside of some penitent sufferer? On every side Christian belief exalts sentiment and deepens emotions, while infidelity debases both. What can the latter realize of the "Pleasures of Hope" or the delights of faith? Whence comes his aspiration toward duties? Therefore, on every side must be found a negative to the question *Cui bono?* as universally applied to agnosticism. Not only is there no good in it *per se*, but it compels suicide, as it were, to a thousand joys of mortality.

Colonel Ingersoll is an especial foe to prayer, and ridicules it; and yet it was authentically reported that at the burial of his brother he stood beside the half-filled grave, began "O God! if there be a God," and then offered a quasi-petition. Therein he was obeying a natural impulse. Is not prayer a natural impulse? The babe of tenderest years, who has apparently learned to recognize father or mother—and long before it appreciates relationship—makes its earliest movement in the stretching out of its tiny hands, asking thereby, in natural pantomime, to be taken. It is a petitioning gesture born of its nature. If the child be of Catholic parents, and early learns about God the Father and the Mother of God the Son, that natural impulse for its earthly father or mother to take it to their arms and to their protection, becomes exalted into the desire to also stretch out its arms and make petition to its heavenly Father and Mother, and seek rest for the soul. When we are suddenly placed in pain or in mortal peril our first thought is for help; and in effect we instantly pray for it.

In providing for religious prayer the church is, therefore, merely following the precedent of a natural impulse, but piously cultivating and improving that impulse. In trial and tribulation of an earthly character we at once appeal—or practically pray—to friends or relatives or superiors for succor and relief, combined with hope for it. Colonel Ingersoll, at his brother's grave, simply and involuntarily responded to and obeyed a natural momentary hope and an instinctive impulse. He was in mental agony, and, forgetting his theories and prejudices, the hope and impulse conquered. Doubtless obedience to the impulse cheered and comforted him in his grief. In the heart of the faithful member of Holy Church the natural impulse has become desire; so that before his prie-dieu, or at the church altar, he cheers his soul and finds his life blessed by his adoration and prayer. Of this cheer and blessing Colonel Ingersoll seeks to deprive mankind. Agnosticism is, therefore, not only an unserviceable restraint upon natural feeling, as upon educated soul desire, but it also fetters human satisfaction.

Were prayer the mistaken delusion which Ingersoll declares it to be, the crassest agnostic cannot deny that it is to millions not only a delightful but a comforting delusion. Even in the iciest atmosphere which a mere worldling breathes he must admit that if prayer comforts—delusion though it might be—it should not be frowned upon, when it can impart delight and comfort to one who prays.

Recur again to infancy for illustration, and we can recall the look of many a child, or its words addressed to its nurse, when it was in pain or in want of food; looks or words plainly interceding that attendant to further intercede with its father or mother, possibly in an adjoining apartment, to come to its relief. That also on the infant's part is natural impulse aided by dawning reason. Nurse heeds the intercession and brings father or mother to the rescue. That child, when later received into church-fold, calls upon one of the saints to intercede with the Father God, or Mother Mary, or for the direct intercession of herself with the Divine Father or Son, much as when an infant the child looked upon its favorite nurse for an earthly intercession.

The same child, oppressed in conscience or doubtful as to the propriety or policy of a wish, finds its comfort in confession of fault and in assurance of forgiveness. Become an adult, it has learned what the sting of conscience is, and what a balm for the sting is confession and forgiveness; and it gladly embraces the confessional privileges of Holy Church applied to the sting. Yet agnosticism would destroy every such comfort and satisfaction. Yet again, *Cui bono?* Thus, turn whichever way we may towards the tenets of agnosticism—if it has any tenets at all—and test these in the crucible of *Cui bono?* we shall find nothing but dross; for the true metal appertains to the disciple of the church. In every test applied to infidelity, as touched by the alchemy of *Cui bono?* its poison to the joys of life is readily detected. *Cui bono?* in the mortar wherein chemist Ingersoll compounds with pestiferous pestle his rhetorical mixture, and therein leaves not one drachm of either Hope or Faith, or of even Charity, for the Christian, the unpleasant and useless ingredients of his mortar are only to be measured by avoirdupois scruples.

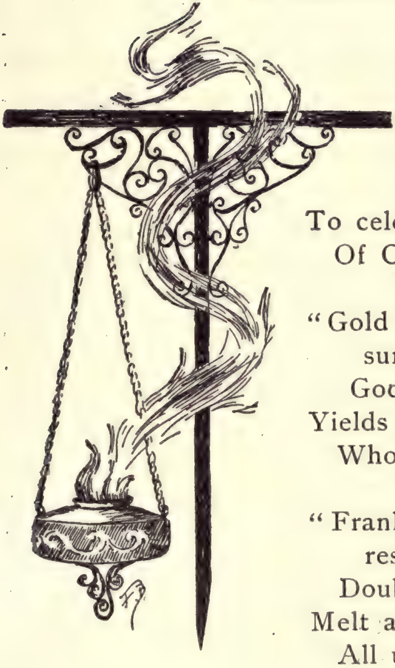
Ingersoll at his brother's grave mused over a senseless clod, according to his own views. Now, in another part of the same cemetery, at the same time, there might have been a mother burying her child; kneeling beside the sod, how the hope of some day meeting that child in a blissful hereafter assuaged her grief as she fancied it already under the care of angels! Agnosticism would have destroyed that mother's hope and faith. But again, *Cui bono?*

Even the most unregenerate scoffer must see that the infidel is a useless iconoclast. He pulls down and cannot build up. He scoffs and contrives a vacuum, which none of his ingenuities can fill.

When, therefore, Colonel Ingersoll shall again professionally appear in his *rôle* of downpuller, will he, can he answer this plain question addressed to his disbeliefs and contentions—*Cui bono?* In all that he has written or uttered he has never told what good or benefit to humanity a disbelief in God and Immortality can accomplish for the happiness of his fellow-beings. *Cui bono?* would remain as an echo even when he should have asserted such good or benefit.

EPIPHANY.

BY JESSIE WILLIS BRODHEAD.



THREE wise men from the distant East;
What do they bring
To celebrate the new-born feast
Of Christ the King?

"Gold"? Ah! wealth from the rising sun.
God of the Day
Yields his shimmering crown to One
Whom all obey.

"Frankincense"? The clouds of unrest,
Doubt, and despair
Melt away on its perfumed crest
All unaware.

"Myrrh"? Bitter tears, like gems, fall free
From blinded eyes,
Wrung from the brow of Tyranny
To deck the skies.

THE INDIAN GOVERNMENT AND SILVER.

THE Governor-General and Council of India refuse to support bimetallism. The chief measure suggested by the governments of France and the United States as the contribution of England to an international agreement on the currency was the opening of the Indian mints to the free coinage of silver. Lord Salisbury referred the question to the governor-general and council, and they have advised against it. It is thought that the financial history of India since 1873 shows that the interests of that country were affected by the virtual demonetization of silver among the leading nations. We express no opinion concerning the effect produced on the interests of America by the action of the German government at that date, and the dissolution of the Latin Union in consequence. The question will come up again, and something may be pointed out from the instance of India to help in its solution. We present one or two points of the recent financial history of the last-named country, but their application to American currency we leave to more competent hands. It may be that there are factors in this country which account for the low prices of commodities quite irrespective of the depreciation of silver. It may be true that commodities have not gone down in value *pari passu* with the fall in silver, and that the inference that silver is not a measure of exchange has some probability. We think, no doubt, that this inference disregards an important point, that of the ratio to gold. We think that involved in this is the possibility of the depressed prices of commodities, even though in their fall the fall of silver has outstripped them. That is to say, if silver performed the function of a measure in relation to commodities as long as it stood in a nearly fixed ratio to gold, that it ceased to exercise that function when it no longer stood in such a ratio.

However, we do not embarrass ourselves with the factors which are said to enter into the question in the United States. It has been argued that the rise in the price of wheat affords a proof that the period of agricultural depression has passed, and that America is entering on one of prosperity. If this be so, it might be inferred that there were causes concurring during the period just passing away that explain the low prices without looking for them in the fall of silver. This would strengthen the position of those who have contended all along that any one who eliminates such factors is rejecting the most important materials for an opinion on the economic condition of the country. We do not know; we might even suggest that the rise in the price of wheat is due to the failure of the wheat crop of other countries, but that would not be a permanent factor.

To return to the question as affecting India, it occurs to us that in the reply of the governor-general and council, on which Lord Salisbury has based his decision, two circumstances must be taken into account. They react on each other, but not to the degree that prevents them from being separately considered. 1. The reply does not emanate from a responsible and independent government; that is, it may be the echo of the judgment of the British government. 2. It wears the aspect of an argumentative opinion in a sense not demanded by international courtesy. In other words, it is an argument as to the validity of which its authors seem in doubt. We are entitled to look at the reasoning rather than the conclusion. We are entitled to treat it as the defence of a policy, and not the instructed judgment of experts possessing peculiar sources of information. We therefore may apply to it the rule to be adopted in the case of an experiment, and an experiment, too, tested by results. It is an experiment in finance recently initiated; its results are said to be disastrous.

Now, the governor-general and council in their paper go somewhat upon the lines that the policy is an experiment, but one that has not had a fair trial; but with curious confusion, while asking for the consideration due to an experiment, they demand the verdict on a successful policy of long standing. They say that "the first result of the suggested measures, if they were to succeed even temporarily in their object, would be intense disturbance of Indian trade and industry." It is not disputed, then, that a measure of success would follow the adoption of the proposals. If so, we should like to know what exactly is the character of the disturbance of trade and industry to be feared. We can think of no disturbance except such as would follow a payment in silver to English and Scotch exporters for goods intended to be sold at gold prices. But if the Indian government think this would be a payment in depreciated silver they are mistaken, for it would be a payment in silver and gold—as we calculate, four parts silver, three parts gold. If we take the rise in the rupee anticipated by the governor-general and council from the adoption of the measure —namely, a rise to 1*s.* 11*d.*—this would be the quality of the payment, on the assumption that England herself adhered to the gold standard. At least this seems to be theoretically the correct view; for we think that an appreciation of silver in these conditions does not by any means infer a depreciation of gold.

We are fortunate in possessing in the recent history of Indian currency a distinct and leading element which will enable us to discard factors which, in other countries, are pointed out as concurrent causes in disturbing the equilibrium between gold and silver as measures of value. Before we advance one step in this direction, it is well we should state that, although gold monometallists treat silver in their discussions as a mere commodity, they recognize it as a medium of exchange in their transactions. It is not a mere commodity; there is still a considerable difference between the face value of the silver coin and the bullion price. In India, low as it has gone, the bullion price is to the coined value as 24 is to 40¼. As a consequence of this we may justly infer that, much as silver has depreciated, and though the leading nations do not use it as legal tender, it is a part of the legal tender, a part of the standard of value for the entire world. The Bank of England is empowered to keep a fifth of its reserve in silver, and this can only be at the face value of the silver coinage, whatever that may be at the time. In connection with this provision we suggest the true principle of nomenclature, that the metals in which exchanges are measured are immaterial, so far as their names go. That is, no one need care what the standard may be called—let it be gold or silver, or both. A standard is what is wanted, and not a gold token or a silver one. If such a measure cannot be obtained from a single metal and can be from two, the two ought to constitute the standard. There are not two standards erected by this, no more than there would be two different measures in a pint goblet of silver and a pint one of pewter. We do not yet say the two metals are necessary to constitute the standard. If gold be stable, if it has practically remained a constant measure of value since 1873, there is no need to supplement it by silver. If it has not remained constant, it is no longer a fair measure. Looked at this way, we think bimetallism, as it is called, may not be the unprincipled proposal of debtors desirous of escaping payment of their debts.

In England a great deal of confusion of thought was imported into the discussion of proposals to make silver a legal tender equally with gold, at a ratio of 15½ to 1, or to make it legal tender to an amount to be ascertained. We think it possible that the sounder principle would be that of unrestricted legal tender, but something may be said in favor of the other as a compromise. In any case, the public were confused by the jarring of both sides and by an old-fashioned prejudice which worked strongly against the advocates of silver. These were regarded as "theorists," while the banking men, who maintained gold, were looked upon as "practical men." The former were mostly economists of reputation, professors in the universities who had at their fingers' ends all the learning which threw light on the subject of wealth national and commercial; but the bankers and business men had been handling money all their lives, and must know all about it. Moreover, they had solid interests involved in the financial system of the country, and if "bimetallism" were the best system it would have been their interest to employ it. Add to this, the professors used highly technical language and argued at interminable length. The short, sharp, confident views of the moneyed men were catching by contrast. "Robbery," "national bankruptcy," "making a present of £500,000,000 to the rest of the world, which owed England £1,000,000,000," were appeals that sounded convincingly to nine men out of ten. These catch-words meant nothing, but they smote the ear as if they meant the ruin of British commerce and the disbandment of her industrial armies.

Still the question may have been rightly handled by the "theorists," as possibly may be shown from the instance of India, to which we shall refer a little in detail by and by. Meanwhile it is worth considering that there has been a remarkable depression in agricultural industries both in this country and England; and that this has been referred by the advocates of silver to the demonetization of that metal. If the depression of such interests were confined to England, it might be reasonably maintained that American competition explained the whole; but when we find that manufacturing industries have enormously increased in this country within the last decade, and with that an unprecedented increase of population, while the farmers in the West are mortgaged to the hilt, the solution is not to be found there.

This last consideration offers two aspects of a serious character: first, the farmers borrowed money in order to carry on their operations; second, the capital sum to be paid on redemption of the land is larger than that borrowed, while the rate of interest was steadily increasing. We suggest an illustration of the effect of the appreciation of gold, say during the last twenty years, on a mortgage executed in 1877. The borrower obtained $10,000; he has to pay, when he redeems, $15,000. He borrowed it at 5 per cent., he has been paying an increased interest during the time, and the last gale is at the rate of 7½. The fault is not his. If he had entered into a covenant to pay such a bonus on redemption, together with an increasing interest while the debt was outstanding; and if it could be at all shown that the mortgagee had taken advantage of his necessity to force such a condition upon him, he would be relieved in a court of equity. The decree by such a court would be that the land stand security for the $10,000 alone at the court rate of interest, which in England is only 4 per cent. It is not altogether a too fanciful notion to point out that there must be something vicious in a standard of value the effects of which are identical with those that would make a contract fraudulent and void in a court of equity.

Bearing this in mind, we ask attention to the fact that the closing of the mints in India immediately reduced the rupee from 1*s.* 8*d.* to 1*s.* 4*d.* The influence of the Sherman Act on India was to raise the rupee from below 1*s.* 4*d.*, to which it had fallen since 1873, to 1*s.* 8*d.* Its exchange value, we understand, is at present 1*s.* 2½*d.* The governor-general and council, in their reply, say that if the ratio of 15½ to 1 were adopted, the rupee would be raised to 1*s.* 11*d.*, and the effect of that would be to kill the infant export trade for a time "at least, unless the public were convinced that the arrangement would be permanent and have the effect intended." This reasoning is curious. The closing of the mints took place in 1893, with the effect of reducing the rupee one-fifth in value; it is now reduced more than one-fourth in value. Was this result foreseen? It is hardly conceivable, because it meant a loss to the Indian revenue that can hardly be estimated. It may range from at least £16,000,000 a year to £20,000,000 a year. Then why require that the effects of a reversal of the policy should be made certain beforehand to the public before trying the old policy again? The Indian public—it is they who must be considered, not the people of England—believe that a reversal of the policy—in other words, a return to the old policy—will save from £16,000,000 to £20,000,000 a year, that individual wealth will increase one-fourth, while the governor-general and council think it will increase one-third. The present policy is an experiment, and it is believed a disastrous one; if so, there can be no objection to an experiment in the form of its reversal. This seems logically sound, but, in addition, both parties believe that this course would produce an immediate advantage; they only differ as to its duration. They only differ, if they really do differ—if they honestly differ—in the possibility that the benefit might not be permanent. The balance of probability is in favor of the view entertained by the people of India, and that is as much as can be required to justify any policy. The people of India have every reason to think their view is the right one. The depreciation of silver, which began in 1873, gradually affected Indian revenue. The government found it impossible to make ends meet without fresh taxation, loans, the diversion of funds from their proper channels, by violation of engagements amounting to fraud with tributary princes, by every expedient through which a desperate and irresponsible authority raises resources from its subjects. In this year the new Indian loan, offering a higher rate of interest than the loan of the preceding year, was slowly taken up below par in London, whereas the loan of the preceding year was snapped up above par. It would seem, if gold monometallism is a safe standard, that the experiences of the Indian government are strangely unfortunate; the people are impoverished by the loss of half their savings,* burdened by taxation for which there would be no need under a sound currency, and the government seems to have reached the first step on the downward road to a credit as respectable as that of the Sultan, or of the Khedive before England became trustee for the creditors of the latter.

We have some difficulty in examining the passage which states that trade and industry would be destroyed and the young export trade extinguished if the rupee were to rise to 1*s.* 11*d.* The only way we conceive that it could be argued that a rupee at 1*s.* 2½*d.* would favor native industries, while a rupee at 1*s.* 11*d.* would kill them, is that the low price would act as a protection. It is conceivable that this could happen under certain conditions, but not one of them is present in India. If there were a desire to encourage such industries on a scale commensurate with the vastness of the population, the restoration of the £16,000,000 to £20,000,000 a year now lost by the depreciation of silver would be incomparably more certain to accomplish it than a policy which makes the people too poor to import, too poor to export, unless English capital comes in to employ labor at a rate that is not wages but the iron servitude of necessity. Finally, the argument is of no value even from the point of view of the council, because the industries of India, apart from agriculture, are barely perceptible.

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* This is the calculation by Indians themselves, based on the closing of the mints. A number of circumstances enter into the calculation, all of which flow from that policy.

To take the Indian view more decidedly than we have done yet, we beg to point out that the depreciation in silver which had been going on since the suspension of the Latin Union was arrested by the Sherman Act in 1890. The exchange value of the rupee, as we have already mentioned, rose from 1*s.* 4*d.* to 1*s.* 8*d.* What secret history underlies the resolve to close the mints it is impossible to say; but for government expenditure in India itself there was in the three years that followed the Sherman Act a considerable saving. We are informed, on Indian authority, that the acuteness of the famine was increased and its area extended by one effect of the demonetization, namely, that savings were reduced one-half in value. People who would have escaped that visitation were carried into it through a policy whose effect was to confiscate their little fortunes. It is a sad thing to tell, but when it became necessary to change their articles of silver into coin in order to purchase food, they, for the first time, learned with despair that half the value of their hoards was gone.

We therefore think, upon the whole, that the reasoning of the governor-general and council cannot be deemed valid. If a ratio of 15½ to 1 between silver and gold had been maintained for a long period, from 1687 up to 1873, by the operation of economic laws not unduly fettered by legislation, it is probable that a return to the conditions ante quo 1873 would restore the equilibrium. It is not material that England had previously maintained a gold standard, because the main effect of bimetallism, as we understand it, was produced when all the other leading nations allowed silver as a legal tender. The effect, as we have pointed out, was the virtual establishment of a standard formed of the two metals at a practically settled ratio. The ratio was fixed in a manner not altogether different from the way the relative prices of beef and mutton are fixed. If one becomes too dear the demand for the other increases, and consequently their prices cannot go farther apart than supply and demand regulate them. But the demonetization of silver by Germany, and the consequent dissolution of the Latin Union, caused the world to use gold practically as the standard of exchange. This would probably give a factitious value to it, keep sending it up indefinitely, so that it no longer possessed that stability which is the essential quality of a standard. The effect of this may be fairly illustrated by an analogy and an effect. Gold may be compared to a standard measure which twenty years ago would contain three gallons, but which time has so truncated that it now only contains two, or its effect may be seen in the difference of the value of the same land circumstanced as to situation, soil, and facilities precisely in 1897 as in 1877, but requiring three acres in 1897 to produce in gold prices what two acres afforded in 1877. This probability, that a factitious value was given to gold by the events of 1873, seems proved by what we have stated to be the result of demonetization in India; and so we leave to our readers the task of applying our argument to the circumstances of America.

A NEW YEAR PRAYER.

BY F. W. GREY.

THOU, in the past, hast helped us, and defended:
Be with us in the year this day begun;
Thou knowest all that we have said and done,
Thou knowest what shall be: in love hast tended,
Guarded and guided in the past; befriended,
Blessed us, unworthy; still, from sun to sun,
Watched over us, Thy brethren; there is none
Faithful and true as Thou. A year is ended,

With all its sins and sorrows: lo! to-day
Another year begins; Thou only knowest
What it shall bring to us; we can but pray
To Thee, who every needful grace bestowest,
That, as we strive to walk the way Thou showest,
Thou wilt be, ever more, our Strength, our Stay.

TWENTY YEARS' GROWTH OF THE COLORED PEOPLE IN BALTIMORE, MD.

VERY REV. JOHN R. SLATTERY,
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IN preparation for the November elections, the city authorities had a police census taken. One result of their labors is striking, in that it shows the very large number of colored people—in round numbers 100,000—in the Monumental City. In other words, one-fifth of the inhabitants of Baltimore are negroes. To point out some results and to jot down various outcomes of this wonderful growth of the children of Ham is the object of the writer, who has finished twenty years of labor in behalf of the blacks. The census of 1870 put the negroes in Baltimore at 39,558. In 1880 they had risen to 53,716.

By taking an average, it should seem that in 1877, twenty years ago, the negroes numbered about 49,500. As now they touch the 100,000 mark, they have, therefore, more than doubled. How is this increase explained? It came from many causes; partly from natural growth, partly from migrations out of lower Maryland. Virginia, also, and North Carolina helped to swell the figures. As to natural results, we know one family where, in four generations, from the great-grand-parents to the great-grand-children, the offspring were seventy-seven; of whom all of the second and third generations, except two, attained majority and married. In another family, by the time she was thirty-six years old, the mother had given birth to twenty-five children. Phthisis, typhoid, and pneumonia work sad havoc among the urban negroes because of imperfect sanitation in poor dwellings and unhealthy alleys. But time and the greed of the real-estate agents are correcting these evils. While negroes are more prostrated when diseases come upon them, yet they recover more rapidly than the whites when health has been impaired by cuts, wounds, breaks, and the like.

STEADY MIGRATION OF THE NEGROES.

Both to Washington and to Baltimore there has been, since the war, a steady flow of colored people; to the capital above all, for Washington is their Mecca. To-day, both cities are willing to see that the negroes are numerous within their limits.

An ostrich-like policy has been followed for years, but the omnipresent negro, "avec son rire éternel," confronts the wiseacres of the nation, and the offspring of the Maryland line, at every turn.

A distinguished prelate of the Catholic Church once told, in our hearing, of a banquet in Washington, at which were seated men high in public life, cabinet officers, senators, congressmen, and others. The chat turned on the growth of the negroes in the capital. It was admitted on all sides that it was too serious a matter to be overlooked and henceforth a question deserving thoughtful study.

In spite of the exodus from beyond the Potomac, which is ever going on, there is not only no decrease of the black population of the South, but rather a striking increase, as any one may verify from the census. Again, out of Baltimore pours a constant stream of negroes northward and westward. In our travels we have met Catholic negroes from Baltimore in Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, and other places. In fact, take away the Maryland Catholics and their offspring from the churches east of the Alleghanies, whether devoted specially to the colored people or the ordinary parish church in which they worship God with their white neighbors, and there would be left few Catholic negroes indeed.

RESULTS OF THE GROWTH OF THE NEGROES.

Now, the first result is expansion. The colored people are rapidly spreading over Baltimore. Wherever we turn we meet them dwelling on new streets. Especially is this the fact in the north-west section. Without much effort we might name fully thirty streets where their presence, save as servants, was unknown ten years ago. One ward, the Eleventh, called the Shoe-string ward because of the peculiar shape which the politicians gave it, has a majority of colored people, so that in the Baltimore City Council there is nearly always a colored member. For natural site, the north-west section is in every way desirable; hence it seems strange that it should be so largely taken hold of by colored people. Small blame to them, however, for moving out of the alleys in the heart of the town and getting on good streets, pleasant to the eye, especially when the rent is about the same. Yet as fast as one set vacate the alleys, another, and usually a lower, drift into them. Under our eyes there is the strangeness of our colored citizens reaching outward into new places and at the same time holding on to their old haunts. Save where an occasional factory or large warehouse has intruded itself, the colored people occupy the same streets they lived in twenty years ago; nay, one might name fifty other streets into which this unobtrusive race has quietly pushed its way. We cannot remember that a single street, once in their possession, was ever abandoned by them.

SENSITIVENESS OF THE WHITES.

Not so the whites. Whenever a negro moves into a street the whites flutter away. They simply vanish. As the blacks vacate no streets, the whites verge more and more toward the suburbs. The outcome is, that to-day Baltimore is a city of valuable suburbs and ever-cheapening city homes.

The way that property values have gone down in the heart of the city is beyond belief. As the white race fear the negroes, so do the Gentiles the Jews. One of the most ornate places in Baltimore is Eutaw Square. Of boulevard width, with park in the centre, richly beautified by countless flowers and many a fountain, it seemed destined to be the home of the "upper ten." Some years ago a son of Abraham bought a house on it, and lo! the Gentiles began to disappear. Jacob and Rebecca took their place. To-day, that charming spot is called, in the town's chitchat, "Jewtaw" Square. Again, in the eastern section, known as "Old Town," Russian Jews now monopolize the buildings out of which the Irish and their offspring fled.

DEVELOPMENT OF SCHOOLS.

Just as patent as the growth of the population are the increase and development of the schools. The public-school system for the negroes is a post-bellum institution. From 1829, when they were founded, till after the war, the Oblate Sisters of Providence, a community of colored women, taught the three "R's" to the most of their race, Catholic as well as Protestant enjoying that knowledge. At present the middle-aged people of the colored race in Baltimore owe whatever education they have to the religious women of their own race. There are exceptions, however, the chief being the private schools. Nowadays they have almost gone. But twenty years ago they were still many. Five or six to twenty-five or thirty pupils would fill the roster. Almost the last, as well as the best liked by the negroes, was a school kept by three sisters named Berry, who dropped off one by one, the school still holding on, till the last, known to every one of her race as

"Cousin Lizzie," died some years ago. She was a very holy soul, and for a generation had been prefect of the women's sodality of St. Francis Xavier's. For six years the writer was its director. On taking charge he found that Vespers and Compline of the Little Office were recited at the meetings; when, not without a little pride of voice and air, they would intone the antiphon "I am black but beautiful." Thinking the beads were better suited, the director had them recited in place of the office. Fearing to offend the old prefect, he had her always lead, while he joined in the response. This privilege was never forgotten, so that when "Cousin Lizzie" came to die she sent for him and asked him to accept the only treasure she had, a pair of fine old silver candelabra. This, of course, he gratefully did.

The public schools, however, have ended the private. Great strides have been made with them, although as yet they are far too few to receive the colored children of school age. Their growth has been slow but steady. Among the first changes was the handing over of some white schools to the negroes. Old family residences on old-time fashionable streets were hired by the authorities and used for colored schools, often to the great relief of their distressed owners. A next step was the high school, spick and span new from cellar to attic, on East Saratoga Street, within a stone's-throw of the fashionable Charles Street. More new schools were put up for the colored children. Nor was this all. Colored teachers were then brought into the city schools as teachers. Finally a department was added to the manual training school for colored boys. At present for the black school population of Baltimore are the high school, manual training school, and upwards of twenty grammar and primary schools. To these must be added the Catholic schools, in which there are about a thousand children. The number of schools might be doubled and no fear of over-crowding remain; the supply is far too little for the demand.

AN EVIL GROWTH.

While all this is very encouraging, there is, however, one very harmful growth: the number, ever increasing, of liquor-stores in the colored sections of the city. In 1894 the United States Department of Labor issued a bulletin on "The Slums of Baltimore, Chicago, New York, and Philadelphia." It shows that there are more liquor-stores, *pro rata*, in the slums of Baltimore than in any one of the other cities. Baltimore has more, *pro rata*, than New York or Chicago. The poorer parts of Baltimore are where so many colored people live, hence they become a prey to the saloon. Especially is this true of the Eleventh ward, known as the Black ward. Turn where you will, the saloon is ever before you. On the principal streets, on the cross streets, in the first floor of residences where the trouble to turn the dwelling into a store is not taken. Now, these saloons in the Eleventh ward are supported by the negro. Furthermore, twenty years ago there was hardly a negro keeping a saloon ; but nowadays they are in the business, rivalling the white dealers in ruining their own race.

NEEDS OF THE NEGRO.

From all, or nearly all, trades the colored man is shut out. No negro apprentice will be found at bricklaying, carpentry, painting, tinning, smithing, etc. On this head the position of the Knights of Labor and the Federation of Labor is simply unintelligible. If organized labor say but the word, colored youth will get trades. The boycott goes further—it extends to factories, save the places for canning fruits and vegetables. Further still, the boycott shuts out all colored youth of both sexes from shop and store employment, save to run errands. Let the offspring of the most undesirable race of Europe appear in the streets of Baltimore, they may work at their trades and have their children master them ; but when it is a question of the colored man, " No Admittance " is written over every trade shop. In the history of this world the negro has proved a never-dying Nemesis. In Time's whirligig it may be his turn to write over these same shops " Ichabod "—their glory is gone.

Factories are now being thrown open to colored women in the South ; *v.g.*, at Charleston, S. C., and Augusta, Ga. The day cannot be far distant when they will enter the factories of Baltimore. Competition sooner or later will prove the "open sesame." Indeed, it seems suicide to leave one hundred thousand so helpless for a livelihood as are the colored people of Baltimore. No city can afford to ostracize one-fifth of its inhabitants. One hundred thousand people out of five hundred thousand cannot be a cipher, cannot be ignored, cannot always be forgotten. In time trades, factory-work, and shop-selling will fall to colored workmen and women. More avenues of employment are now a crying need, if the youth of the colored race are to be made thrifty and fond of work. The fact that the professions are open to them helps but little. Professional people are the few. Clergymen, lawyers, doctors, teachers are always in small numbers when compared to the bulk. Their presence widens not the ways of employment for the masses of their race.

NEED OF LEADERS.

Higher than all their other needs is that of leaders. The colored people are in need of great men of their own flesh and blood to point out the way for them. Plenty of leaders, such as they are, are to be seen; but a really great man, like Toussaint L'Ouverture or Frederick Douglass, is sadly called for. What Parnell did for the Irish, some black Parnell must do for the colored. The chief work of a leader should be to unite his people. Jealousies, bickerings, party feelings, the common entail of down-trodden peoples, hurt very much the advance of the negro.

GROWTH OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN BALTIMORE.

Let us now take up the growth of the Catholic Church. In 1877 St. Francis Xavier's was the one Catholic church for the colored people in Baltimore. The building itself is historical. When in the hands of the Protestants it was the scene of many conventions and a favorite of lecturers. The Convention which intended to carry Maryland into the Confederacy was held within its walls. It was then a Unitarian church. General Benjamin F. Butler surrounded the church with his troops and carried off the assembly as prisoners to Fort McHenry. During the war it was used as a hospital, where many of the wounded from Gettysburg, even, were attended. After the war Father Michael O'Connor, S.J., once Bishop of Pittsburg, bought it for a colored church. In December, 1871, it passed into the hands of the Fathers of St. Joseph's Society. It is the Mother Church of colored Catholics. In 1877 there were churches for the colored people in Charleston, Louisville, St. Louis, Washington; but all younger than St. Francis. A little more than five years afterwards, January, 1883, St. Monica's was dedicated and opened for the colored people of South Baltimore. Again, after the lapse of another five years and some months, viz., in September, 1888, St. Peter Claver's was opened in North-west Baltimore for the negroes living in that section. All of these churches were formerly Protestant and for the whites. Their purchase and dedication served a double purpose—lessening the number of meeting-houses and increasing the facilities for those Catholics who knew that, because of color, they were looked upon as out of place in the other churches of their faith. Notwithstanding this drain upon it, St. Francis still holds its own, as will be seen from the subjoined figures, taken from the official registers of the church. They are for the past twenty years (November, 1877–November, 1897), and give only colored people:

Baptisms, . . .	4,634	
Converts, . .	870	
First Communions,	1,200	Register for 1880.
Confirmations, .	1,425	
Marriages, . . .	621	
Mixed marriages, .	302	

In the baptisms are not included 650 negro children baptized in St. Elizabeth's Home for colored waifs and strays. Nor in the above lists are presented the registers of the other churches, St. Monica's and St. Peter Claver's. Again, the negroes over whom the stole is worn in the parochial churches, a goodly number of late years, are also excluded. The congregation has varied from 5,000 to 4,000.

In 1877 there was but one school in the city, not including the academy of the Colored Sisters of Providence. Its sessions were held in the basement of the church, while its teachers were laics. In 1881 the Franciscan Sisters from Mill Hill, London, England, took charge of the school, which thereafter was held on Courtland Street in the building now in use. Formerly this was the boys' school of the cathedral, but was sold by the Christian Brothers to the Congregation of St. Francis Xavier's. At St. Monica's, South Baltimore, a school, held in the basement of the church, has flourished from its opening, 1883. The Sisters of St. Francis, Glen Riddle, teach the children of St. Peter Claver's school. In September last two graduates of the school passed the examination and were received into the high school. Beside these, St. Elizabeth's Home for Waifs has grown up. It began in an alley about twenty years ago. Three years later a fine dwelling on a prominent street was secured for it. Some nine years ago the grown-up girls were brought to another place in the northern section of the city. In 1895 a large building was erected on the site of the old home, St. Paul Street. During seventeen years these English Franciscans have labored in Baltimore, where they teach the girls' school of St. Francis Xavier's, have charge of St. Elizabeth's Home, the industrial school of our Lady and St. Francis, and, finally, have opened a novitiate for the training of their subjects, instead of sending them across the ocean.

In 1892 the Sisters of the Good Shepherd opened, in the suburbs, a shelter for incorrigible colored girls. This year they have built a large wing, so as to accommodate the ever-growing number of committals.

Again, the Oblates of Providence, a community of colored women dating from 1829, had but one house in 1877, and that heavily in debt. To-day they are about free of debt, and have an academy and school of St. Cyprian in Washington, D. C.; two institutions in St. Louis, and an orphanage and schools in Leavenworth, Kan. Next come St. Joseph's Seminary and Epiphany College, in both of which are one hundred aspirants for the Apostolate among the negroes. Lastly, St. Francis Xavier's has one of its sons in the priesthood. The Rev. C. R. Uncles, a colored man, was baptized, made his First Communion, was confirmed, and sung his first Mass in St. Francis Xavier's Church.

FINANCIAL STATUS.

In 1875 the old church was rebuilt and badly hampered with debt. At that time a collection was taken up in Philadelphia to help out. This is the only time, since 1871, that St. Francis Xavier's got help from outside. The colored people do their best to keep up the church. Pew-rents, ten and fifteen dollars a year, or two-fifty and three-seventy-five a quarter; plate collections, annual fairs, with three or four concerts, work together for the church's maintenance. Perquisites are not, as yet, well understood. For baptisms, the average return is about thirteen cents a child; while for marriage, the writer has received an empty envelope. On one occasion, the four at the rail, bride and groom, bridesmaid and best man, made a collection and passed over to "his reverence" ninety-four cents. The support of the clergy is secured, because they ask no salaries and throw their stipends and perquisites into a common fund.

At present, St. Francis Xavier's congregation own the church (Calvert and Pleasant Streets), the rectory (401 Courtland Street), the Lyceum, 345 Courtland Street (a defunct young men's club), and the school-house (412 Courtland Street). On the church, school-house, and Lyceum there is no debt; on the rectory is a mortgage of four thousand dollars.

But a peculiar Baltimore nuisance affects three of these places, viz.: the ground-rent, that open sore of the Monumental City.

On the church is a ground-rent of	$270.00
" " school " "	96.00
" " lyceum " "	39.25
Interest on mortgage, . . .	200.00
Annual entailed outlay, . .	$605.25

To the poor congregation the Negro and Indian Fund, up to 1897, allotted three hundred dollars—little more than is needed for the ground-rent of the church, not one-half of the entailed yearly expenses. For thirty-odd years the poor colored Catholics from their scanty earnings have stood to their church loyally and, we may add, proudly. This year, however, four hundred and twenty-five dollars were assigned to it from the Negro and Indian Fund.

To them the church is everything; their social centre, the gathering place for their friends, the one spot where, fully as much if not more than in their dwellings, they feel at home. Hence the United States postal authorities of Baltimore send all curiously directed letters to St. Francis Xavier's rectory, and it is no uncommon event to call out from the altar the number of letters awaiting owners. The general sunshiny temperament of the negro race make church cares very light for the clergy. While regarded as an emotional people, it is difficult to arouse them to enthusiasm; more difficult to win their confidence. Good and pious as he may be, the priest is a white man, who, if he wishes to carry his negroes with him, must first show his love and his sympathy for them.

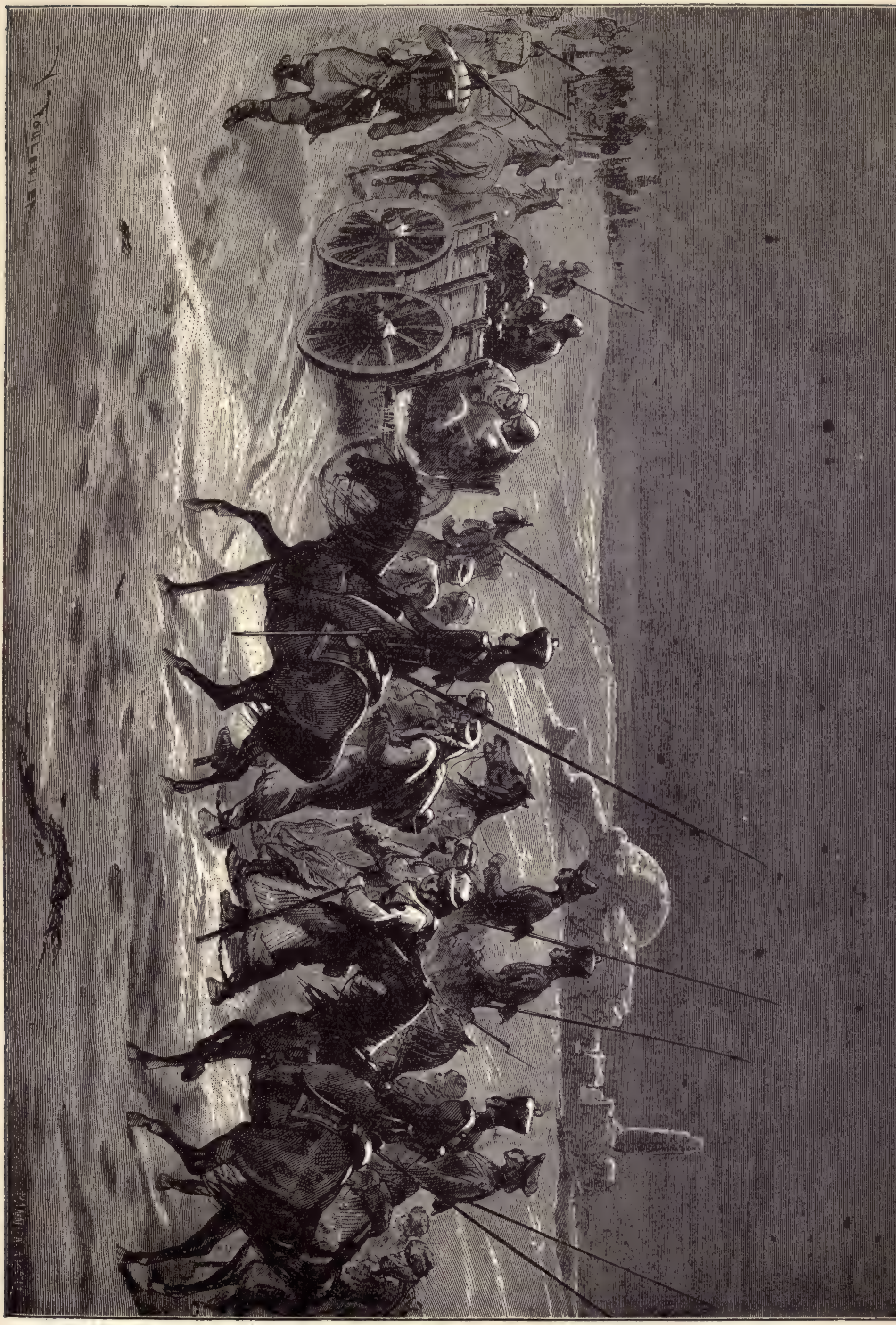
THE HARDSHIPS OF CATHOLIC EXILES IN SIBERIA.

BY A. M. CLARKE.

THE condition of the unfortunate Polish exiles in Siberia would awaken more genuine commiseration were it more widely known to how great an extent they are deprived of the consolations of religion, and under what difficulties the pastors labor who minister to the scattered members of Christ's flock in that inhospitable region. Some gleanings from the letters of a missionary priest, whose work lies amongst those exiles, may not be without interest for the reader. They will, at any rate, afford him an insight into the status of Catholics under the rule of the czar, and serve to enlist his sympathies on behalf of both priests and people, who suffer for their steadfast allegiance to the see of Peter.

The Abbé Gromadski, provost of Tomsk, is a holy and zealous priest, who has no other object in life than the diligent discharge of his pastoral duties, the furtherance of the spiritual and temporal welfare of the souls committed to his charge.. His parish is of vast extent, large enough to form a kingdom in itself. In the exercise of his sacerdotal functions he habitually makes journeys in which enormous distances are covered and dangers incurred such as would appall any but a veteran traveller. But, however late the hour, however inclement the weather, every summons finds him ready to sally forth on an errand of mercy, to carry spiritual succor wherever it is needed and solicited. Numerous indeed are the blessings invoked upon his head by the souls whom he reconciles with their Maker, whom he relieves from the burden of sin, the weight of temporal anxiety, before bidding them go forth from this life of sorrow. Great also is the reward awaiting him in heaven when his self-denying labors shall be ended.

One of the chief obstacles he has to contend against is the absence, in the distant towns and outlying villages whither his parochial visitations bring him at stated intervals, of any place where the Catholics can be gathered together for Mass and instruction. Therefore, apart from the objects that engage his



A CONVOY OF POLITICAL EXILES.

attention in connection with his own church at Tomsk, his chief ambition at present is to build in different localities rooms for divine worship. These houses of prayer must be called halls or assembly rooms, otherwise there would be little or no chance of obtaining permission for their construction from the government, since the erection of Catholic churches or chapels is strictly forbidden.

The Catholics of Ekaterinburg are, however, exceptionally favored in this respect, for, M. Gromadski informs us, the 4th of November, 1884, witnessed the dedication of a church in that town. For this the inhabitants were indebted to the exertions of two pious gentlemen, one of whom succeeded in procuring the permission. The other supplied the greater part of the funds for the building. Before that time they were dependent for the Sacraments on the ministrations of the priest of Perm, a district beyond the Ural Mountains, who, in making the round of his immense parish, once a year visited Ekaterinburg. The gratitude of the Catholic population to their benefactors knows no bounds. Long and painful privation of the means of grace does not appear to have the effect of rendering these unhappy people indifferent to them; it rather increases their appreciation of the privilege of having the Holy Sacrifice daily offered in their midst. M. Gromadski relates that a Catholic family, coming from a distant province, arrived in Tomsk on a Sunday, and entered the church while Mass was being celebrated. They burst into tears and convulsive sobs, so that their agitation attracted the notice of the priest. On the conclusion of the service he asked them what misfortune had befallen them. They replied: "Reverend father, it is now ten years since we saw a church, since we heard Mass or went to confession. The sight of a priest at the altar, the sound of the familiar words, seemed to us like heaven; yet it filled us with grief so profound that it was impossible to restrain our tears."

In the town of Tumen a resident priest is sorely needed. It is on the banks of the Yura, on the direct route followed by those who are banished to a more distant region, Eastern Siberia. As soon as the navigation of the river ceases—and this occurs at an early date in Siberia—troops of exiles, unable to pursue their journey, congregate in Tumen, where they remain for at least eight months, waiting until the ice breaks up. Several thousands of exiles, of whom a considerable proportion are Catholics, pass yearly through this town. If we include the families of some government employees, a few artisans, and other Catholics residing in the district, it may be said that, in round numbers, there are fully a thousand souls, within a comparatively small circumference, entirely destitute of the means of grace. Sometimes God, who is ever mindful of his own, assists some poor creature in the hour of need in an unlooked-for manner. It happened recently that on one of the vessels laden with exiles of every condition was a mother, whose end, as well as that of her newly-born infant, was hourly expected. The distress of the poor lady at dying in this manner was indescribable. Just at that moment it happened that a ship arrived at Tumen from an opposite direction, in which a missioner returning to Holland had taken his passage. On hearing that his services were in urgent request, he hastened on board the emigrant vessel, in time to baptize the child and speed the parent on her last journey.

Some time back, M. Gromadski tells us, he went on an expedition in the month of January, about four hundred versts,* in order to minister to the spiritual wants of some ten families, fifty persons in all, immigrants from Poland, whom foreign oppression and Jewish persecution had compelled to quit their native country. Worn and wearied with a long journey and subsequent delay, they were awaiting impatiently the return of spring, when they might obtain the allotments they were to cultivate. Their grief at leaving home and country was not a little aggravated by finding themselves deprived of all religious succor. M. Gromadski baptized the young children, administered the Sacraments to the adults, and the next day prepared to leave. "Weeping, they besought me," he says, "to remain a little longer, as years might elapse before they again saw a priest. But what could I do? I exhorted them to be steadfast in the faith, and persevere in the practice of Christian virtue. Then I commended them to the mercy of God, and, with tears in my eyes, stepped into the sledge which was to carry me onward, five hundred versts further, where a few more sheep were gathered in the wilderness. No sooner had I reached my destination and said Mass than a telegram was placed in my hand, entreating me to hasten to the bedside of a priest who was dying. This involved a ten hours' journey; I started at once, and had the consolation of giving the last Sacraments to my fellow-laborer, who was about to enter upon his eternal rest. He rallied somewhat, and after staying with him two or three days I went to visit the Catholics in some of the villages of the district under his charge. But I was soon recalled by the tidings of his death. His obsequies were attended by as many of his parishioners as could possibly come to pay their last testimony of respect and affection to a pastor whose loss they most sincerely regretted. He was upwards of seventy years of age, and had labored amongst them for twenty-two years. A few months previously he had gone out one evening to baptize a child who was dying. Blinded by a violent snow-storm which overtook him, he lost his way and was obliged to pass the night out of doors. He took a severe chill, and being unwell at the time, was unable to shake off its effect. Still he performed his ministerial duties with the same exactitude, and was ready to answer every call, however weak and ill he felt. The last time he went out was to perform the burial service for a neighboring priest. After that he was unable to leave his bed; but not then did he relax his efforts on behalf of his people, for he had them into his sick-room to make their confessions and receive his counsels. The grief they exhibited as they stood around his coffin was most touching to witness.

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* A verst is nearly two-thirds of an English mile.

During the summer of the same year, in the course of a missionary expedition, M. Gromadski was asked by the governor-general of the district to extend his journey for an additional one thousand versts, for the purpose of visiting the town of Wierny, whose Catholic inhabitants had for several years been without the ministrations of a priest. As his coming was expected, everything was in readiness; a large room had been fitted up and elaborately decorated to serve as a chapel, and comfortable rooms prepared for his reception. The arrival of the servant of God was hailed with the utmost joy. The people went out to meet him; the principal families vied with one another in pressing offers of hospitality to so welcome and honored a guest. Wierny, one of the finest towns in Siberia, is of recent growth; twenty-five years ago it was little more than a few wretched cabins. It is situated at the foot of the Chinese Mountains, amid wild and arid steppes of apparently interminable extent, wearying to the eye and depressing to the spirits of the traveller, broken only by sharply-pointed rocks and occasional oases of verdure around a spring, which afford scanty pasturage to the nomad flocks of a few Kirghir shepherds. This town, raised, or rather founded, by the energy of the governor, M. Kotpakowski, now presents a picturesque and pleasing aspect. The environs resemble a large garden; they are intersected with streams and with rows of the tall, pyramidal poplars common to the Caucasus. Lofty mountains, clothed with perpetual snow, form the background; although really at a considerable distance, owing to a strange optical illusion they appear quite close. The town itself boasts wide, well-kept streets and several handsome public buildings and official residences. The finest of the former is the gymnasium, where one hundred Kirghir youths receive an excellent education under the care of competent professors. The natural resources of the country have been developed in a wonderful manner; skilfully constructed reservoirs of pure water enable the agriculturist to raise fruits which will bear comparison with the produce of Europe, from seeds selected and brought from a distance by the governor. Of these an exhibition is held each year, and prizes awarded. The fertile gardens, the plantations of oaks (imported from Europe), above all the Parisian frock-coats and military uniforms seen in the streets, might almost make the traveller forget that he is in Central Asia. Alas! amidst all that the art of man has done to promote the material prosperity of this smiling oasis, no Catholic church is to be found; no bell summons the faithful to worship the Giver of all good gifts, unless on exceptional occasions and at long intervals. Yet the director of the gymnasium and almost all his subordinates are Catholics. To them, as well as to those Catholic residents who were able to attend, M. Gromadski gave a retreat, closed by a general Communion of professors and students, after which, according to the custom of the country, mutual congratulations were exchanged by those who had approached the Holy Table. The good missioner remained at Wierny two weeks; during this time every Catholic within reach, who was of an age to do so, went to the Sacraments, and listened eagerly to his sermons. At last, with sighs and tears, they bade him farewell, for his presence was required in other places. It will readily be understood how great an amount of fatigue these incessant journeyings entailed on the zealous missioner. He was too, in the course of them, frequently exposed to no slight personal risk. This was eminently the case on one occasion. We will let him narrate the adventure in his own words:

"While at Tomsk I heard that a poor woman, who resided at about one hundred and fifty versts distance, was at the point of death. I lost no time in obtaining a permit and ordering post-horses, that I might visit her. Every one sought to dissuade me, because during the whole day a snow-storm had been raging, and travelling when snow is falling is dangerous work in Siberia. Moreover I was wanted, they told me, for a funeral that evening. 'The dead can wait,' I said; 'the dying cannot.' The coffin was taken into the chapel and placed on the catafalque, and I bade the mourners postpone the interment until my return on the morrow. They stared at me as if I had lost my senses, for they thought it impossible for any one to venture on a journey in such inclement weather. But I would not be deterred; the salvation of a soul was perhaps at stake. Therefore, in the name of God, I set forth on my way. The sledge, drawn by three powerful horses, sped rapidly over the frozen steppe. As I looked at the postillion in front of me, I could not help reflecting how different were the motives that actuated him in entering on this perilous expedition to my own. His the love of gain, the hope of adding a few pence to his weekly wages; mine, the love of souls, the hope of adding one to the number of the redeemed. Yet without his love of gain my love of souls would have been unavailing in this case; thus both served to the glory of God, the furtherance of his kingdom. My musings were soon interrupted by the jolting of the sleigh. It was thrown from side to side like a boat at sea rocked by the billows, as we raced up the high snow-drifts and plunged into the hollows below. After a time the driver turned to me, and said: 'Sir, we are in great danger; every trace of the road is obliterated, and I have no idea where we are or in what direction we are going!' Seeing that he hung his head in a listless way, I called out: 'Look alive, man—whip up your horses, that we may get on faster!' 'You forget, sir,' he replied, 'that I have a wife and children at home, and perhaps I shall see them no more.' I began to feel anxious myself. Commending myself to the care of Providence, I asked the man, 'Can the horses go on much further?' He answered, 'Yes, they are capital beasts, and will not tire yet awhile.' 'Do they know their way about here at all?' 'Oh, yes! they came from the very place to which we are bound. But I have never been out in weather like this; I would not turn my dog out of doors!' And again he hung his head helplessly. It was indeed a fearful night. The wind was behind us, yet it seemed to meet us on every side with the force of a whirlwind, howling piteously and driving the snow in heaps across our path. I made the driver wrap himself up in a *kochma*, the thick sheep-skin mantle of the country, impermeable to rain and wind—in fact, the only protection against a blizzard such as we were then experiencing. 'Have you ever lost your way in a snow-storm before?' I inquired again. 'Never; but then I never was out on a day like this. In bad weather I have sometimes covered myself up in the bottom of the sledge and the horses have brought me safe to my own door. But this howling wind portends evil; it is as if hell were let loose!' 'Do you believe in God?' I asked him. 'I do.' 'Then repent of your sins. Strike your breast and repeat this prayer after me.' I recited some prayers, but they brought no comfort to the dejected driver. I felt matters were looking serious, and urged him to greater speed. Presently the sound of a bell struck my ear. 'What is that?' I exclaimed—'we must be near a village. Faster! faster!' 'Alas! no,' the man rejoined, 'that is no bell; it is an omen of ill—it tolls for our death. We shall never again see the light of the sun—my poor children will be orphans!' He laughed a bitter laugh, which made me shiver as though a demon were deriding me for my faith in Providence. The horses began to show signs of fatigue. We stopped under the shelter of a hill to enable them to take breath. My companion in lugubrious accents bewailed his unhappy fate and that of his wife and children. Listening to his lamentations, as we again went onward, my courage gave way. I confess that a feeling, not of despair but of deep sorrow, came over me. I thought of my mother and of the friends that I should never see again, and asked myself, Must I die here, with the snow and ice for my only shroud; the last sound in my ears the whistling wind; my eyes closed by no tender hand, but by the weight of the fast falling flakes? Must I fall here alone and forsaken, without absolution, without the Sacraments, without a parting blessing or a word of farewell, to become a prey to the wolves already hungering for my bones? A tear fell from my eye and froze upon my cheek. Ashamed of my momentary weakness, I bethought me of my high vocation, and raised my heart in prayer to God.

"All of a sudden the horses stood still and refused to proceed. The driver sprang to the ground and, casting at me a look half-reproachful, half-ferocious, as if I had bewitched them, he drew out a short whip made of cowhide, exclaiming, 'Here is something that will make you go on!' struck them heavily with it. The animals reared and plunged, but would go no further. He struck them again; again they reared and sprang forward, and I found myself hurled from a height into the snow. The fall did me no harm. Rising to my feet, I discovered that I was at the foot of a perpendicular wall of snow, at the top of which the horses had stopped short. Calling to the postillion, I found him not far off sitting on the snow, sobbing violently. When he saw me struggling to rejoin him, he cried: "Spare your trouble, sir; nothing can be of any use; we may as well lie down and sleep. As for me, I shall never get up again.' Thereupon he made the sign of the cross as if composing himself to sleep. Benumbed though I was with the intense cold, exhausted with struggling against the icy wind and wading through the snow, I steeled myself for a final effort. I remonstrated, entreated, threatened, and at last induced the man to see with me what could be done to save our lives. We found the horses lying at the top of the ravine into which I had been thrown. The leader was close to the edge; had he fallen on me I should immediately have been crushed. Beside them was the overturned sleigh. The harness was broken, the splash-board was shivered to pieces, the swing-bar was detached. At the cost of immense exertion we got the horses onto their feet, mended the harness with rope, collected the scattered contents of the sleigh. It was all I could do to keep the driver at work. He uttered the most piteous lamentations, declaring all our trouble was in vain, that our last hour had struck. Now and again he sat down to rest; but I, conscious that if once allowed to fall asleep he would never awake again, compelled him to persevere. When at length we once more got under way the horses appeared almost unable to move. They, whose pace had been so swift that they could scarcely be held in, now could only be induced by the constant use of the whip to go forward at all. What made matters worse, the fatal drowsiness induced by the intense frost, added to the fatigue he had undergone, overcame my companion to such an extent that, far from rendering me any assistance, he required my continual attention. His eyes were fixed in a glassy stare; and when by shouting in his ear, shaking him, rubbing him, I succeeded partially in rousing him from the stupor which had fallen on him, he pushed me away, begging me to leave him to die in peace. Then for a few moments my heart completely failed me. Almost paralyzed by the intolerable cold, which froze my blood in my veins, I felt I could do no more. 'If I must die thus,' I cried, 'into thy hands, O my God! I commend my spirit. *In te Domino speravi, non confundar in eternum.*'

At this juncture the horses began to climb the slope of a hill whence the force of the gale had swept the snow. As they ascended the hill the ringing of a bell again smote on my ear, and hope once more revived in my heart. Breathlessly I listened; in a few moments the sound was repeated. I knew it was the custom in that part of the country to ring a bell at intervals during a snow-storm, to serve as a guide to travellers who had lost their bearings, and called to my companion: 'Do you not hear the bell?' He gave no response; indeed his appearance was so deathlike that I hastily opened his mantle to ascertain whether his heart was still beating. Finding he was quite warm, I strove, by breathing on him and chafing his hands, to restore some amount of animation to his congested frame; then, the sound of the bell being heard again more distinctly, I turned the horses' heads in the direction whence it came. In a short time we reached a village. It wanted an hour to midnight. The storm was rapidly abating; before long it gave place to a dead calm, and the stars shone out brilliantly. By their dim light, after warming myself thoroughly and getting a fresh relay of horses—for which, by the way, I had to pay double the usual charge—I pursued my way. It was no longer a dangerous one. At 6 A. M. I arrived at my destination. After a short rest, I prepared to say Mass at a simple altar which the people had arranged as best they could for the purpose. The poor sick woman was so transported with delight at hearing Mass said in her house that nothing would content her but to be moved close to the altar, so that she could rest her head upon it. In that attitude she remained all the time, praying aloud and sobbing with joy.

"The temporal misery of this family touched me almost as much as their spiritual destitution. I gave them the few roubles I had in my pocket, a sum quite inadequate to relieve their manifold needs, but which elicited a demonstration of gratitude that quite overwhelmed me. At 8:30 A. M. I took my leave, and at 4:30 P. M. I got back to Omsk."

Everybody must acknowledge that such a journey as this put the good missioner's courage and power of endurance to a severe test. It is almost incredible that he could have escaped serious illness as the result of exposure to such inclement weather. He was not always equally fortunate in his peregrinations from village to village, although Providence seems to have watched over him in a wonderful manner. He describes another visitation tour made in the province of Maryisk,

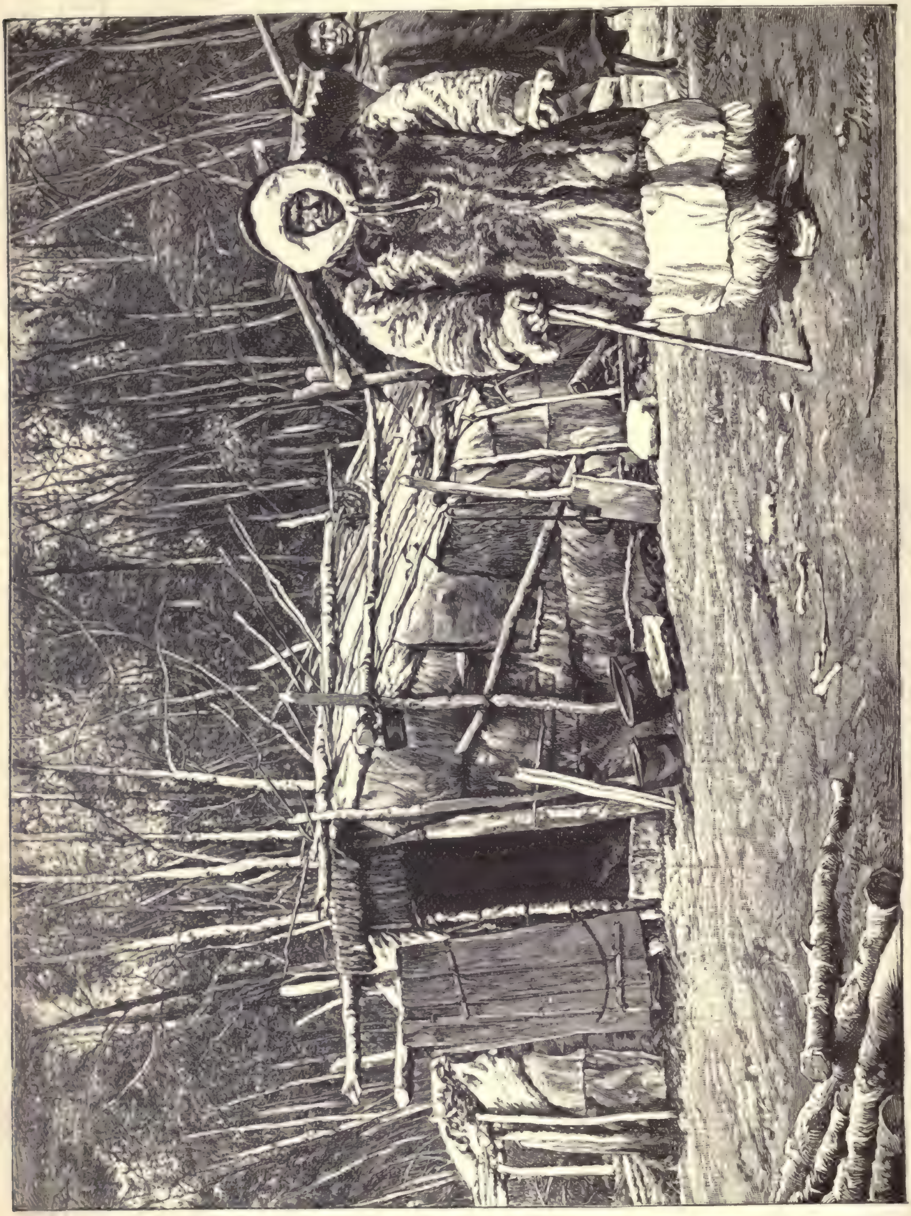
A SIBERIAN POST-STATION.

on the frontier of Eastern Siberia. The first stage in this journey, undertaken in December, 1889, was Mala (Little) Zyrowa. He did not start, he tells us, until evening, as there had been some delay about the horses. The cold was intense, the thermometer registering thirty degrees of frost (Réaumur); the road, too, was extremely dangerous, as it was in some places flanked by deep ravines, into which one or other of the horses ever and anon slipped. "The poor, tired beasts," he writes, "got on with such difficulty that I feared every moment that one of them would fall and be unable to rise again, in which case we should have been compelled to spend the night in the open air—an experience by no means desirable. At length we reached the first post-house. Nearly half the distance was now covered; yet, fatigued though I was with the jolting of the sledge, I would not stop longer than was necessary to change horses; we then pushed on for another two hours. This brought me to the next station, where I halted awhile to visit a parishioner and refresh myself with a cup of hot tea. Skawinski and his wife are excellent people and very good Catholics. They get their living by keeping a little shop, but their business is not flourishing. In the hope of assisting them, I lent them fifty roubles and stood surety for goods to the amount of two hundred roubles. God grant they may not fail to repay me, or I shall get into sore straits! At 5 A. M. I arrived at my destination, Mala (Little) Zyrowa, and laid down to rest for a couple of hours. At 7 I rose and said Mass, after reciting morning prayers and catechising the people as the Provincial Synod directs.

"My entertainers in this place are a well-to-do family, exiled from Poland some twenty-five years since. They have a beautiful house, one room in which is set apart to serve as a chapel whenever I go there to say Mass. In this hospitable and truly Christian household a priest always meets with a cordial welcome. The father is dead, but his widow and sons manage the farm in the vicinity whence they derive their means of support."

After passing a few days with this estimable family, M. Gromadski proceeded to another village fifty versts distant. There he was domiciled under the roof of a farmer and huntsman, whose house consisted of only two rooms, one of which was placed at the priest's disposal. It was clean, and that is all that can be said about its comforts. The window, instead of being double, as is usual in those glacial climes, was single, and not even of glass, for the panes were only paper. This afforded poor protection against the icy blast. Moreover, the room was warmed with a tin stove; consequently the temperature suddenly rose to 40° Réaumur, causing the face to glow with heat, while the lower limbs were benumbed with cold. And when all had retired for the night and the fire went out, the unfortunate missioner could not sleep, for the cold struck to his very bones. As might be expected, after occupying such a room on a Siberian winter's night, he had an illness from which he did not recover for two months or more.

This village of Kuskowa, in which such miserable accommodation was provided for the priest, is situated on the banks of the Tchulim, on the further side of which are the encampments of the Ostyaks and Tunguses. These tribes are both of Mongol race, but they do not intermarry, and indeed have little in common. They are both heathen, and enslaved by fetich-worship, although among the Ostyaks are a considerable number of (nominally) orthodox Christians. Amongst the Tunguses not one is to be found, yet they are more advanced in civilization than their neighbors. In addition to their national



An Ostyak Hut and Inhabitants.

costume, they habitually wear shoes and handsome cloaks; some have watches, and when they frequent the towns and villages in the vicinity they appear in European attire. Still they tattoo their faces and limbs, a fashion the Ostyaks do not follow. Hunting and fishing is the principal occupation of both Tunguses and Ostyaks. The former have herds of tame deer which they take about with them on their wanderings, and of which they make use for the transport of their baggage; the latter employ dogs for this purpose. One thing, at least, characterizes both tribes: the passion for intoxicating drink.

Not to the foreign merchant alone is this deplorable degradation of the people due. Their own popes supply them with drink; they drive a brisk trade, and sometimes make large fortunes by the sale of intoxicating liquors. Their ecclesiastical status protects them from prosecution on the part of the government, and they do not fail to turn this immunity to good account. At Maximinkin, where there is an Ostyak colony, the pope displays business capacities that many a tradesman might well envy. He frequently goes to give a mission to the Ostyaks, and disposes of his merchandise at an enormous profit.

When sufficiently recovered to proceed, the zealous pastor whose steps we are following continued his route along the banks of the Tchulim, halting at the various villages to administer the Sacraments to his scattered parishioners and confirm them in the faith. The reader will not be surprised to learn that before the conclusion of his visitation tour he was again prostrated by sickness, for it is not in mortal man to bear with impunity a succession of such hardships as those to which he was exposed. Attacked by fever of so serious a nature that he felt it necessary to make preparation for death, his one desire was to return forthwith to Tomsk.

It is well that his wish was not complied with, as he would infallibly have succumbed on the way. As it was, complete rest for a few days in the cottage of a kind-hearted peasant enabled him to regain his health sufficiently to complete his round, although constant giddiness and frequent returns of the fever rendered the performance of his ministerial functions no easy task. He persevered though, and fulfilled every duty, without sparing himself, with scrupulous exactitude—*quod formam præscriptam*, as he expresses it.

Before Easter he had regained his own fireside at Tomsk. Writing on the 26th of April, he observes that the themometer then showed 10° of frost (Réaumur). Yet he was already planning another expedition, which was to take him to the frontier of the Chinese Empire. We must not omit to say that a lady residing in Vienna presented M. Gromadski with a portable altar, which could be erected wherever a room could be obtained for Mass. He highly appreciated this most useful gift, and speaks with much gratitude of the donor.

Although, when glancing at the letters of this indefatigable clergyman, he appears in the light rather of an itinerant missionary than of a parish priest, yet it is evident that amid his almost incessant expeditions, which one would have imagined would have worn out any but an iron frame, his thoughts constantly revert to his church and parish at Tomsk. It is there that his interest centres, and, in spite of distractions, his affections and solicitude are concentrated. He tells us the following details concerning the mission:

"The mission of Tomsk dates from the commencement of the present century. It was in 1806 that the authorization of the czar to found it was obtained. The only other place to which the same favor was conceded throughout the whole of Western and Eastern Siberia being Irkutsk. Two Jesuit fathers took up their residence at Tomsk, and remained there until 1820, when the members of the Society of Jesus were expelled from Russia. The mission then passed into the hands of the Franciscans, two of whom were placed in charge of the immense extent of territory included in the mission. On the retirement of the head priest, in 1833, his fellow-laborer resolved upon the erection of a church. Until that time Mass had been said in a private house, for lack of funds to build a separate structure for divine worship. The plan of procedure adopted by the zealous monk, Father Rémy by name, was as novel as it was successful.

"The Catholic population of Tomsk at that time consisted almost exclusively of Polish exiles. These were of two classes, those who were banished from Western Siberia, and those who, their term of penal servitude having expired, had been allowed to settle as colonists in the various villages of the vicinity. Both of these classes were in great destitution, and utterly unable to furnish pecuniary assistance to their pastor. But they were desirous to possess a church, and, inspired by his zeal and energy, they offered him the only gift at their disposal, the labor of their hands. The volunteer bricklayers, masons, and carpenters set to work with a good will, but so great was their poverty that Father Rémy, who constituted himself superintendent of the works, was compelled to provide his workmen with the necessaries of life in lieu of wages. In order to procure what was needed, he expended a small sum that he had raised in the purchase of a rough cart and a pair of ponies. With these he scoured the country round in quest of contributions in kind. In his character of mendicant friar he knocked at every door asking an alms 'in Christ's name,' and seldom did he meet with a refusal. Every one gave what he could, were it only a loaf of bread, a handful of flour, a threadbare garment, a bundle of hay for the horses. When his cart was filled Father Rémy returned to Tomsk; and as long as his stores lasted he took part in the toil of his parishioners, mixing mortar, making bricks with his own hands. When the larder was empty, the works were stopped, the men went to their homes until a fresh stock of provisions had been collected by another excursion into the country. Thus, thanks to Father Rémy's untiring vigor, to the industry of the workmen, the liberality with which his appeal for help was responded to, within the comparatively short space of little more than twelve months a substantial structure of brick was raised. Several members of the (so-called) Orthodox Church contributed to the good work, heedless of any differences of belief. Shortly after the church was finished Father Rémy began to build a presbytery, but before the walls were many inches from the ground the work was arrested, because he was recalled to the convent whence he came at Mohileft, on the Dnieper. His health had entirely broken down as the result of his arduous exertions. He was succeeded by a Dominican father, who did much to beautify the newly-erected church. It is dedicated to Our Lady of the Rosary, and contains three altars, besides several fine paintings, the gift of various benefactors. It is of a size to accommodate between two and three hundred persons, and at the period of its erection was more than large enough to meet the needs of the worshippers. Since then the Catholic population has increased to fifteen hundred. This augmentation of numbers renders the building quite inadequate to contain all who are able to attend the services, and many have to stand outside to hear Mass. In winter-time this is impracticable; thus not a few are compelled to return home without having fulfilled their obligation."

M. Gromadski is naturally most desirous to enlarge his church, which has recently been under repair, the supports of the ceiled roof having been found to be unsound and liable at any moment to give way under its weight. His exchequer is, however, chronically at a very low ebb; in fact, he is sadly hampered by lack of funds in all the works of mercy he has undertaken or is hoping to inaugurate. "Our cemetery," he writes, "presents a very desolate aspect, for it has never been enclosed. For some time past we have been collecting money to build a wall, or at least erect a wooden fence, around it, for is it not one of the first duties of the Christian to care for the dead and preserve their last resting-place from profanation? But hitherto contributions have flowed in so slowly that we have not felt justified in commencing the enclosure, which would, if of brick, cost about two thousand roubles; if of wood, about half that sum. A curious monument in cast-iron testifies to the relative antiquity of the cemetery. It is dated 1794, and bears an inscription, in French, to the memory of one of the *emigrés* at the time of the French Revolution, who took military service in Russia, and was made commandant of Tomsk."

"During the last few years," he writes somewhat later, "Siberia has been undergoing a process of transformation. It is already a different country to what it was; it seems awakening from a long lethargy—awakening to material activity and intellectual life. The pioneers of commerce have found their way across the dreary steppes, and, as I have said before, measures are being taken to facilitate intercommunication with Europe. Besides the construction of high-roads, a line of railway is in contemplation which will unite Tomsk with the Pacific Ocean. An intellectual movement is also astir in Siberia. Besides the excellent gymnasium and other good public schools, a university has recently been founded in Tomsk. It was inaugurated for the benefit of medical students, but the staff of professors is steadily increasing, and each year some fresh branch of study is added to the curriculum. A boarding-house for the students, in connection with the university, has been established, under the control of the curator of public instruction for the province and three delegates, appointed by the municipal council. These are all men of good standing and high culture. Out of the boys who attend the public schools at least one in ten is a Catholic. Application was early made to the authorities to appoint a fixed time for the religious instruction of these scholars; for a long time no definite answer was given. At last, after the institution of a local board of education, the curator, deeming the position of Catholic children in the schools an abnormal one, judged it advisable to appoint a professor to give the religious instruction, and desired the local clergy to chose a priest to undertake the office. This was accordingly done.

"My principal work at this time is to open an elementary school, in close proximity to the church, for young children, and to found a home for old and infirm men. The want of an asylum for the sick and aged is sorely felt. The hospitals in the towns only grant free admission to paupers belonging to the town. If any one is sent in from an adjacent village, the commune of that village has to furnish a monthly sum for his maintenance. To avoid this expense to the inhabitants, each householder takes charge of the sick man in his turn. Every morning they carry him to a fresh house, to be transferred on the morrow to a neighbor's care. During my last expedition into the interior, I was called in to administer the last Sacraments to a man who was paralyzed, and who was nursed after this system. The poor fellow suffered so much from the incessant removals, never sleeping two successive nights under the same roof, that I begged the man in whose house he then was to keep him, in consideration of a small remuneration, until he was removed to his eternal home. I said this would not be

SIBERIAN VILLAGE, WITH "ORTHODOX" CHURCH.

long, and I was not mistaken; he died within a fortnight after I saw him."

It is not in winter-time only that the zealous missioner from whose letters we are quoting pursues his journeys from place to place. The spiritual needs of his scattered flock compel him at all seasons to leave the comforts of home on their behalf, and he finds travelling in the spring and summer attended with perils as great, if not greater, than those which have to be encountered when nature has spread her white mantle over hill and plain.

"I have just returned," he writes, "from an expedition lasting two weeks. I had to travel eight hundred versts in a carriage over roads the state of which was indescribable. The wheels were up to the axles in mud, and after being jolted, or rather tossed about, for six or seven hours at a stretch, I felt almost broken to pieces. This journey was not devoid of danger too, for the rivers that take their rise in the Altaï Mountains were so swollen with the melted snow that they formed impetuous torrents and were almost impassable. Death by drowning is of frequent occurrence; I was myself, in one day, eye-witness of two such fatalities. Two men who attempted to cross the Kiya were carried down the stream and lost. It was impossible to render them any assistance. A little further on, or about ten versts distance, we came to a river which is generally so low that it can be forded on foot. It had overflowed its banks, and so strong was the current that a rider who tried to swim his horse across was at once engulfed in the eddying waters and drowned. The peasants take these casualties as a matter of course. Their fatalistic ideas impart to them a singular indifference to death in general. When I spoke to them of the sad end of these unfortunate men, hurried into a watery grave, snatched by the relentless hand of Death from all their earthly hopes and projects, summoned to appear before their Judge without a moment's preparation, they were quite unmoved, and, fixing on me a stony stare, merely remarked: 'That was how they were to die.' In some villages a strange superstition exists in regard to those who die by drowning. If their bodies are recovered and buried, it is said that a period of drought is sure to supervene; in which case the graves are drenched with water, as a means of procuring rain."

We will give one more extract from M. Gromadski's letters of more recent date:

"No sooner had I returned from my last excursion," he writes in March, 1893, "than I had again to go a distance of two hundred versts in order to bury one of my parishioners, who had been assassinated for the sake of robbery. This is the fourth murder that has been committed in this district during the last twelve months in view of gain. The man leaves a wife and two children. The latter are two fresh candidates for my new orphanage, which is in progress of building. Heaven only knows how I am to find funds to complete the work! There will be no lack of inmates; already several children are anxiously awaiting admission.

"I am now engaged in negotiations with the government in regard to obtaining permission to erect rooms for divine worship in the localities where Catholics are most numerous, and where, owing to the poverty of the people, they are unable to provide me with lodging for myself, or a room of sufficient size for the celebration of Mass. Some provision of this kind is urgently needed. A hundred persons and more are closely crowded into a room of such narrow dimensions that the air becomes so vitiated that the candles will not burn, and the women and children faint; whilst those who are obliged to remain standing outside, being unable to squeeze into the over-filled apartment, are exposed to frost-bite and other injuries from the cold. Nor is this the only danger. One day when I was saying Mass at Maryisk an ominous cracking warned us that the timbers of the floor were giving way. The assembly hastily dispersed, and thus a terrible catastrophe was averted. The falling-in of the floor would assuredly have caused the death of the proprietress and her children, who were in the room below.

"I have said enough to show what difficulties the priest in Siberia has to contend with. My projects for promoting the spiritual and temporal welfare of the unhappy exiles under my charge must, since the government will do nothing to assist our poverty, remain *pia desideria*, the fulfilment of which is relegated *ad feliciora tempora;* unless God of his mercy puts it into the mind of some charitable fellow-Christian to aid me in the good work that I have so much at heart."

PLEDGES MADE AT BONHOMME.

BY SALLIE MARGARET O'MALLEY.

THE wind came up the Long Ravine with a cry like that of a tortured child.

To the left stood the ridge, on which were builded the dwellings of three neighboring farmers. To the right was the desolate, wintry knob known as Coal Hill. But when winter was past it was not desolate, for the prairie grass shot green points through the masses of dead rubbish laced over with sensitive vine, and made the hill an emerald dome against the blue sky. Tucked in this verdure, the wild strawberry ripened and the partridge gathered her brown brood about her, secure from harm.

Between the hill and the ridge circled the ravine, from its source, the white sulphur spring on the ridge, to its emptying into the deep-water creek, ten miles away. Year after year, aided by heavy rains and small land-slides, the ravine widened until it was necessary to build a bridge where the Fort Scott road crossed it. Over this road the farmers trundled leisurely three times a year for their household and farm supplies.

In summer the neighbors were very social, and given to spending the Sundays over well-cooked dinners, while they discussed the crops or the affairs of the little settlement, all in a kindly way and without malice. But when the autumn rains set in visiting ceased, save in sickness. After the rains the frosts came; grass shrivelled, days grew dark, and clouds shut down, gray and smooth from horizon to horizon, while the wind hummed like a swarm of angry bees. After the frosts the snow came from the four corners, falling, sifting, or soaring aloft in the fearful gales.

Then each family became isolated. Even the stables could not be seen from the houses, and the cattle, with lowered heads and close-laid tails, surged in about the great stacks of prairie hay; the weaker ones were crowded out into the exposed places, and bellowed forlornly when the wind lashed them as it swept by on its way down the great channel made by the Long Ravine.

There were mornings when the snow-drifts were above the window-ledges, when the panes were silvery with frost brocades, when the pumps were frozen, the young calves dead, and the snow-birds begging at the door. Then the cows failed in their milk, the bread-stuff was husbanded, and the farmers consulted their almanacs for signs of spring.

But a year came when the grass made fine grazing as late as November the fifteenth. In the gardens the scattered seeds of lettuce and spinach made a brave show of tender leaves, and the neighbors spoke hopefully of their great stores of hay, their racks of fodder, and the fear of the wheat jointing before the black frost came.

A mission was being prolonged in the little stone chapel on the Harnesse prairie, ten miles away, and in the fine bright nights the ridge folks filled their wagons with straw and jolted over the uneven road that crossed the rocky ford at Deepwater, and added their voices to the murmurous responses in the little chapel.

But one rare night along the north-western horizon was a strip of cloud.

"What do you think of that?" shouted Dupré, turning his face over his shoulder.

"Rain," called back Fave from the rear wagon. "Good-by to our fine weather!"

It was that night that Dupré, worried by a rattling window, got up to put a splinter between the casements, and heard a low, sobbing cry, far away. He opened the door—soft sighings and silent tremblings were everywhere. Then full and near, above and all about him, broke the long, high cry of the wind in its first burst of fury.

As it died away a few heavy drops of rain fell in Dupré's upturned face. He sprang back shivering, and then looked out again, toward the other ridge houses.

No light at Fave's, but further on, at Ternier's, was a fitful gleam.

"Poor thing, poor thing!" murmured Dupré. "She'll be sure to go, now."

He closed the door and locked it carefully. In the morning the water was racing, bubble-flecked, along all the flooded paths, and its roaring pour down the channel of the ravine could be heard above the wind.

"Wife," said Dupré, as night closed in early because of the gloom, "I feel like I orto ride over to Ternier's. They're saying now that Alzey can't live long, and it must be extra lonesome for them, on account of this storm."

"Do," said Mrs. Dupré briefly. "If I can do anything, tell 'em to send me word."

It was as dark as night could be when Dupré rode into the stable-yard and put his horse under the shed. There was a subdued moving about when he knocked, and the door opened cautiously.

"Come in," said Mrs. Ternier, in quiet welcome. "Alzey's fell asleep."

"The fire's comfortable," said Dupré, as he warmed before the deep fire-place. "And how *is* Alzey?"

"She's better—better," answered her father. "The doctor says she maybe'll pull through yet."

He took the poker and sent a shower of sparks scuttling up the chimney. He nodded his head and said mysteriously, "She's heard from *him*."

"What?" whispered Dupré in surprise.

"I *knew* something out o' the usual was a-goin' to happen," croaked old grandma from her corner. "I dreamt I see a fire a-ragin' and destroyin' our buildin's, and says I to son, says I, 'We're a-goin' to have sudden news?'" She swung in her chair, then added, "Tell me there haint nothin' in dreams!"

"What did he say?" asked Dupré subduedly. Ternier clasped his grizzled beard in one hand and was silent, saving a negative shake of the head.

"I reckon, though, if he's written at all, he's willin' to make up with her?" urged Dupré.

"Yes; I can say that, I reckon," answered the old man sadly. "He sent her a bit of money an' said he was on the road a-comin'. God willin', I reckon her troubles are over." He wagged his beard, and murmured to himself:

"We don't build on what he says, much."

"She was just a-grievin' herself to death," said her grandmother.

"It's just as I've said fifty times: hasty marriages means trouble to them as undertakes 'em. When Alzey went to Bon homme visitin', I wasn't willin'. I said to mother, 'Alzey's better off here. She'll come home full o' notions and dissatisfied.' But she went, and it wasn't long after when we got a letter a-beggin' us to forgive her, that she'd married Frank Latour. A case of love at sight, you know."

"I remember Mrs. Ternier speaking to my wife when it happened," Dupré said, for Ternier had paused to study out some troublesome thoughts.

"Yes; it was what mother an' me thought was right and just to send her a letter to say we hoped she'd be happy, an' for her and him to visit us some day. It was no great while when we got a letter, all blistered-like with tears, and she wrote she'd always expected to come home to live, that Frank didn't have any trade, and that he thought he'd like to try farmin' out here." Ternier nodded at Dupré. "*That* was the trouble, an' she saw it. He married her, thinkin' he'd step right into a home."

Ternier paused to listen to the wind, which was beginning its breathings of discontent.

"I don't like that sound," he said solemnly. "It worries Alzey too." He rested his head in his hands, and finally said: "As I was sayin', I wrote to her again an' told her her husband must make his own home; and we didn't hear another word until last spring, when I had a letter to meet her at Levean's station. You know all the rest. I guess they quarrelled, for she said Frank had sent her home. She haint told nothin', nor complained, but she's got weaker and weaker, and when her baby died, why she just all"—he spread out his hands as if words failed him.

Dupré said, sympathetically, "Young folks nowadays haint like young folks was when we was young."

"Her doctor's bill has run up over two hundred dollars, and her a-gettin' no better fast. Now he writes, and—why she cried and laughed an' went asleep, sweet as a child, with the letter in her hands."

There came a silence in the room, save for Alzey's regular breathing. Suddenly Dupré turned his ear toward the door.

"Listen," whispered Dupré. "Hear that!"

"Stir the fire," advised grandma. "How cold it's growin'."

"I don't like them short jerks an' them cries in the wind," she went on. "I shouldn't be surprised to find it snowin' in the mornin'."

"Well," said Dupré, as he struggled into his heavy overcoat, "I b'lieve I'll go home. It's kind of lonesome there for mother and the girls. I guess you won't need any one to-night! I'll come around to-morrer, and the old woman says if there's anything she can do, let her know."

"Stay; we're glad to have you," urged Ternier.

But Dupré rode away with the blast tearing at him, thinking of Alzey's troubles, and wondering if his own little girl would ever slip out of home guidance, and if he should be watching by *her* some night, praying for her to live! Suddenly he reined in his horse and stared at the ground. All unseen by him, a soft, white veil was being woven over the dark earth. Unheard, as the wind grew colder, the flying fleece settled its fantastic patterns on the ground. Dupré looked about the sky; faintly but surely showed the Northern Lights. He shook his head. His heart was heavy because of three cows that were out among the stacks with young calves. Though dark in the stable, he pulled down some extra hay from the lofts, and, searching out the young calves, he carried them into an empty stall and drove their mothers to them.

He stood to hear the sociable stir and feeding in the stalls of his horses.

"All safe but you, poor fellows!" he muttered, as he heard the hogs screaming in their pens in the outlying stock-field. Then he entered the house.

"Terniers have hopes of Alzey. She's picked up, havin' heard from her husband, and she's expectin' him to come out here."

Mrs. Dupré held up her hands in surprise.

"It is the unlooked-for that happens," she remarked briefly.

"Winter is here at last," said Dupré solemnly. "Snow is falling."

They looked out and the snow crystals swept up and clung to their cheeks and hair. The light at Ternier's was no longer visible.

The next morning the peach-tree tops were swaying to the ground, each branch and twig wrapped in fold on fold of snow. The rail fences were outlines of white, and on the cattle's backs and along the ridges between their horns soft, melting snow clung in flakes, in crystals and tiny icicles. Dupré felt as if removed from all humanity, for, when he was at the stacks pulling hay for his shivering cattle, he could not see his house nor barn; nor all along the ridge was anything visible but snow—whirling, driving, obscuring in the shifting wind.

"No going anywhere to-day," he said, as he seated himself at the breakfast table.

"Nor to-morrow, nor for many a day," answered his wife.

Dupré looked about him, at the rosy faces of his children, at the plain but healthy provision, and the glow of the fire's warmth was reflected in his face.

"Thank God that we're all together and well, and without any great care!" he said solemnly.

Mrs. Dupré crossed herself and smiled. "Amen to that!" she said.

Over at Ternier's the snow gave uneasiness. "I don't know just what to think about his comin'," said Ternier. "He may have meant what he said, and he may not; but if he comes out from town now, why—" He had a way of never wording a calamity.

"I had sich dreams last night," quavered his mother.

"Dreamin' of weddin's an' seein' people feastin' at loaded tables. I haint never dreamt that dream without hearin' of sickness or death."

"It's the snow that's troublin' me," answered her son testily.

"Is it snowing hard, father?" asked a clear, weak voice from the great bed in the corner.

"Why—er—no; not so partic'ler hard, daughter," he answered with assumed cheerfulness. "But I reckon it will get at it, as usual, after awhile. Season's gettin' along now, an' we need cold weather, so as to kill our hogs."

"Would you mind drawing my bed over by the window? I want to look out towards the gate."

"Er—I—yes; I reckon I can, daughter. But you can't see the gate."

"Then it *is* snowing hard," she sighed.

She was moved, and, propped up by the square feather pillows, she watched the storm outside, thinking, as they knew, of her husband and the little grave out on the ridge. That night the drifts came, and from window to window ran the heavy bank that shut the view from the eager eyes.

"Do you think he will come to-day?" she asked her mother.

The mother smoothed the sick girl's hair and said, soothingly: "He would hardly leave town in such a storm."

It was the third day of the storm, at two o'clock, and already sufficiently gloomy to need a huge fire to lighten the room.

"But he would if he loved me," persisted the sick girl.

But her mother remained silent, with her hands clasping Alzey's trembling fingers.

"You're not set against Frank, are you, mother?"

Mrs. Ternier shook her head and smiled, but her eyes looked troubled.

"It wasn't all his fault," Alzey said eagerly—"I can see now. When I read pa's letter to him he said, 'I don't know what I can do.' Just that day I'd heard his mother telling him he'd better take his wife and start out to make a living."

"There, there!" murmured Mrs. Ternier as Alzey pressed her thin hands against her breast.

"I must tell, so you'll know he's not so mean. I felt angry and disappointed, mother, and I said, cross as could be, 'Did you think my folks would support you if you married me?' He looked at me, mother, queer-like, and answered, 'You know I didn't, Alzey. I just didn't think at all, until we were married. Thinkin' came after.' That hurt me again, and I cried out, 'I guess you're tired of me. If you are not, I am of you!' He got up then, mother, and said, 'Stop right there, Alzey!' I don't remember all I said, but I know he left that night, and in the morning Sam Wood, the postmaster, brought me a little sealed note, with thirty dollars in it and just these words written, 'Go home, at once.'"

Alzey paused again and looked out at the snow.

"When baby was born I thought I must write to him, and even then my pride would only let me tell him that he had a little son, and, dear mother, his letter that came last week is so kind and loving and full of hope. Just think! He's been to the mines and out at sea—poor Frank! and my letter just reached him about six weeks ago. He's coming back to me, and he says 'Death will be all that can separate us.'"

"You never talked about how it happened, and I never asked," said Mrs. Ternier.

"But you will like him, when he comes?"

"Of course," agreed the mother. "Besides, we have no son."

"I wish he would come," fretted Alzey.

After a long silence Mrs. Ternier said: "See how the wind drives the snow! It would be a terrible thing to be lost on the prairies now."

"Oh, if he starts!" cried Alzey with a gasp. "I had not thought of that. He does not know the way either." She shut her eyes and groaned.

"Shall I give you your beads?" Mrs. Ternier slipped a rosary between the nervous fingers. "Did you not say, yesterday, that prayers had restored his love? Why not pray for him to be given to you in health, if it be God's will?"

They were simple, pious folk who scarcely expected miracles, yet sincerely believed in God's promises.

The girl began with the cross, reciting almost audibly, "O Thou, who hast redeemed me, have mercy upon me! Incline unto my aid, O Lord!"

As the afternoon closed she put the beads aside and looked out at the gloomy skies.

"Isn't there some one knocking at the door?" she cried once; but there was no one—nothing save the gust that gripped the oak panels and howled at the window.

"He won't come," she said, smiling sadly. "He won't leave town."

"If he is wise," answered Mrs. Ternier.

"Do you think he will come?" Alzey appealed to her father.

"I think not," answered Ternier cautiously. "There haint a driver would try to cross the prairies to-night, or in such weather. Fave says the stage didn't come up yesterday, and I reckon the storm's worse down that way than here."

Alzey looked about the cheerful room. "I wish I could feel he was safe before the night grows darker."

She closed her eyes, and after awhile her mother cautioned Ternier to move about with less noise. "Let her sleep all she can; she will be worryin' an' worryin' if she's awake."

"If anything happens to him," whispered Ternier, "we might as well make up our minds to it—Alzey'll die."

Just then the door opened and Dupré's face appeared with a swirl of snow about his cap and whiskers. His eyes sought the bed; then he came in as quietly as the scrunching snow would allow him. Following him came another figure in furred coat, frosted and clumsy.

"Who do you think this is?" whispered Dupré excitedly. "It's Frank Latour. He left Levean's afoot this morning at five o'clock. Just think of that! There's not a man in Levean would undertake that trip now. Yet he's alive and thawed out, for I made him take a cup of coffee and a tumbler of hot whisky. If he'd a-missed our house"—Dupré shook his head solemnly.

Ternier came forward hastily. "Thank God!" he cried fervently. "Thank God!"

There was a low cry from the bed and a frail figure struggled to rise, but with a groan the man ran to her and caught her to his breast, and brokenly and in tears they renewed the vows made so sacredly at Bonhomme.

After a time, when he was unwrapped and warm, with his arm about Alzey, and her fair cheek against his own, he asked stammeringly:

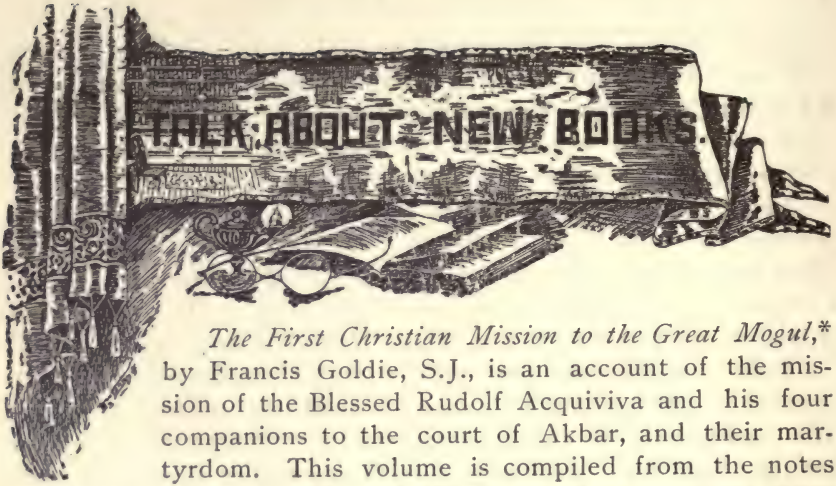
"And the little boy—is he like me? Since the little word you sent me of his birth I have been working and striving to make myself worthy of him and of you."

Alzey was shivering and did not speak.

"Where is he?" asked the young father, rising. "Let me see him."

"Not here, nor in this world," answered Mrs. Ternier solemnly. "He is dead!"

Then night closed in, and up the long ravine the wind came with cries and clutchings, and it carried the young father's call of anguish to the lonely little snow-covered grave, and moaned with the mother her prayers and sighs of repentance.



TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

The First Christian Mission to the Great Mogul,* by Francis Goldie, S.J., is an account of the mission of the Blessed Rudolf Acquiviva and his four companions to the court of Akbar, and their martyrdom. This volume is compiled from the notes and letters of one or other of the five, and from every other source from which information could be obtained. We pass over the chapters which precede Blessed Rudolf's arrival at Fatehpur—Sikri—though they are very interesting, particularly the first, which speaks of his childhood and early life, and the holiness which invested him as a robe, and shall take as a specimen of the value of the book the seventh chapter, which bears the title "At the Court of the Great Mogul." At that time important commercial stations had been established by the Portuguese at Goa and other places on the Indian Ocean. In September, 1579, Goa was roused to the highest excitement by the arrival of an embassy from Akbar with letters to the viceroy, to the archbishop, and to the provincial of the Jesuits. It was natural that the Portuguese would indulge in great hopes in consequence of this token of confidence on the part of Akbar. He was the most illustrious of the descendants of Gengiz Khan and of Tamerlane, and a great conqueror himself. He had subdued Afghanistan, the Punjab, North-western, Western, and Central India, Behar and Bengal. He could be a formidable foe or a valuable friend to the Portuguese at this time, when their settlements were not firmly rooted and when intrigues by Spain and her tributary states in Italy, by Venice and by Genoa, and by France and England, possibly might be successfully fomented against them. The two last-named powers might be supposed to favor the rival of Spain and that this influence would not be thrown into the scale against her. This would be probably correct with regard to European policy, but the schemes of Spain and Portugal for colonization in Africa and the East were so distasteful to both of them, based as they were on a claim to exclusive jurisdiction on those continents pretended to be derived from the Pope, that France and England might well suppose their interest would be advanced, as their national pride would be gratified, by using one power to undermine the work of the other. One word more may be added: the common notion, that England had not dreamt of a colonial and commercial empire in the East until the charter was granted to the East India Company, is not altogether correct. The genuine student of English history will find the idea was not foreign to the astute and daring mind of Richard III. and that the cautious Henry VII. favored it, but the attention of his immediate successors was turned to the more accessible continent of America.

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* Dublin: Gill & Co.

The importance of the embassy from Akbar to their interests may be judged from the fear entertained by the Portuguese that he was only waiting for an opportunity to lay claim to Damaun, which their viceroy, Don Constantine de Braganza, had taken some twenty or twenty-one years before. Akbar possessed in a high degree the craft of the Orient and its tenacity in maintaining pretensions, whether well or ill-founded. But his great military qualities and a certain largeness of mind caused him to act with a frankness uncommon in the East. While his star was in the ascendant he would prefer the agencies of trust and confidence to the use of dissimulation and treachery. A similar play of qualities must be deemed the key to the character of Mithridates. His Roman enemies have portrayed in the darkest color a man who had virtues admired in their own Stoics. In the letter to the provincial, Akbar requested him to send two learned fathers, and the books of the Law, especially the Gospel. He desired, he said, to know "the Law and its excellency."

If we can get at the purposes of this man at all, it is only by carefully weighing his behavior towards the missionaries, the Mohammedans, and the Hindoos. He seemed impressed to an extraordinary degree by the purity and piety of the Jesuits, he seemed to revolt from the teachings of the Koran, exemplified as they were in the lives of the Moslem doctors. He was perplexed by the high ideals and degrading superstitions of the Hindoos, and at the same time, while his judgment condemned the cruelty proceeding from certain rites, he was awed by their antiquity. Our author concludes that he had no intention to become a Christian. The idea he had formed was to found an eclectic religion compounded from doctrines and practices of all three, and that he himself should be the prophet or the god of the new creed. Father Goldie holds he had the temper of mind of an agnostic or rationalist; our opinion is that his was the kind of mind we find in Archbishop Ussher and the eclectic Protestants that gathered round him, the quality of mind from which, in the last analysis, Protestantism of any kind is found to be the product. One thing followed from this mental attitude, the principle of religious toleration, which appears to have been put in practice in his dominions very much as it now prevails in British India; that is to say, indifference to religion as the outer form of a particular belief, but toleration of it as an instrument of police, expresses the policy of Akbar. He had the same difficulty with the law and rite of suttee that the English experienced in the early days of their Indian Empire; he had other difficulties from which their more thorough rule, combined with the Western ascendency of intellect, enabled them to emancipate themselves. For instance, a claim—inferred from toleration of Moslemism—was put forward that the Mohammedans were entitled to kill Christians generally, but especially the converts from Moslemism. If they could not do this, they did not enjoy religious liberty. This Irish-Orangeman mode of interpreting that policy had been actually resorted to in the Portuguese possessions, when his Mohammedan subjects heard that Don Sebastian had declared their religion was to enjoy full toleration. They at once proceeded to murder the Christians and burn their churches and villages.

Blessed Rudolf fell into a natural mistake concerning the disposition of Akbar to receive the Christian religion. He was received with such distinction—a large escort having been sent to meet him—the monarch on his presentation surrounded by twenty vassal kings, the present of the Holy Scriptures accepted with the deepest reverence, the king putting each volume on his head—all combined to lead the missionaries to the conclusion that this semi-civilized Asiatic was sincere in his desire for enlightenment. For the Gospels Akbar had a casket of great magnificence prepared. This whole incident is notable as a study of character. When the sacred books were given him he asked which volumes contained the four Gospels. On being told, he pressed these to his heart, in addition to the reverence shown to the other volumes, and subsequently led Rudolf to the apartment in which the casket to preserve them stood. He kept the missionaries in conversation until two o'clock in the morning and sent a large sum of money after them to their lodgings. This, of course, was returned, Blessed Rudolf saying that he and his companions were poor by choice, and could accept nothing but bare support from day to day.

On Thursday nights discussions took place on moral and religious subjects in presence of the emperor. The intellect and learning of Akbar's court attended these functions—the Saiyids, who claim descent from the Prophet; the Shaiks, who are a kind of Independents in religion; the Uluma, who are the doctors of Mohammedan law (very like the Celtic Ollam, by the by), and the subject kings and the grandees. At one of these debates an incident occurred which, we think, ought to have served as a danger-signal to Rudolf. The subject for this night's debate was on the life and teaching of Mohammed compared with our Lord's. Six of the most learned Mullahs were present. During the discussion Akbar asked Blessed Rudolf to read a passage from the New Testament. A Mullah raised the question, Had not the Christians erased Mohammed's name from Genesis and the Gospel?—which implied an accusation industriously circulated among Mohammedans. The accusation was refuted by Rudolf, and he may have owed something of his success to Abul Fazl, whose writings confirm the Jesuit account of the missionaries' visit and the condition of things in the Mogul Empire at the time. Abul Fazl supported him in the argument; but the circumstance to which we desire to call attention is, that one of the fathers burst out indignantly with the retort that it was Mohammed who had tried to corrupt the Sacred Scriptures, and that his Koran teemed as well with blunders as with moral enormities. Akbar got angry.

Why was he? He could not have been favorable to Christianity when he allowed himself to be so affected for such a cause. However, he showed fairness or caution in sending a message after the debate to the two other fathers, begging they would restrain the ardor of the one who had attacked Mohammed and his Koran. Their reply was what it ought to have been, that as the emperor wished to know the truth, it was their duty to declare it; nor could they, no matter what the consequences, leave him under a false impression. Moreover it was not fair, they urged, that while the Mullahs could denounce the Son of God and the Sacred Scriptures, they should not be permitted to say what they knew about the Koran. We must leave the work at this point. Rudolf and his companions later on had an opportunity of proving the love that lays down life. We recommend it to our readers. It is an invaluable proof of the reality of Catholic missions and an explanation of their success. It is only a page in the tome of missionary effort linking the Apostles with the zealous men who go out from the religious orders to every part of the world to-day. They are going out as we write these words, they will go out when the manuscript has gone from our hands, when we shall sleep the last sleep, and when generations shall have passed away. Whatever ebb and flow take place in social and material forces over the globe, whatever political changes may arise swaying seats of empire from place to place, that Catholic missionary effort will continue with the zeal with which it began on the first Pentecost Sunday, in Jerusalem.

The Beth Book,* by Sarah Grand. This work has an interest for those who desire to see something of the growth of character, and how far it may be affected by injudicious exercise of authority and by the contact of moral and material influences of all kinds. It does not appear that Beth is a person taken from life, though, no doubt, many of her traits are found in real persons. As a study of the formation of character we do not think the treatment successful. The effects which would follow the injudicious handling of Beth from her earliest childhood are certainly opposed to experience, even if they are conceivable. As long as the author left the nature of the little girl in the mists, as long as it was an unknown quantity, anything might be added on to it as a so-called formative influence, while the whole would be amorphous, as dim and indistinct as the cloudy heroes of Macpherson. But, unfortunately for herself, the author makes Beth's father discover that she has a noble nature. This, though somewhat vague, has in the circumstances of Beth's life a meaning one may grasp, namely, that she has a generous temper, that she is sensitive to an exceptional degree, impulsive, reckless, and forgiving. If the basis of her character be a generous temper so defined, the treatment to which she has been subjected would arrest all development; or, if a disposition worked itself out at all, it would be towards a cynical unbelief in good, a contemptuous and bitter estimate of mankind. There are moments when the author, to some extent, sees these effects as probable results of the influences with which she surrounds the childhood and dawning girlhood of Beth, but she modifies their power by accidental counter-influences working like the *deus ex machina* who so conveniently rescues an author from the difficulties of his plot.

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* New York: D. Appleton & Co.

There is a curious instance of association of ideas as cause and effect in Beth's childhood which may have been a fact observed by the author. There was a pleasant, good-for-nothing hanger-on in an Irish village in which her childhood was passed. He had a wooden leg and a red nose; so whenever Beth saw a man with a wooden leg she expected to see a red nose, but, oddly enough, the sight of a red nose did not suggest a wooden leg.

The author has a descriptive power undoubtedly, but a good deal of what she writes as description of external nature is sound, not sense. She speaks of the "crystal" stars. The epithet has no meaning; stars may be "red" or "pale-gold" or "white"—the *candida* of Lucretius—but they are not orbs of glass. The colors she flings on sea and sky are sonorous nonsense; they are about as true to nature as the painting on an inn sign or the yellow-ochre sunsets of a strolling company's scenery. When Beth, still a girl of fourteen, forms the association of girls called the "Secret Service of Humanity," she figures in a novel and a very entertaining phase of her development. It is the best conceived and best executed stage in the formation of her character. She lies superbly, and imposes on her lieutenant, Charlotte, a girl of her own station; though how far the low-class girls who form the rank and file of the corps of "Secret Service" take her seriously does not appear. Very likely they regard it as good fun; they are too narrow, too much deadened down by surroundings that blighted the promise of childhood, to take hold of the enthusiasm with which Beth declaims against injustice, the cruelty of forms, the smug superiority of high-placed worthlessness. The lies of Beth about the messages of the "Secret Service," the mysterious communications, the persons who deliver them and receive her answers, are the spoken "stuff" of which her imagination is made, and interesting stuff too in a way, for you begin to suspect that the author had a type before her. For our own part, we were reminded very much of Shelley as Godwin tells about him, less Godwin's malice—that is, Shelley, the liar as to words, was under the spell of an overmastering imagination, as strong as the charm which binds the genius of an Eastern fairy tale, and talked away from within, as some children do. As the friends of such children, good stolid people, will call them little liars, so persons would say "the daylight could not be believed" out of Shelley's mouth. Godwin had his own reasons for misunderstanding a mind so wonderful in the grace and power and delicacy of its gifts; and this very delicacy too, like the fineness of exquisite workmanship, was not quite as favorable to preserving its effectiveness as rougher workmanship would have been; and accordingly we throw Godwin over as an authority with respect to Shelley's lying. Now, Beth, like Shelley, or like a highly imaginative child, took the facts of the fancy as realities. She was not a liar while speaking under the impulse of imagination, but she amuses by her audacious disregard of probabilities and her supreme contempt for the intellect of her young lieutenant.

We regret she married "Doctor Dan," a dreadful character, but not without his prototype in real life, clever and low-born in the sense of not coming from people with high standards of justice, honor, and duty, his manners coated with a veneer of refinement for strangers, but brutally vulgar for the home. The book is full of faults, but affords proof of great ability.

It is a great pity that a story so fine in every way as Crawford's *Corleone** should be spoiled by such an outrageous blunder as is made in it as to the seal of confession. And to make the matter worse, a great part of the action is made to hinge on this blunder. It might not be worth while to show it up, were it not that authors quite frequently fall into absurd mistakes of this kind in theological matters, seemingly thinking that the laws of the church are very simple, and need very little study. If a question of state law were concerned, they would probably consult a lawyer, or a doctor if it were a question of medicine; but as to matters of the kind here involved, vague impressions are quite sufficient.

The astounding absurdity is briefly as follows: Don Tebaldo Pagliuca, in a mad fit of jealousy, pursues his brother Francesco—the whole thing is magnificently described—and the latter taking refuge in a church, Tebaldo bursts in and kills him on the steps of the altar.

A priest, Ippolito Saracinesca, happens to be in the organ loft. He is a musician, and comes often to the church to play on the instrument, which he is at the moment repairing. He hears, of course, the commotion in the church, and goes down the winding staircase from the gallery, not waiting to look over to see what is the matter; so he sees nothing of the killing. But he meets Tebaldo, and sees the dead body of Francesco lying on the step. Now, Tebaldo, knowing, it would seem, as little about the seal of confession as the author, conceives the brilliant idea of making a confession to the priest, in order, forsooth, to seal his lips as to what he has actually seen and heard! He tells him he has murdered his brother. The priest, naturally, hardly thinks him fit for absolution, but still thinks that he may have really and sincerely repented, and that the confession may be not a mere trick, as it actually was; and therefore that secrecy must be observed about it. Tebaldo then goes out, locks the priest in the church, and accuses him of the murder before the authorities. Ippolito, in answer to the charge, remains absolutely mute except to say that he is innocent; being apparently as ignorant as to the obligations of his office as Tebaldo or the author.

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* *Corleone.* By F. Marion Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Probably the great majority, even of uneducated Catholics, would know that there is nothing in the world to prevent the priest from simply stating what came under his observation, outside of the confession. He could simply say: "I was in the loft, mending the organ; I heard a disturbance in the church, and came down to see what was the matter. I met Tebaldo Pagliuca coming from the altar, and saw a body lying on the altar step, which I afterward found to be that of his brother. Tebaldo went immediately out of the church. I afterward found the door locked, which I had left open when I came in, and shortly after the police came with Tebaldo to charge me with the murder."

The fact of course is, that the confession is entirely irrelevant. Obviously Ippolito says and can say nothing about it in any way; his story is just the same as if the ridiculous thing had never been attempted. Indeed, the mysterious silence which the author ascribes to him is itself a sort of breaking of the seal; it seems to suggest that he has some special reason for not saying anything.

If it were not for this enormous defect, the novel would be of the very first class. It excels in delineation of character, both personal and national, and most vivid word-painting. Every scene stands out with the utmost sharpness, and the plot is extremely interesting and exciting. There is a trace, however, of what one often notices in modern novels, a sort of hurrying and incompleteness at the end. One does not know, for one thing, how Ippolito gets clear of the charge. Tebaldo, it is true, tells his crime in a genuine confession on his death-bed; and this confession is made aloud, and others hear it. But is it possible that Mr. Crawford does not know that those who overhear a sacramental confession are also bound by the seal, and that it remains even after the death of the penitent? It may, of course, be said that Tebaldo meant his confession to be public; but there appears, to say the least, to be no certainty of that; and in this matter we must always keep on the safe side. And it must be remembered, in connection with the matters here criticised, that he is a Catholic, and wishes to be regarded as an authority in Catholic affairs.

The Story of Jesus Christ,* by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. We deprecate attempts to write picturesque or imaginative lives of our Lord, even though done without an avowedly bad purpose. It is impossible for such studies to be more than accounts of the writer's ways of regarding the Most Sacred and the only Divine figure that has appeared on earth to communicate with men in their own manner. He dwelt amongst them; but we know that his contemporaries were unaware of his divine nature and the holiness which enfolded his human nature, could perceive nothing of the immensity of grace which flowed upon his soul from its union with his divinity, as well as that inherent from its creation and possessed from the superadded gifts of the Holy Ghost. They saw in him only an ordinary one of themselves. Now, we disapprove of estimates which must repeat the blunder of the Jews among whom he lived.

The writer has advantages which the mass of the Lord's contemporaries did not possess; and in the light of Christian doctrine, morality, and civilization she is viewing him as if she were in Nazareth before his birth, and enjoyed mysterious knowledge of all that that time portended and of all that his life meant until he laid it down. But his contemporaries were without the possession of knowledge which nineteen centuries of Christianity have supplied to the understanding of his life. She seems ostentatiously to throw away this information, but it is a part of her being. No one, atheist or other, bred in the atmosphere of Western civilization, but has in his moral principles, his tastes, his regard for convenances, and his mode of dealing with the fundamental facts of consciousness some share of the Christian heritage. Consequently this lady cannot make herself a Jewess living under Herod, she cannot see things with the eyes of Galilean peasants, or as they were seen by the rulers in Jerusalem 749 A. U. C., unless she takes the Gospel account as it is. She does not do this; she constructs a fable with colorable allusions to the Life in the Gospels, but with no part of the profound and loving reverence which added on, among early Christian peoples, incidents, events, interchanges of thought and feeling, to supply to the heart what the severe simplicity of the Gospels, the awful responsibility of the Evangelists, could not bend to.

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* Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

We do not mean that there is want of love in this book, but there is a lack of reverence; the ground on which she treads is holy, but she does not know it. She can only see the outer shell of the Lord's life, his Mother's relation to him in an incoherent, jumbled-up way, and, woman-like, she judges St. Joseph by one incident. As might be expected, she gushes over the chivalry which the "builder," as she calls him, displayed in that time of perplexity.

We cannot be surprised at the view taken of our Lord in this book—a view that simply erases the prophecies, contradicts the entire purpose of the Old Dispensation and takes the light and the life out of the New, when the author sees in His Mother one who may be spoken of in such terms. As surely as a pretended reverence for the honor of the Son expresses itself in irreverence towards the Mother, so surely we shall have his divinity misunderstood and finally denied, as it is by many Protestants to-day. The blasphemies of the sixteenth century are fulfiled in the naturalism of the nineteenth.

This little pamphlet, *Conversions*,* is likely to prove useful for circulation among non-Catholics, or for distribution to them at missions. Its title fairly summarizes its contents, which comprise brief accounts of the conversions of Cardinal Newman, of Faber, and of Orestes Brownson and Bishop Ives. Less known but fully as striking is the spiritual history of Rev. George Haskins, once a Protestant minister, after a priest and the founder of the House of the Angel Guardian, Boston.

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I.—STUDY OF ISAIAH.†

This work, we learn from the preface, has grown out of lectures delivered to the author's classes in the Theological School of Boston University. This university is, we believe, controlled by the Methodists, and therefore Professor Mitchell's views may be looked upon as being at least tolerated by that body. If such be the case, no adherent of "higher" criticism has reason to complain of being restricted. Practically without discussion, the opinion that the book of Isaias is all the work of the prophet of that name is declared to be now almost obsolete, the last twenty-seven chapters forming a separate book. Even the thirty-nine chapters left to Isaias can no longer with certainty be attributed to him; in fact, some parts evidently do not belong to him, while many other parts are doubtful. Tameness of style and inferiority of contents constitute the grounds for the rejection of some of these parts. Professor Mitchell quotes without disapproval the opinion of Dr. Cheyne, that only one-third of the first thirty-nine chapters is genuine. As to the arrangement of what, after this examination, is asserted to be merely a collection of various documents written at different times, a great degree of uncertainty is declared to exist. Whether it was made according to the date of the composition of the various parts, or whether the principle of arrangement is according to subject or content; whether the present arrangement is the original one, or whether such arrangement as there is was made by accident or by an editor or editors, and, if there are signs of order amid the apparent chaos sufficient to indicate an intelligent supervisor, on what principle he worked—all these questions are touched upon, and as a result, for Mr. Mitchell's pupils, Isaias is transformed into an editor of various documents, who lived as late as the latest of the additions to the original nucleus—*i. e.*, near the fall of the Persian Empire—the purpose of this editor in making his collection being to stimulate his compatriots to expect the promised restoration, for which reason he takes care to secure the recurrence of comforting passages throughout the collection, and even allows himself to do violence to the presumed original arrangement in order to secure so happy a result. Such is the teaching given from the professorial chair of Boston University.

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* *Conversions, and God's Ways and Means in Them.* By Right Rev. John T. Sullivan. Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co.

† *Isaiah: a Study of Chapters I.-XII.* By H. G. Mitchell, Professor in Boston University. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

We turn now to the comments on the Messianic prophecy, "Behold a Virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and his name shall be called Emmanuel." This is translated by Professor Mitchell—"Lo, the young woman that shall conceive, and bear a son and call his name Immanuel." It is to Professor Mitchell self-evident that the Blessed Virgin is not meant, although it is admitted to have been the view of the early

Christians and to be still current. Nor is the Jewish explanation acceptable. The meaning of the passage, according to Professor Mitchell, is simply that the condition of Judah is shortly to be so much improved that any young mother would be justified in indicating her satisfaction at this improvement by calling her child Immanuel—God-is-with-us—and if any one did so, this would be the fulfilment of the prophecy.

We have not found any very clear indication as to whether so composite a document as Isaias is declared to be, is looked upon by Professor Mitchell as inspired, and if so, what its inspiration means. He is, however, so reverent and respectful in his way of writing, that it may be presumed that he looks upon Isaias and the various authors and editors as divinely guided in some way or other, although not so fully as not to make misleading statements (see p. 44). While the work does not seem to us to be product of original thought, it will be of value to the student as a fair statement of the opinions at present prevalent.

2.—JEWISH HISTORY.*

A new book by Father Gigot, of the Boston provincial seminary, on that portion of Biblical Introduction which is concerned with the history of the chosen people, is deserving of the warmest welcome. The author has seized upon the right idea of a manual of Jewish history and has consistently followed it throughout. The sacred record itself, he is convinced, must ever be the student's chief text-book, and all hand-books or outlines are only in so far useful as they fill out and shed light upon this original. A narrative so detailed as would, to a large extent, dispense with the reading of the Bible itself, would be, Father Gigot implies, and justly, seriously to lose sight of the true method of Hebrew history study. This is but an adaptation of the unifying principle of all Scripture science, that exegesis is, more or less proximately, always the end of the student's research—lower and higher criticism being introductory analyses, and sums or systems of Biblical teaching the syntheses of exegetical results. Accordingly, the author has so constructed his book as to make it of highest use to those who read it Bible in hand. There has been no effort to give a full, easily-running narrative of careful literary finish, like the history of Dean Milman or the lectures of Arthur Stanley. Being different in scope and purpose from these, Father Gigot's work cannot fairly be compared with them. These latter, beyond question, are reading of the easiest and most enjoyable nature, but to acquire a lasting and sure knowledge of Jewish history, a knowledge that represents personal work, no means is anything like so efficient, in conjunction with the Old Testament itself, as a guide and commentary fully up with every modern discovery, and cognizant of every modern problem. Such a guide is the work before us, and as such it probably has no superior in English. From its nature it carries condensation very far, at times to an excess, now and then hurrying us off to a reference in Farrar or Ewald or Vigouroux, when without much loss of space it could itself afford us the illustration required. There are a few masterly examples of condensation with no loss of clearness or simplicity of style. We remember nowhere so clear and succinct an account of the Mosaic legislation as is contained in the eighth and ninth chapters. References to the Bible are very numerous, and those to extrinsic sources include the very best Scriptural literature available to a reader of English and French. Summarily to state our opinion of the book: it is a rapidly-moving, nervously-written sketch, finely illustrative of the Old Testament account, and fully abreast of the latest results of Biblical scholarship. It is the work of a specialist and scholar, and to the student who gives it the attention it deserves and acts upon its rich suggestions, it is better adapted than any work of which we know to give a solid hold upon this department of Scriptural study. Such a manual for Catholics and from a Catholic source was long needed, and we trust that this able attempt to supply the deficiency will be heartily encouraged. The book has the imprimatur of Archbishop Williams.

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* *Outlines of Jewish History from Abraham to our Lord.* By the Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S.S., Professor of Sacred Scripture in St. John's Seminary, Boston, Mass. New York: Benziger Brothers.

3.—CARMEL.*

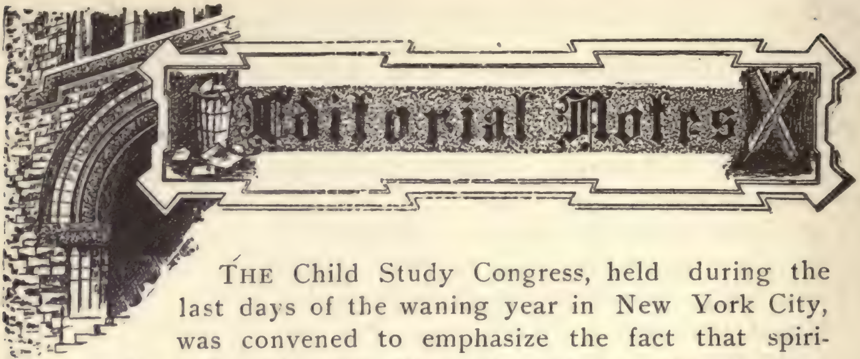
Just a hundred years from the time when the first Carmelite convent was established in the United States the third filiation from it was founded in New England. In commemoration of that event, the Discalced Carmelites of Boston have compiled the brief and artless summary of the history, spirit, and rule of their order which lies before us. Their convent on Mount Pleasant Avenue was taken possession of by five nuns

* *Carmel: Its History and Spirit.* Boston: Flynn & Mahony.

from the Baltimore Carmel late in August, 1890. In April, 1790, an American nun in the Carmel of Antwerp, with two American nieces of an English lady who, like the others, had been professed in Antwerp, were the first to obey the summons that came to them from Maryland. "Now is your time to found in this country, for peace is declared and religion is free." Their voyage was long and perilous; they did not reach America until July, and their convent was probably not opened until late in that month. The century that has elapsed has seen but three filiations from it, the first of which was not made until 1863. In America, as Bishop McCloskey said in 1844 to the young aspirant sighing for baptism and the contemplative life who afterwards became the founder of the Paulist Fathers, "the church was so situated as it required them all to be active."

And yet the life of solitary prayer has always preceded fruitful action. Great Elias, the founder of Carmel; John the Precursor, of whom our Lord said, "If ye will receive it, this is Elias who was to come"; Paul, who "conferred not with men," but went down alone into the deserts of Arabia; our Lord Himself, in that hidden life of which we know so little and dream so much—these are the models on which Carmel is fashioned, the deep foundation on which it builds. One is not surprised to learn that the known austerity of its life has not prevented "a constant stream of applicants for admission" from knocking at their doors. Nor can one hesitate to ascribe to the virtue of their intercessory prayer the immense growth of the American Church within the century, knowing that the first of their houses was "especially founded for the purpose of invoking by prayer and penance the Divine blessing upon the Catholic missions of the new world."

The oldest of all religious orders—antedating the church itself by the "schools of the prophets" on its famous Mount—Carmel shares the special promise of enduring to the very end; as if to show a restless world, full of troubled activity even when Christian, that trouble must die in confidence and activity learn due measure, and that poverty of spirit and inward longing after God build the sole continuous road to the Eternal City.



Editorial Notes

THE Child Study Congress, held during the last days of the waning year in New York City, was convened to emphasize the fact that spiritual growth and soul cultivation are matters as largely governed by scientific law as body development. This gathering, under the patronage of the Paulist Fathers, called together some of the best educationists of the day, including G. Stanley Hall, President of Clark University. It will not be without its effect in the educational world, and together with the Institute work reveals a wonderful activity in Catholic educational circles.

China, in all probability, is destined to be parcelled out to the great European powers. It will be a curious study to see which nationality will triumph. In any case, the light of Christianity will be let in to illuminate the darkness of paganism there. We expect to publish in the future some very interesting articles from Very Rev. Dr. Zahm on the state of religion in China, the result of his own personal observations.

In speaking of future articles we are able to announce the publication of an article on the "Recollections of Aubrey de Vere," by one who was intimately associated with him during his life, his own cousin. Aubrey de Vere has attained an enviable place among the poets, and his work has been known to American readers largely through the pages of this magazine.

We shall print also, in the early future, a very bright article from the pen of Thomas Arnold, brother of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, and the only surviving son of the late Dr. Arnold of Rugby.

A letter from Rome announces that the *Life of Father Hecker*, in its French translation, has received from the Holy Father a special notice. When it was presented to him he inquired particularly into Father Hecker's saintly life and work, and affectionately sent his blessing to all who actively co-operate in the works which group themselves about Father Hecker's name, particularly the Apostolate of the Press and the Missions to non-Catholics.

AUTHENTIC SKETCHES OF LIVING CATHOLIC AUTHORS.

MR. WILLIAM J. D. CROKE was born on February 20, 1869, at Halifax, N. S., his father being the then member of the Canadian Parliament for Richmond, and his mother belonging to the MacNab, one of the oldest colonial families and that from which the island takes its name.

Mr. Croke made his earliest studies at St. Mary's College, Halifax; at St. Joseph's College, Memramcook, N. B., and at St. Dunstan's College, Charlottetown, P. E. I., until at the persuasion of Monsignor Hannan, the then Archbishop of Halifax, who was a friend of the family, he was sent, not as was at first intended, to Stonyhurst College, England, but to St. Edmund's College, Douai, the institution which has inherited all the local British and Irish memories of that famous university town. After spending three years there, Mr. Croke was first sent to England and then called home, in 1883, for delicate health. Nothing, however, availed to wean him of his affection for his old school, not even a scholastic year at Montreal, the Rome of America, whither he chose to go (to the Collège de Montréal) on trial, rather than to any other school in the United States or Canada. Therefore, after travelling in the United States, he returned to his old college in the autumn of 1884.

WILLIAM J. D. CROKE.

After an extended sojourn in England on the completion of his humanities, he proceeded, in 1889, to Rome, where he has resided ever since, with the exception of absences during such periods of travel as he has devoted to the pursuit of history, archæology, and art. He has there established a very solid reputation for proficiency in these studies. His association with the press of very various colors has brought him into close contact with the actualities of modern life, as is shown by his connections with such widely different papers as *The Daily Telegraph* (the great Conservative organ), *The Westminster Gazette* (said to be the only paper which Mr. Gladstone reads), *The Tablet* (the best English Catholic paper), the historic *Nation*, *The Standard* of Malta, *La Verité* of Quebec, *The Irish Catholic*, *The Catholic Standard and Times* of Philadelphia, *The Washington Post*, and *The Roman Post*, to which last he contributed many signed articles. His correspondences over a pseudonym sent to the quondam *Catholic Times* of Philadelphia, which elicited the praise of being the best sent from Rome to any paper, and a certain similarity of style, or rather of treatment, have perhaps caused his widespread identification with the "Innominato" of the New York *Sun*. Mr. Croke says he knows "Innominato," with whom he occasionally collides or chaffs in some correspondences signed with his own name. Though he is a contributor to THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE, and though he occasionally writes articles in other American periodicals, his name is not of very frequent occurrence in monthly literature, despite its otherwise undoubted familiarity in the United States. He holds that Rome is too far away from America to permit of any active literary concurrence upon topics of the hour, and he is, moreover, engaged on the preparation of an archæological work which has entailed very lengthy and laborious researches in the mediæval archives of Rome. His daily life is half given to journalism and half to study. He is an infrequent visitor to the *salons* of Rome, though he is welcome in many of the "Black," "White," and "Gray" circles. His particular pleasure is such travelling as he has recently written of thus:

"I went a few days ago to Urbisaglia, a town which Dante has honored with a mention and thus enshrined in history. I arrived, and, though it was Sunday, saw that the chief of police was scanning my arrival and appearance as extraordinary, from the chief window of his new residence. After inspecting the church and dismantled fortress of the middle ages, I drove to the neighboring village of Colmurano, where I also inspected the antiquities. Returning to Urbisaglia I ordered supper. Hardly had I sat at table before the Brigadier, Chief of the Carbineers, or Military Police, was announced. He entered with an assistant. He said: 'Sir, you will allow me? I am the Chief of the Police here. You must have a reason for coming here. What may it be?' Had I told him about Dante I should have fallen into a hopeless plight. So I merely generalized about the common practice of taking outings for the promotion of health in general and of digestion in particular. Then he wanted all the particulars or, as he called them, 'generalities,' about my person, etc. Unfortunately I was a foreigner. He insisted that I was a Frenchman (the French are regarded as hereditary enemies here). After a great deal of tedious explanation he made me put down my name, etc., on paper. Had I refused to do so, I should have been arrested. Being arrested, what might have happened? At Genoa a prisoner has just died in jail, and the doctors are trying to find out how his ribs came to be smashed in. At Rome a prisoner has just been discovered—say the papers on direct authority—in a similar plight. At Rome, also, not very long ago, a prisoner died and the contusions on his body aroused the same terrible suspicion."

A paper from his pen was very favorably commented on in August last, at the International Scientific Congress of Fribourg, Switzerland. It has now been printed under the title: *Subiaco: Architecture, Painting, and Printing: a Continuous Chapter of Three Phases of Progress.* Mr. Croke is above the middle size in stature and very fully and strongly built; rather olive than ruddy in complexion, and dark in tint of hair. Everybody asks if he is a relative of his namesake, the patriotic Archbishop of Cashel. He lays no claim to that honor, in which, however, he would have great pride. He traces a family connection with Cardinal Wiseman. The name of *Croke*, he contends on the basis of some well-ascertained facts and of some records of the middle ages which he has discovered in Italy, is an English one, and there even existed a village called Crokehome in Western England during the middle ages.

MRS. SALLIE MARGARET O'MALLEY, although comparatively a recent comer into the field of Catholic literature, is not unknown as a contributor to secular letters. Of Virginia-Kentucky ancestry, she was born at Centreville, Wayne County, Indiana, December 8, 1861. Her maiden name was Hill. A few years after her birth her parents removed to Missouri, and she received her education in that State, first at the Farmers' Institute, near Deepwater, and later at the University of Missouri. Several subsequent years were spent in teaching. On October 15, 1882, she was united in marriage to

Charles J. O'Malley, editor of *The Midland Review*, Louisville, Ky.

In very early girlhood Mrs. O'Malley showed a decided bent for writing, and contributions from her pen frequently appeared in the local press. After marriage her work became evident in many periodicals. Several poems of hers found place in *Wide Awake*, *The Southern Bivouac*, *Fetter's Magazine*, *The Round Table*, and others. At intervals strong, graphic stories from her pen began to appear. About three years after marriage she became a Catholic, and her first work for a Catholic periodical appeared in *The Catholic Reading Circle Review.* Later several stories of hers were published in the *Poor Souls' Advocate*, *Monthly Visitor*, *Angelus Magazine*, and a number of other journals. Under the kindly encouragement, however, of Mr. James Riley, editor of *The Weekly Bouquet*, Boston, her first genuinely Catholic work appeared. Sketches, drawn from life, of the descendants of those French pioneers who composed the early missions in Missouri, contributed to the pages of that journal, found wide republication in this country and England. A fresh one of this series, "Pledges made at Bonhomme," appears in this issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE.

In May, 1897, her first volume, entitled *An Heir of Dreams*, was brought out by Benziger Brothers. Other work is planned for the future.

Mrs. O'Malley prefers to keep her personality in the background, so far as possible. Up to the present her work has been produced under many discouragements. An unresting toiler, earnest, capable, yet burdened with many cares, she does not wish to have her struggles mentioned. She prefers to let her work speak for her and hopes that it may be judged upon its merits.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

THE Catholic Club of New York City recently celebrated the event of reopening its valuable library by a public gathering of ladies and gentlemen prominent in the literary and art circles of society. A large number of those present had already been favored with a copy of the new catalogue, which reveals a veritable Klondike of wealth for literary workers on Catholic lines. The members of the committee in charge of its preparation deserve the thanks of the reading public. Among the distinguished guests were Richard Watson Gilder, editor of the *Century* magazine, and Rossiter Johnson, president of the Authors' Club, who were called upon for short speeches. Judge Joseph F. Daly, president of the Catholic Club, also presented Dr. John S. Billings, director of the consolidated Astor-Tilden-Lenox Library, which is to be erected at a cost of about seven millions of dollars. Plans for the new building were drawn by John M. Carrese, a native of Brazil, who made studies in art and architecture at two of the greatest Catholic institutions in Europe. A notable specimen of his architectural skill is the Ponce de Leon Hotel, at St. Augustine, Florida. The practical details of a plan for the new library building in Bryant Park, New York City, were furnished by a committee to the architects desiring to enter the competition. This plan called for a three-story structure without exterior ornamentation, the reading rooms to be on the third floor, which would be reached by stairways and elevators. A unique feature would be the handling of the books. This would be done by electric lifts, and there would be neither tubes nor arrangements similar to those employed in department stores, as there are in some of the modern libraries.

The main front of the building, according to the committee's suggestions, would be in Fifth Avenue, and the building would be divided into three grand sections, of which one would be devoted to the administration department, one to reading, reference and other rooms, and one to the great book-stack, with a capacity of 1,500,000 volumes.

The plans suggest that the reference rooms shall be away from the noise and crowds, and that the larger reading-rooms, having a seating capacity of eight hundred each, be lighted from the large courts. These rooms are to be on the third floor, to which readers may go by stairs or fast elevators.

In making its plans the committee figured on the development of Greater New York and the consequent increase in library demands. The building proposed by them could be extended toward Sixth Avenue, a distance of one hundred and seventy-five feet, and the courts, reading-rooms, and book-stacks could be duplicated, and even then the park proper would still remain as it is at present.

Dr. Billings has announced a most comprehensive plan of providing for the intellectual needs of the reading public, including the children. He believes that good citizens ought to do whatever is possible to insure the widest circulation among the people of the discoveries that mark the path of progress, and to disseminate the best ideas of the wisest men and women by the aid of the printed page. It is proposed to establish a broad system of intercommunication with small libraries now in existence, and to recognize that there is an imperative need to bring books as close as possible to the homes of the people.

* * *

The visitors to the Catholic Club library had the rare privilege of seeing an exhibit of the manuscripts of the early Jesuit missionaries in North America, brought by Father Jones from the archives at Montreal. Specimen pages, written in the year 1646, were shown from the writings of Father Jogues and many other martyrs for the faith. Considerable interest was manifested in examining the original autograph map of the Mississippi, drawn with great accuracy by Father Marquette over two hundred years ago. Some early documents gave the accounts of the extraordinary virtues of the Indian maiden called the "Lily of the Mohawks." It would be an excellent plan for Reading Circles to devote attention to this heroic period of Christian endeavor in American history, especially as depicted in the volume written by Miss Ellen H. Walworth, entitled *Life and Times of Kateri Tekakwitha*, which was highly praised by John Gilmary Shea.

This work is, as the title would indicate, a biography and a history. It shows a long and careful study of the life and surroundings of the Indian maiden, and much consultation also with living historians who have taken interest in this and kindred subjects. Besides this, the whole work shows that the mind of the author has been deeply impressed with the romance of her subject, and of the times in which her dusky heroine lived. She has made herself thoroughly familiar with the localities described, as well as with the customs and daily life of the early colonists and Indians who came in contact with this Mohawk maiden.

In the present volume all the places connected with her birth and early life in the Mohawk Valley are minutely and accurately described. Valuable original maps, prepared especially for the work by General John S. Clark, of Auburn, N. Y., and the Rev. C. A. Walworth, of Albany, enable the reader to locate readily every site mentioned from Auriesville, near the mouth of the Schoharie River, westward through the ancient Mohawk country.

The march of an army on snow-shoes from Canada to Schenectady—that of De Courselle, in the winter of 1665–1666—will be new and interesting reading to those unacquainted with the wealth of our early annals; as also the description of Albany at the time of its transfer from Dutch to English rule.

Among the stirring and notable events of Kateri Tekakwitha's life may be mentioned—The burning of the Mohawk villages by De Tracy, when she was ten years old; the battle of her own people with the Mohegans, which began at Caughnawaga, now Fonda, and ended at Hoffman's Ferry; the stay of the French Blackgowns in her uncle's lodge; her refusal to marry a young Indian, whose suit was favored by her relatives, and the sufferings she had to endure in consequence of such unwonted temerity. All these things occurred during her heathen days, when she took part in the merry "Corn Feast" and the strange "Feast of the Dead." Later she became a Christian, and was baptized with great solemnity by Father De Lamberville at the rustic chapel of "St. Peter's of the Mohawks" in her native valley. Afterwards she was persecuted on account of her Christian faith, and was driven by ill-usage from her uncle's lodge. Her escape to the banks of the St. Lawrence River was dangerous and exciting. Her quiet and holy life at the mission village of the "Sault" was interrupted for a time by the adventures of the Hunting Camp, whither she went with her adopted sister, and again by a visit to Montreal. Here she had an opportunity of comparing the early frontier settlement of the French traders with that of the Dutch at Fort Orange. Among other sights that were strange and new to her, she saw at Ville Marie a convent of nuns and their Indian pupils, presided over by Marguerite Bourgeois, the friend of Mademoiselle Manse of colonial fame, whose hospital was also close at hand with its devoted little band of sisters.

Notwithstanding her admiration for the nuns and their way of life, Tekakwitha returned to die an early death among her own people at the "Sault." The descendants of those, as well as other Indian tribes of the present day, reverenced her memory, calling her, with mingled pride and tenderness, their "Little Sister." The French Americans of Canada and the United States have named her "La Bonne Catherine" and "The Genevieve of New France."

Her friendship for the Oneida girl, Thèrese Tegaiaguenta, and her beautiful death as witnessed by the Jesuit missionaries, Cholenec and Chauchetière, fill up the closing chapters of this unique and complete biography of an Indian. Hitherto the life of this "Lily of the Mohawks" has been, as the author says in her preface, "an undeveloped theme in literature." It has been her privilege "to explore so tempting a field of romance and archæology" with the best of guides, and this volume is the carefully compiled result of what has been to the writer a labor of love.

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The catalogue for 1898 prepared by Benziger Brothers is the best exhibit of Catholic literature which has yet appeared. It contains over seventy portraits of Catholic authors. The department of juvenile fiction is particularly well represented, and we hope that the living authors will be rewarded by a generous patronage from readers and publishers. A copy of the catalogue may be procured by sending a request to Benziger Brothers, 36 Barclay Street, New York City.

A Bosnian Moslem at Prayer.

See "Customs, Races, and Religions in the Balkans."

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SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENT *VS.* MATERIALISM AND SOCIALISM.

BY REV. MORGAN M. SHEEDY,
Author of "Christian Unity."

THE contest that exists in the moral world between light and darkness, truth and falsehood, goes on for ever. In one form or another this struggle exists at all times and in every land, civilized or barbarous, Christian or anti-Christian, monarchical or republican, and no doubt will continue to exist until light and truth are vindicated in all the fulness of their glory and beauty and blessedness, and exercise complete control over the minds and hearts of men.

Let us consider in its very beginning the training of the child, and endeavor to reach some sound and helpful conclusion as to the benefits to the child and to society of developing his spiritual nature as a remedy against the materialism and socialistic tendencies of the age.

It is a truth which, however frequently uttered, cannot be too constantly kept in mind, that the well-being of society depends on the well-being of the individuals composing it. The well-being of the individual begins with the principles

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that should secure him happiness, and at the same time make him a useful member of society. Most of the evils of society come from the failure to realize this. The truth here stated may be accepted theoretically, but unless it enter into the core of our being, and stir into action corresponding motives, neither personal nor social happiness can be secured.

TWO OPPOSING THEORIES OF EDUCATION.

We must be certain, then, that we start with sound principles in educating the individual members that make up the state. At the outset it may be well to recall that there are two well-defined theories of education, fundamentally opposed to each other. There is the theory of Christianity, which holds that man is made up of body and soul, that he is spiritual as well as material in his being, and that consequently his spiritual as well as his material faculties must be educated; that he is made according to the image and likeness of God, destined for an immortal end: and there is the other theory, not always openly put forward, but existing nevertheless and daily put in practice, that man is not an immortal spirit made unto the likeness of his Creator and destined for immortality, but a material organism, wonderfully fashioned, it is true, but made up of physical atoms, bone and tissue, muscle, and the gray matter of the brain. He is so constituted by nature, we are told, that he is capable of the highest degree of refinement and culture, but his interests, as his life, are confined to the narrow sphere of this world, and do not extend beyond it.

Now, education, both parties are agreed, forms men, and men form society. The individual forms the nation. The important question is this: How are we to make the nation? The answer is plain: by taking care of the individual, by fashioning him aright, by so educating the child as to secure to the individual and the nation the greatest degree of happiness. Youth is the impressionable period; youth is the assimilative period; youth stores up the physical, mental, and moral resources of a life-time, and if man is to be reached from without at all, it must be while he is still a youth.

Now, the advocates of the second theory have labored to expel Christianity from education. Hence they have claimed for education that it must be free, universal, secular, and compulsory. Men of progress in all countries have been preaching for generations that religion—that is to say, the development and training of the soul of the child—must be separated from politics, from philosophy, from science. We are almost wearied into silence. Public opinion has been poisoned into this falsehood. As Cardinal Manning said: "The youth of these days is being reared upon a teaching and a literature which are materialistic and sensuous. What wonder, then, that so many grow up in this country to-day without any or little knowledge of God and his law; that the Christianity of many is shallow; that materialism largely controls the actions of men; and that the spectre of socialism, in its most dreaded form, is manifesting itself more and more every day?"

WHAT OF THE FUTURE OF OUR COUNTRY?

How is it going to be with America in the future? That question, of tremendous importance, is answered by this other: How are we educating the child of to-day?

Without here going into a proof of man's spirituality and his immortal destiny, let me put the matter before you on much lower considerations. Does it pay to bring up the child totally ignoring his spiritual nature and its development?

Is it to be supposed that a child who knows little or nothing of the Ten Commandments, who has never learned to know the meaning, say, of the fourth, fifth, sixth, or seventh Commandment of God, will make a better citizen, a better neighbor, a better father or mother, a better son or daughter, a better member of society, than one who does?

THE PRESENT TREND.

Let us look for a moment at the tendencies in our American life at this hour. There is unrest and social discontent. Consider the condition of the masses of the people. The average working-man is discontented not, as a rule, because a cleverer man than he, or a man who got a better start in life, has a vastly larger share of this world's goods, but because he himself holds so uncertainly his own small share.

In America he realizes his inalienable right "to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." But "conditions have changed so that thousands of men distinctly believe, and other thousands vaguely suspect, that the latest gains in civilization have clouded the title of the average man" to these rights.

Is there anything reprehensible, from the Christian standpoint, in this fight for security; "security of standing-ground; security of opportunity; security of personal recognition among the shareholders in the inheritance of the ages; security of a man's chance to be a man; security that the mighty, impersonal power of capital and organization shall not be allowed to march masses of men rough-shod over individual men, in pursuit of schemes vast in aim, but needlessly terrific in means"?

Some one has said that it is not wise to be over-emphatic to-day with the working-man about his duties, if one is not prepared to grant with equal emphasis his rights. He has been taught to look for his heaven here, and he is trying very hard to get it. There is a mad scramble for the material things of life. The individual, sensible of his weakness, combines with other individuals. Hence we have great labor unions on the one side and great combinations of capital, or trusts and monopolies, on the other.

Between them exists a real warfare. "We talk about the coming of an era of peace when the battle-flags shall be furled, when the cannons shall be turned into plough-shares; we are waging a more terrible and more remorseless and more destructive battle than was ever waged by men who bared their breasts on the fields of conflict to the deadly shot and the thrusts of sabres. It is all the more deadly because none of us is able wholly to realize its true nature and purport. It has come to be considered as a part of the natural law. The results of this economic condition work with the inevitableness of natural law; it is a part of that great theory of evolution which is itself a phase of the wider theory of a mechanical universe, beginning with star-dust and atoms and involving in it all that we are and all that we hope to be, thrusting out God and the soul."

HOW SOCIALISTS REGARD THE CATHOLIC CLERGY.

It is a significant fact that not a single socialist of note can be named who came out of a Christian school or a Catholic educational institution. The teaching of the church is a bulwark against anarchy.

Herr Bebel, the well-known German socialist, in a recent speech, compared the attitude towards the working classes taken up respectively by the Catholic clergy and the Protestant ministers. With regret he confesses that the Catholic clergy have prevented the progress of socialism, and that this is chiefly because, unlike the Protestant ministers, they were in direct contact with the working people.

GROWTH OF CRIME.—HOW ACCOUNTED FOR.

The Italian professor, Lombroso, has an article in the *North American Review* for December on the increase of homicide in the United States. He is an authority on the subject, having a world-wide reputation as a student of mental disease and criminology. The striking fact the professor discusses is the increase of sixty per cent. in homicides in the United States in the last ten years, while there has been an increase of only twenty-five per cent. in population. He also points out that, while in all other civilized countries homicide is decreasing in number, in this country it is increasing. Thus, in 1880 the arrests for homicide were reported by the census at 4,600, and in 1890 at 7,500. Statistics gathered by a Chicago newspaper showed last year 10,000 homicides in the United States.

The National Prison Congress met this year in Austin, Texas, and began its sessions on December 2. In his address its president, General Brinkerhoff, said, when discussing methods of preventing crime: "First and foremost, what is essential is, to revolutionize our educational system from top to bottom, so that good morals, good citizenship, and ability to earn an honest living shall be its principal purposes, instead of intellectual culture, as heretofore." As another means of preventing crime General Brinkerhoff advocated religious instruction in schools. He added: "I am not asking that creeds should be taught in our public schools, but that ethics be taught, which is the science of morals, or of conduct as right or wrong, which all creeds recognize. Does any sane man object to the teachings of the Ten Commandments or the Sermon on the Mount? If there are such, I have never heard of them. Let us have a text-book that all creeds can approve. Then, with a text-book thus approved, let it have the first place in every school curriculum, from the kindergarten to the highest university."

A recent writer in one of the great New York dailies remarks that "whatever may have been the ancient orthodox views on this subject, it is a most remarkable fact that the more modern and distinguished investigators in the department of criminal statistics are opposed to the view that intellectual ignorance is the logical cause of crime. As stated in a recent English publication, and as otherwise known, the following writers have expressed themselves 'as more or less emphatically of opinion that instruction in reading and writing has little or no effect in elevating the character and diminishing the volume of crime'; viz., in France: Guerry, Ivernes, and Haussonville; in Italy, Lombroso, Garofalo, and Ferri; in Belgium and Germany, Quatelet, Van Oettingen, Valestini, and Starcke."

DIVORCES.*

Mr. Gladstone, in acknowledging the receipt of a copy of *Christian Unity* sent him by the author of this paper, who dealt briefly with the subject of divorce in that work, wrote, as late as June, 1896, as follows: "It is deplorable to read of the state of law and facts with regard to divorce in America. But I am glad that your church gives *no countenance* to them. If we *sap the idea of the family, we destroy the divinely-given foundation both of society and of religion.*" This is very strong testimony indeed from so high a source, and shows the conservative power of the Catholic Church as a great social factor and influence.

The Hon. Amasa Thornton, a prominent lawyer and Republican, in an article in the *North American Review* for January, commenting on Rev. Josiah Strong's solution of the Twentieth Century City Problem, says: "The children and youth of to-day must be given such instruction in the truths of the Bible and Christian precepts, and in the duties and principles of good citizenship, as will prevent them in mature years from swinging from their moorings and being swept into the maelstrom of social and religious depravity, which threatens to engulf the civilization of the future. Such instruction can only be given successfully by an almost entire change of policy and practice on the question of religious teaching in the public schools, and the encouragement of private schools in which sound religious teaching is given."

INCREASE OF CRIME AMONG THE YOUNG.

The increase of offences against the law by young people is marked, and it is due to the lack of spiritual training of our youth.

For many years after negro emancipation the court records in the Southern States discouraged the friends of education by showing an astonishing increase in convictions for forgery of young negroes when first taught to read and write. Now all this, it may fairly be insisted, is the natural, inevitable consequence of our false theory of education. But it has been held that men and women may lead moral lives and that upright and good nations may exist without belief in God. But, I ask, where in the pages of history can record of such a nation be found? Read the history of the ancient republics. What was their fate?

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* The increase of the number of divorces in this country has become alarming. How account for it?

QUO VADIS?

To me the undiminished popularity of *Quo Vadis?* is matter for rejoicing. It is, by all odds, the most successful of contemporary novels, and it is being read by thousands, many of whom will probably be benefited by it. The contrast which it presents between pagan and Christian morality is very striking. To the world of to-day, which is relapsing into paganism, the author seems to say "Quo vadis?" and of the woman of the day he seems to ask, "Are you willing to fall back into the degradation from which Christianity rescued you?" One is disposed to excuse the too realistic passages in the story when one remembers the object the author evidently had in view.

Kipling gives us a picture—fairly true to life—of one of the "spoiled darlings" in his *Captains Courageous,* which represents a type of some young Americans whose number is increasing.

But what of the boy or girl who comes out of the school where spiritual development goes hand-in-hand with secular training? Are all such perfect?

There have been, as we freely admit, many failures among children educated in Christian schools. But this may be fairly accounted for on the grounds of defective home-training, bad companionship, the contamination of the streets, and not to the training received in the Christian school.

WHAT RELIGION DOES.

It is true that we often find religion disparaged by failures. False religion is accountable for this. With true religion the case is different. It makes man stronger; it enables him to conquer—to bear up bravely. In other words, it makes of him a man in the true sense of the word. Religion gives man a better chance to be what it was intended he should be. Religion takes a man from a low, superficial, selfish, worldly life and makes of him a noble, self-sacrificing, conscientious being. A man with religion works with a different spirit and a different idea of life than he who does not possess it.

Leaving out of consideration for the present positively religious acts, such as the attendance upon divine worship, daily prayer, examination of conscience, repentance and confession of sin, restitution and forgiveness of injuries, benevolence and charity, religion reveals to man his place in this world, shows to him the nobility of life, and puts before him the truth that a saint is after all manhood at its very best.

The trouble with a great many of us is, that we have lost the use of our spiritual faculties through lack of exercise. Like other faculties with which man is endowed, his spiritual capacity, in order to be at its best, needs exercise. This it secures through what we call religious acts. Without this exercise of the spiritual powers we become distorted, one-sided. They make man stronger, nobler, richer.

Christianity has one end in view—the uplifting of man. We know that the world has strange notions of Christianity. Let us show that with it we can do life's work better. Everybody is looking for the ideal young man—for one who has a lofty purpose in life, high ideals, and the consciousness that he was placed where he is in order that by his opportunities he may make the world brighter, better, happier, and stronger for his having been in it.

OUR SCHOOL SYSTEM DOES NOT GO FAR ENOUGH.

Our school system is good in so far as it is free and universal. Education is good. But our school system is radically defective inasmuch as it lays no stress on morality. What is our idea in educating our children? To make money-winners and money-getters of boys who will be able to make money enough and more than enough. We do not go down into the deep, eternal basis of man's heart and say, first, Be a man. We say, "Be smart, be shrewd, be clever." Our race will, little by little, decay under such training.

The destiny of individuals and nations is controlled by moral forces. If history teaches any lessons it is this.

SIGNS OF AWAKENING.

But men are becoming alarmed and are prepared to reconsider their views and theories of education.

The other day I read with great satisfaction an address of Dr. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education, in which he said, that "there never was a more unscientific book than Spencer's *Essay on Education*," and that Spencer's idea of education is fundamentally false, because, as Dr. Harris pointed out, Spencer does not take education as the genesis of man's spiritual life, but merely as something useful for showing man how to care for his body and perform the lower social functions of life. Yet Spencer's view of education has prevailed widely.

Again, I find Dr. Edward Everett Hale, while speaking in this city a few days ago on "Morality in the Public Schools," saying: "There is danger of the managers of a great machine taking more pride in the machine and its workings than in the results it turns out. This is the danger in our public schools."

There is a good deal wrong with our modern society. But what Carlyle said years ago, in his own blunt, vigorous way, is true now and always will be true: "The beginning and the end of what is the matter with society is, that we have forgotten God." Hence, to set things right we must restore a knowledge of God and his laws. We must develop the spiritual side of man so that he be lifted above the gross and material things around him; for society founded on a purely natural and materialistic basis must perish, as all societies so established have perished.

DEVICES TO SUPPLEMENT DEFECTIVE TRAINING IN THE DAY-SCHOOL.

What are the Kindergarten system, the University Settlement system, the Protestant Sunday-school system, the Epworth League, the Society of Christian Endeavor, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Salvation Army, but means to develop the spiritual nature of man, and to restrain the grosser and materialistic tendencies of his being? The promoters of all these agencies are fully convinced that it is the moral or spiritual element that must save society. Hence, if they were consistent they would be on our side on this question of education; they would unite with us Catholics, and insist that spiritual or religious training should go hand-in-hand with secular instruction.

OUR SUMMING UP.

The problem presents itself to us in this simple form:

Shall we follow Him who is the light of the world, and who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me"; or, ignoring Him, listen to the false, materialistic philosopher who says, "Make your heaven here; live for this world and what you can get out of it; leave the next to care for itself"? Or, shall we follow the socialist, with his creed of terror and despair, when he tells us "the idea of God is a myth; the present order and arrangement of things is unjust, and there can be no peace or rest until it is overthrown"? Over against this we set the teaching of the Christian school:

"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just and pure and lovely, and of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." These are the thoughts which make us noble and good and Christ-like, and which, being disseminated, will make the world better.

Upon the solid pillars of intelligence and morality, patriotism and religion, the mighty superstructure of this Republic has been raised, and out of these elements have grown and developed our ideas of liberty, equality, and fraternity. To preserve our form of government, to make the nation prosperous, contented, and happy, all lovers of their country should have a care that its citizens are trained to be virtuous, conscientious men; honest in thought as well as in purpose, so that in all things they may be true to themselves, true to their fellow-men, and true to their God. In other words, we must develop the spiritual or religious nature of the child if we are to have the best type of American citizen. It remains for America, which has taught the world in so many ways during this nineteenth century, to show in the coming century how a republic founded on the intelligence and patriotism of its people can be preserved against the assaults of materialism and socialism, and this can only be done by following Him who is the Light of the world and the Saviour of society.

HAPPY MARRIAGES OF NOTED PERSONS.

BY FRANCES ALBERT DOUGHTY.

A MARRIAGE is like a building with stained glass windows. An observer peering into the structure from the outside receives no idea of proportions; colors, lights, and shadows are strangely confused to his vision.

An impression prevails that persons of the marked individuality which results in eminence are necessarily difficult to live with, that the most intimate of domestic relations is likely to prove unhappy in their case. By a search into the records of the last hundred years it is quite comforting to discover that this popular notion is exaggerated and incorrect; that the proportion of well-assorted unions, so far as such delicate material can be submitted to investigation and statistics, is about the same among illustrious individuals as among the commonplace couples of our daily acquaintance.

It has been said that it would be better for society to let the lord chancellor make the matches in England; but beginning at the top, if we compare the royal marriages of Europe, which are weighed by lawgivers and made for reasons of state, with the marriages of our own presidents, the argument is certainly in favor of personal freedom of choice. Only one life among the presidents furnishes anything like proof of an ill mating.

Washington and his wife have always been accepted as models, although tiny currents of tradition have brought down a rumor that Martha managed the Father of his Country. Either he did not know that he was managed or else he was pleased with home rule, for he always wore her miniature over his heart, and the majestic man was not of a sentimental temperament.

The biographies of the two Adams presidents show that they had helpmates of great force of character who made uncommon sacrifices for their interests. Mrs. Madison reflected a light upon her husband's administration which has been a kind of beacon for the succeeding ladies of the White House. Mrs. Monroe and Mrs. Taylor were devoted wives who were content to merge their identity in the renown achieved by their partners. The obstinacy of Andrew Jackson has become proverbial, but in the heart of Old Hickory there was always a soft spot which yielded to any wish of his cherished Rachel. There is equal evidence of harmony in the married lives of Van Buren, Harrison, Tyler, Fillmore, and Pierce.

Andrew Johnson deserves special notice, for the superior mental acquirements of his wife were a continual incentive to his ambition. He learned the alphabet and the construction of English sentences without her assistance, in the night hours at his workshop in Raleigh, but the rest of his education was obtained under her guidance. The later presidential marriages are fresh in the memory of living persons and need no comment.

Among contemporary European royalties it is easy to pick out as fortunate in their wedded lives, Victoria and Albert, their daughter and Frederick of Prussia, the late Czar Alexander and his Danish czarina, and the present kings and queens of Denmark, Italy, and Greece, but it would not be safe to add many other royal names of the century to the list of domestic felicities.

Coming into another kingdom—that of creative intellect—it is gratifying to find that a considerable number of recent partnerships have been thoroughly congenial on the mental and the affectional planes.

Philip Gilbert Hamerton, the gifted author of *The Intellectual Life*, has expressed the opinion that the best possible marriage for a man of genius is with an intellectual equal of sympathetic aims and pursuits. His own union was of this stamp, and his verdict carries additional weight in consequence. Recognizing, however, that such an opportunity is not accorded to every man of genius, he thinks that the second best choice is of a woman who does not even aspire to stand upon her husband's mental platform, but who loves and admires him, trusts the wisdom of his undertakings enough to make a distinct mission of securing his comfort and shielding him from disturbing influences.

Husbands and wives of similar tastes and aims who have become collaborateurs afford examples of the perfect mating of both the heart and the intellect. These are "happy," because "their minds are on some object other than their own happiness. The only chance is to treat, not happiness but some end external to it as the object of life." This sentiment, as far as it goes, is in harmony with the teachings of Christianity, although it was an agnostic who gave utterance to it—John

Stuart Mill. His wife had exerted a formative influence upon his mind and his work in political economy for twenty years previous to their marriage, and the treatise on "Liberty" which he published after her death was a kind of monument to their dual life, for they had reviewed and criticised every sentence together.

In Edinburgh a contemporary of Mill's was equally content with his wedded lot. Well known and appreciated in literary circles there, his common name of William Smith was unfavorable to a wide cosmopolitan repute. He was a constant contributor to *Blackwood's*, publishing anonymously according to the custom of that magazine. The lady of his choice, Lucy Cummings, was also a magazine writer and a translator. They met when he was past fifty and she past forty, and finding in each other the ideal qualities long desired for companionship, poverty did not frighten them away from the matrimonial altar. Disclaiming even the wish for riches, they regarded compulsory occupation as heightening the delight of rest and leisure. They wrote for a livelihood with their tables in the same room, enjoying their rambles and holidays with the pure, innocent zest of children. The influence of a happy marriage is observable in William Smith's later work, *Gravenhurst;* it is instinct with the conviction that "good is at the basis of all things." The memoir that Lucy Smith wrote of him to solace her widowhood is one of the most beautiful affectional tributes in English literature; the attention of the American public has been called to it recently by George Merriam's editing of it, along with the works of William Smith. The reader feels a sense of elevation in the calm, clear love and trust of those united lives.

Guizot, the orator and writer, was another who became acquainted with his future wife through the literary muse. Mlle. de Meulan was the brilliant editor of the *Publiciste*, supporting not only herself but an aged mother by her pen. Her health gave way under the burden, and in the midst of poverty, illness, and debt she received an anonymous letter one day, respectfully offering to supply articles for the *Publiciste* regularly and without pay until her health should be restored. The letter was accompanied by an article composed very much in her own style. The kind offer was accepted, and later on when, by means of the timely aid, Mlle. de Meulan was restored to her usual avocations, she begged her unknown contributor, through the columns of the paper, to reveal himself.

The grave, dignified young Guizot obeyed, and the result was a marriage between them at the expiration of five years. Mme. Guizot was the centre of the literary coteries of the day, her celebrity, greater than that of her husband to begin with, kept pace with his advancement, and she was ever his counsellor, critic, and friend.

A resemblance has been traced between the marriages of Guizot and of Disraeli. A seniority of thirteen or fourteen years existed on the side of both ladies over their husbands. It was through Disraeli's novel of *Vivian Grey* that the attractive widow destined to wear his name and honors was inspired with a desire to know the writer.

Alphonse Daudet, on the other hand, declared that he would never wed a literary woman; he seems to have had a dislike to a feminine rival in his own line. One evening, however, he listened to a cultivated girl's recitation at an entertainment, and all his prejudices melted away. When she became Mme. Daudet he found her an invaluable critic and amanuensis.

Bayard Taylor and his wife were collaborateurs. It is not generally known that the translation of "Faust" was largely due to Mrs. Taylor's assistance.

Lowell's relation with his first wife, Maria White, had a marked bearing upon his motives and his life-work. She was herself a poetess, and in dedicating his first book of poems to her he acknowledged his indebtedness in the concluding lines: "The poet now his guide has found and follows in the steps of love."

Thomas Hardy was thinking of becoming an architect, but his wife decided him in favor of the career of a novelist, and assumed the labor of copying his first novel in that day prior to the typewriter. She also sent it out herself, and she keeps in touch with current literature to save him time and trouble.

Mrs. Rider Haggard, Mrs. Eugene Field, Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, Mrs. Julian Hawthorne, and Mrs. Coventry Patmore have been literary advisers and helpers to their respective husbands.

Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning were poets who worked along similar lines, but so far as we know did not collaborate. The recent Orr biography only confirms the sweet story of their wedded happiness, bringing into fuller view the circumstances attending it. She was forty and he thirty-four at the date of their marriage. Her experience of life had been chiefly confined to one room, and Mr. Browning, incited by a pitying love, made the care and cheer of this secluded life his mission. Her father was of the opinion that Elizabeth ought to remain on the lounge to which a chronic spinal affection had consigned her, and there meditate on death; but she surprised him and every one else by gaining considerable vitality in the soft Italian climate. There must have been many opportunities for self-sacrifice on both sides, in the daily association of a vigorous, society-loving man with a secluded invalid; but both were dominated by the higher instincts and principles, and the sympathy between them was as perfect as can exist behind the mortal veil of flesh. Browning's temperament was as difficult to the general comprehension as his poetry has always been, but it was a transparency to his wife. In writing home about him she said: "He thinks aloud with me, and can't help himself; nobody exactly understands him except me, who am on the inside of him and hear him breathe." He considered her poetic gift superior to his own. "She has genius," he said; "I am only a painstaking fellow." To him she was always young; innocence, moral elevation, and want of early contact with the world giving her face a girlish expression even when she lay in death after sixteen years of wedded life.

Another recent poet, Tennyson, remarked of his wife that she was the most wonderful woman in the world. She attended to his correspondence, facilitated his work, and, possessing the artistic faculty herself, sometimes set his songs to music.

Nathaniel Hawthorne appears to have been blest in his choice of Sophia Peabody, largely through the difference in their temperaments, her vivacity and optimism acting as an emancipation to the shyness and reserve of his contained nature. William Smith—previously referred to—said that compared to his wife's companionship all other was a cage, and Hawthorne had the same feeling to even a greater degree. When Sophia left him for a few days on one occasion, at the Manse, he resolved to speak to no human being until her return.

Our poet of nature, William Cullen Bryant, had a wife whose delicate sense of fitness was a great aid to him. Although she was neither literary nor intellectual, he never wrote a poem without submitting it to her judgment, and its success with the impartial public was exactly proportioned to her valuation of it. After he had been married to Fanny Fairchild twenty years he addressed to her his famous poem on the "Future Life," as if the shadow of their eventual separation were already coming upon him:

"Yet though thou wearest the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,
The same fair, thoughtful brow and gentle eye,
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same?"

They were permitted to share their earth life for a long term of forty-five years, and in his succeeding solitude his mourning soul found vent in a pathetic tribute—"Alone without Thee."

Doubtless poets have indited odes to women with whom they did not live in daily harmony, but Bryant was not one of those who wrote for sensational effect; nor yet is Henrik Ibsen, the Norwegian dramatist. An indefatigable satirist of existing institutions, probing the core of society with a desire to reform it, he has no quarrel to pick with his own marriage. From so sincere a man the following lines to Fru Ibsen afford proof that concord and satisfaction reign at home:

"THANKS.

"Her cares were the shadows
That darkened my road,
Her joys were the angels
My pathway that showed.

"It was she that kindled
My soul to glow,
And all that I owe her
None other may know."

It is cheering, also, to be assured that Wordsworth's "phantom of delight," the "perfect woman, nobly planned to counsel, comfort, and command," was none other than Mrs. Wordsworth.

The great romancer, Sir Walter Scott, had a tender heart, but he always made an effort to appear stoical. His sorrows came "not like single spies, but in battalions." Soon after the failure of his commercial speculations, Lady Scott, long an invalid, lay dying at Abbotsford. "I wonder what I shall do with the large portion of thoughts which were hers for thirty years," he wrote in his diary. ". . . I would not at this moment renounce the mysterious yet certain hope that I shall see her in a better world for all that this world can give me."

There have been some very interesting marriages on the lines of unity in aim and aspiration among the explorers and archæologists of this century. Baker's young English wife sought with him the hidden sources of the Nile. Dr. and Mrs. Le Plongeon met at the British Museum, each engaged in archæological research among the tomes, and they soon decided that they would be fit companions for the wilderness cities of Yucatan. They spent a number of years in the solitude of those ruins, unearthing sculptures and collecting material for the comprehensive work Dr. Le Plongeon has published lately. Sir Richard and Lady Burton were literary comrades, he taking upon himself the more scientific part. He was the author of some eighty books, many of them become standard; a scientific linguist of twenty-nine languages, a pioneer and discoverer, his faithful wife accompanying him through twenty-six years of travel as his secretary, aide-de-camp, and counsellor, nobly placing her fine individual powers at his service. She was a conscientious Catholic. Dr. Schliemann, the explorer of ancient Troy and Mycenæ, when ready to contract a second marriage, determined to find a Greek who would talk to him familiarly of Priam and Ulysses and quote the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* with fluency. He made his young bride elect sign a contract that she would learn fifty lines of the *Iliad* by heart every day, and was resolute in keeping her to the letter of the agreement. In vain during seasons of domestic strain, possibly in times of pickling, preserving, and spring cleaning, did Mrs. Schliemann resort to persuasion, argument, even to tears, to induce him to retract. Finally, along with the everlasting Homeric lines she incorporated some of the motive and spirit of her enthusiastic husband, aiding him in his researches, consoling him in disappointment, her temperamental influence always balancing his mind in the direction of common sense.

The talented wife of Dr. Naville, the Egyptian archæologist, works with him, making drawings of the recovered sculptures and piecing together disjointed fragments with wonderful skill.

Mrs. Nansen and Mrs. Peary are brave, sympathetic women who by association have become imbued with zeal for the cause of arctic exploration. If Mrs. Nansen does not go as far into the frozen zone as Mrs. Peary does, she probably fears that the presence of a woman and child would be a drawback to her husband and to the progress of his expedition. She does accompany him on short arctic excursions, and undergoes a severe trial of her loyalty in testing with him the unpalatable messes he concocts for diet out of the available resources of those regions.

Back of all these congenial wives of intrepid modern explorers there stands a shadowy prototype in Mrs. Christopher Columbus, who was well-nigh forgotten until the search-lights of the great Columbian exhibition were turned upon her vanishing figure and it was recollected that she was a Miss Palestrello of Lisbon, and her father a distinguished navigator. A large collection of valuable charts, journals, and memoranda formed part of her marriage dower. This brilliant, highly-educated lady was a speculative, venturesome enthusiast on the subject of geographical exploration, which had its centre at Lisbon at that time. As a girl she had made many hazardous voyages with her father in strange waters, and her own drawings were used with great profit by Columbus on the mysterious deep after she became his wife. No one can say how much he owed to this talented woman, who was constantly urging him on in the path of discovery.

Some of the famous generals add to the record of felicitous marriages in the nineteenth century. Field-Marshal von Moltke, the taciturn soldier who "knew how to be silent in eleven languages," was profoundly attached to the woman who bore his name, and the memory of this generation retains a picture of him in his declining years carrying chaplets to her mausoleum and meditating there for hours in the quiet summer night over his past joys.

The kind and quality of marriage advocated by Hamerton as the second-best for a man of genius, in some cases becomes the very best; positive natures have sought repose with negative ones since the world began, and often the creative mental faculty needs most to be saved from wear and tear by adequate domestic ministrations. There are men of a masterful disposition who would be more irritated than helped by the constant suggestiveness of an intellectual equal, for naturally this would sometimes take an opposing attitude. From all accounts the wives of Bismarck and of Gladstone have made themselves "cushions" for their husbands to rest on, for ever warding off disagreeables and easing them from the pressure of the world on constitutional peculiarities. The two men are as far apart as the poles, but the two women bear a certain resemblance to each other. The Princess Bismarck could soothe the irate chancellor with one of Beethoven's sonatas when words would have failed to calm the storm. At times when there were rumors of plots to assassinate him she prepared his food with her own hands. Mrs. Gladstone will permit no guest to argue a point with her "grand old man," and she would sit on the *Times* newspaper during an entire evening rather than let an article unfavorable to his policy meet his eyes and disturb his slumbers.

The second wife of Ralph Waldo Emerson, with whom he spent the greater part of his long life, possessed the talent of home-making. The visitor admitted to one of their informal Sunday evenings at Concord carried away an impression that the philosopher who roved the spheres had his feet on a very comfortable and attractive spot of Mother Earth, that his own Lares and Penates furnished him with sound and wholesome pabulum as a basis. The pie that he liked so well to eat for breakfast must have been well done on the under side as a rule, to insure clearness of mental vision, and it is questionable if the essays on "Love," "Friendship," and "Domestic Life" could have been written on a diet of soggy brown-bread and greasy baked beans.

Margaret Fuller, the fellow-townswoman of the Emersons, is believed to have been well content in her brief span of married life with Count Ossoli, in spite of the disparity of their years and their abilities. Much younger than herself and possessing no marked talent, his reverential love sufficed, along with the comprehension of the artistic temperament which is always necessary in such companionships.

A contemporary and a woman of greater genius—Charlotte Brontë—found satisfaction in her marriage on the range of the affectional sympathies only, for the man whose constant devotion won her at last had no special desire for her to continue her creative work. It is hardly probable that he would have opposed it, however; if she had lived, she would have managed to make it consistent with her duties to him and to her household. Women who are really great of soul have always recognized the primal claim of the home and the family if they have assumed such obligations. Mrs. Somerville, the celebrated mathematician, never allowed her studies to interfere with her chosen vocation of wife and mother.

A large majority of the persons mentioned in this paper have "crossed the bar," and with a few exceptions the once happy pairs have been separated by an edict irrevocable so far as this world is concerned. The history of love is the history of loss. One arises from the perusal and the contemplation of the record with a realization that the human affections are but "tents of a night," and that St. Augustine pointed out the only existing consolation when he said, "Those whom we love in God we never can lose."

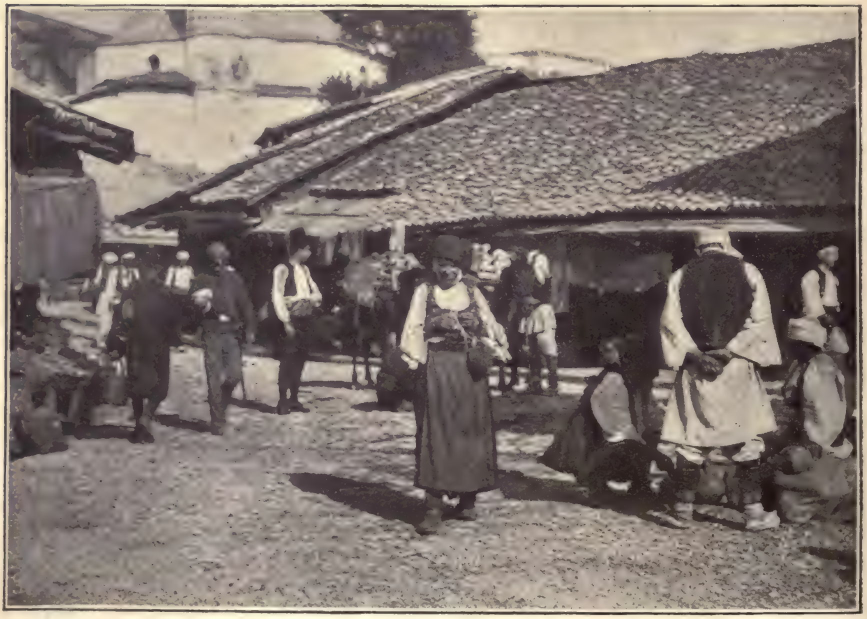
CUSTOMS, RACES, AND RELIGIONS IN THE BALKANS.

BY E. M. LYNCH.

I.

IT is a moot point if the Near East in Europe be not more Oriental now than the East in Asia. Persia has taken to the use of aniline dyes for the wools in her carpets, but Bosnia has ever remained faithful to vegetable tints, those colors which made the charm of Persian carpets and fed the artist-eye with bliss!

Travellers with long memories sigh that the bazaar at Stamboul is not what it used to be, even a few years ago, some of the richest merchants having lately migrated to Pera, and they groan that the Indian Presidency towns have become mere European cities. Bombay will be still more characterless when



A STALL IN THE BAZAAR AT SARAJEVO.

the Improvement Trust, now in course of formation, has worked its wholesome and unpicturesque will with the remnant of the native town! But Sarajevo still boasts a typical bazaar, where venders sit "like Turks"—that is, on their own feet—on a carpet spread upon the floor, smoke long pipes, drink cups of much-sugared coffee with the grounds left in, and chaffer in a dignified, leisurely way. In the bazaar the trades are followed, in other little booths, rectangular wooden boxes, open only towards the crowded footway, and fastened up by padlocking the sixth side at night. All the tailors' stalls are in one part of the bazaar; all the copper-smiths are hammering in another; each trade having, as it were, a quarter of its own. The bright

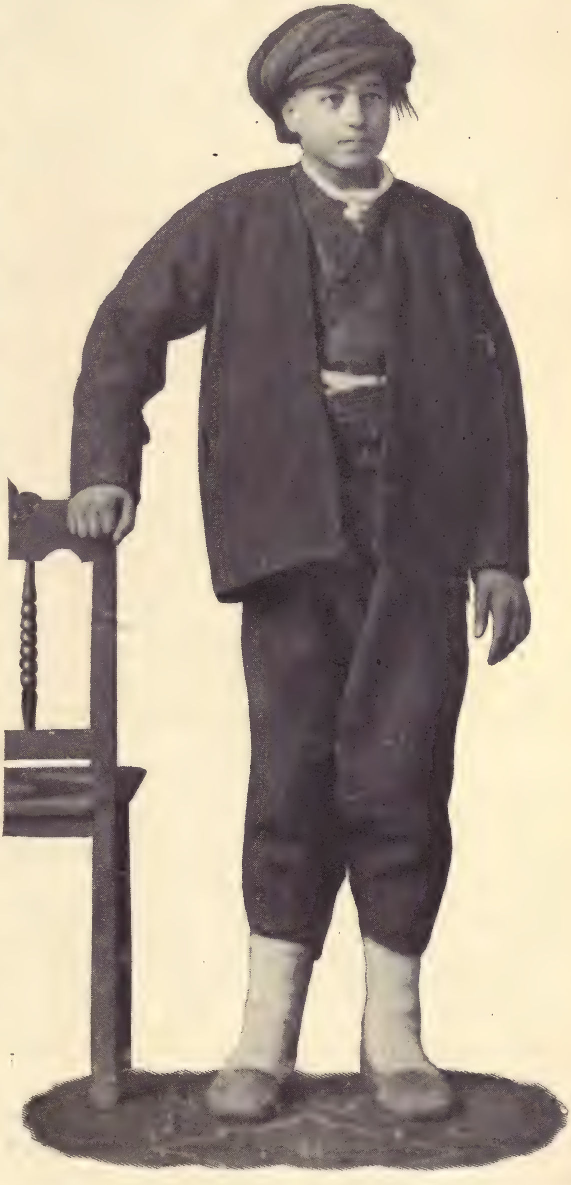
A Serb Girl of the Orthodox Greek Church.

leather slippers are embroidered in silk, or in gold and silver wires, under the gaze of the interested lounger or the passer-by. The crowd, less cleanly than eye-satisfying, eddies hither and thither in the narrow lanes between the booths in endless variety of Eastern garb. Some heads are turbaned, some wear the fez, a few have commonplace hats. Some women (the Moslems) are wrapped in the yakmash. The Serbs have a coquettish crimson, gold-embroidered cap, not unlike a very smart smoking cap, set jauntily on the side of their hair, with perhaps a long black lace scarf thrown over both cap and head. The Spanish Jewesses wear an odd brimless hat of some rich brocade, ornamented with needlework, and having a pendant, dark stuff veil at the back. Peasant women have often a sort of red turban, to which is added a white cotton cloth as veil, and pins from which hang bunches of filigree balls. Many display the gayest-colored neckerchiefs and aprons. Most

MOSQUE OF ALI PACHA, SARAJEVO.

of the jackets, of both men and women, are of the shape known as "zouave." They are very often gold-braided, the ground-color being deep red or blue. Women of all the creeds and races wear Turkish trousers; but the Moslem women have besides, when out of doors, voluminous wraps that envelop them from head to foot. All the other dresses have the dignity that is inseparable from uniform. It is all very well to say "the habit does not make the monk," but "fine feathers" most certainly "make fine birds," and the truth comes home to one vividly in Sarajevo!

There is a story current in Austria that when, long ago, the Emperor Francis Joseph decided that he would wed the young Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria, instead of her elder sister, his destined bride, the imperial suitor found it very difficult to bring home to the school-girl princess the idea that she was being wooed. One of his expedients, it is said, was to show her an album containing pictures of the eighteen different races in his empire, each in the appropriate national costume. "I reign



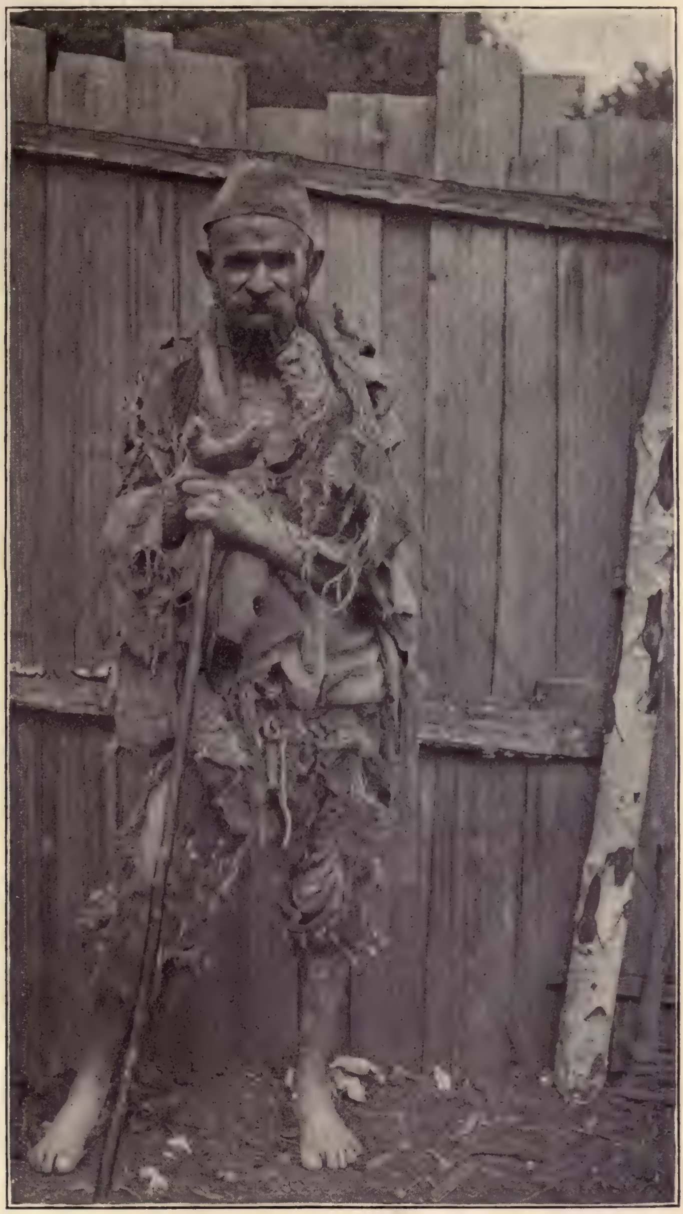
A CATHOLIC PEASANT BOY OF BOSNIA.

over all these different peoples," the emperor remarked. "Would you like to reign over them too?" And even then the merry, somewhat "tomboyish" princess failed to detect a "proposal" in the words. To the eighteen races of those days must now be added the many tribes and tongues of the Balkan provinces.

Perhaps the most splendidly dressed of all his imperial majesty's subjects are the Moldo-Wallachs. There is a well-authenticated story of a great Austrian reception, which is worth telling *apropos* of national costumes. Generals, their breasts covered with crosses and in splendid uniforms; diplomats blazing with diamond-set orders; great ladies resplendent in jewels that are heirlooms; in a word, the great world *en gala* was gathered on this festive occasion. Among the guests of the emperor was the Prince of Orange—that ailing scion of royalty dubbed by the Prince of Wales, in equivocal compliment to his complexion, "Citron." A courtier was appointed to attend the pale "Orange," and afford him any information he might desire. Having often asked: "Who is that, and that, and that?" and heard: "The famous Minister So-and-So"; "A king of finance"; "Such-and-such a diplomatic celebrity"; and the names of sundry South-Eastern European princelings (the royal guest receiving each item of information with a remark as appropriate as he could extemporize), he now caught sight of the finest figure in all the illustrious throng. "Who, then, is that?" he eagerly inquired. His guide answered: "He is a Moldo-Wallach." "Citron" sighed: "Moldo-Wallach? *Et si jeune!*" The Moldavian-Wallachian was about thirty; therefore he had been entitled already for three decades to wear the lordly uniform which so dazzled the Netherlandish prince.

Most certainly these ancient habiliments, which have grown and altered in conformity with the conditions under which their wearers lived—have "developed," in fact, in the Darwinian sense—are a hundred times above the crude inventions of the fashionable tailor! Some have argued that utility and beauty are one and the same. They certainly often go hand-in-hand. But pure ornament is well to the fore in these superb dresses, with their frequent suggestions of their origin in a past that gloried in its barbaric splendors.

If fashionable dress were really beautiful, would it look tawdry when a few months out of date? Why is a fancy-ball the entertainment at which every one is complimented upon



A Bosnian Beggar.

"looking so remarkably well to-night"? Why is a "fancy-dressed" bazaar or ball the only picturesque bazaar or ball of our time? How does it happen that all the world agrees that nuns "look nice," and "look young"? Even uniformed hospital nurses are proverbially pretty. Is it not largely due to the ugliness of modern dress? The capped and aproned nurse knows well enough what is most becoming to her—her working dress or her fashionable, off-duty wardrobe.

Painters have long been saying that art must languish where a man is "clad in five cylinders," and woman, too, is tailor-made.

But in the Balkans colors and forms lend dignity to the wearers of these varied traditional costumes.

(The portrait of the Bosnian Beggar is not intended as a case in point!)

Many a Spanish Jew, of whom there are thousands in Bosnia, if an exchange of garments were effected, would look exactly like Moses of the old-clothes' shop, or Isaac the pawnbroker; but, as he walks upon his way in Sarajevo, he is fit to serve a mediæval Italian master as model for one of the Three Kings!

The gypsies form "a state within the state" in the Balkans. They used to inhabit the Hisseta in Sarajevo, but are now relegated to two camps, north and south of the Bosnian capital; and the old "Gypsy Quarter" is now the dwelling of the poorest of the Sarajevians. In past times the gypsies wandered through the land according to their pleasure, but under the present *régime* their nomad habits are discouraged. They are made to furnish their quota of recruits for the army, to send their boys and girls to school, and, in general, to conform their ways to those of good citizens. Hard by, in Hungary, Browning made one of his characters say that the gypsies were believed to spring from the ground, and therefore they keep upon their skins, all the days of their lives, the dark earth-tint. The Groom in the "Flight of the Duchess" exclaims:

"Commend me to gypsy glass-makers and potters!
Glasses they'll blow you, crystal clear,
Where just a faint cloud of rose shall appear,
As if in pure water you dropt and let die
A bruised, black-blooded mulberry:
And that other sort, their crowning pride,
With long white threads distinct inside,
Like the lake-flowers' fibrous roots which dangle
Loose such a length and never tangle,

Balkan Peasants Drinking Coffee.

> Where the bold sword-lily cuts the clear waters,
> And the cup-lily couches with all her white daughters,—
> Such are the works they put their hand to,
> The uses they turn and twist iron and sand to!"

I, however, have seen them mainly as musicians and dancers, in these Eastern lands—magicians with strings and bow and melting voice; supple-bodied and nimble-footed performers of the Cola (peasants' dance), or threading a more theatrical measure—always strangely interesting, and as individual a people as any race on earth.

In Bosnia, as elsewhere, gypsies concern themselves largely with the buying, selling, and breaking-in of horses. Some strangers in the Balkans call certain gypsies horse-dealers. *Horse-stealers* sounds nearly the same, and is often an equally true description. An engineer who had made the survey for a projected railway in Serbia told me of an incident he witnessed at a horse fair. A farmer brought in a fine young horse—far the best animal in the fair—and was very proud of his mount. A gypsy dealer, with one eye screwed up, and body bent to the shape of the letter C, criticised the paces; saying at last: "He would be a fine horse if he were not lame." The farmer indignantly denied the lameness.

"Well, trot him out, and you'll see!" said the gypsy. At the end of this trial the owner cried, in triumph: "He could not trot sounder."

The gypsy firmly repeated: "Lame! Gallop him, and you'll see it, surely!"

The man galloped his beast.

"Oh, he's lame!" averred the gypsy. "You'd see it yourself if another were on the horse. Let me show you"; and the owner alighted. The gypsy mounted, cantered a few yards, quickened the pace, reached the end of the fair-green, set spurs to the good horse, and promptly disappeared! Neither man nor horse were seen again thereabouts.

"But are there no police in Serbia?" I asked.

"The gypsy got across the frontier, perhaps."

"And no telegraph wires?" I persisted.

"Not in the forests. And perhaps, by night, the horse had changed his color. The gypsies will buy your old white horse from you in the morning, and sell you a rather spirited, young, black horse in the afternoon. You will wonder that the new purchase seems to know the road home; but by next day his mettlesomeness will have vanished, and in a little while his black coat will be white again." Accidents happen even to those who are much more acute than the son of the celebrated Vicar of Wakefield!

The trains travel through Bosnia at the modest rate of nine miles an hour. A fine-looking countryman, with a big red turban, gold-braided jacket, parti-colored sash, and red leather belt bristling with knife-handles, mounted on one of the country-bred ponies, galloped for a considerable distance alongside the express, as we glided down from the ridge of Ivan Planina, the watershed between the Black Sea and the Adriatic, and the dividing line between Bosnia and Herzegovina. His gallant little steed seemed to enjoy the race. The man sat, or rather stood—for he rode upon an absolutely straight stirrup in front of the great wooden pack-saddle—that is to say, just over the pony's withers. These saddles are put on when the young horses are broken in, and, in many cases, are never removed till their wearers die. They are rough and cumbersome, and, as all loads are built upon them, be they logs of wood, sacks of flour, hay, straw, or household goods, they often gall the horses; but they remain in place all the same, and once saddled, the poor beast never again enjoys that best equine refreshment, a roll on the earth. It has been said that these saddles, which are an essentially Turkish feature of the Balkans, exactly define the limits of Moslem mercy to animals. It has been claimed for the Turk that he is kind to his beast,* but, if he is seldom wantonly cruel, he is generally utterly

MOSTAR, CHIEF TOWN OF HERZEGOVINA.

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* "The inclination to goodness is imprinted deeply in the nature of man, insomuch that if it issue not towards men it will take unto other living creatures, as it is with the Turks, a cruel people, who nevertheless are kind to beasts."—*Bacon*. Quoted by Mr. Thomson, in *The Outgoing Turk*. Heineman, London, 1897.

neglectful. His kindness stops where taking trouble begins. Care for his beast must not cause him more personal inconvenience than is absolutely necessary.

The Balkan horses are high-couraged, as is to be expected from animals akin to the Arab. Their owners gallop them down the steepest hills. They climb up pathless mountains as well as goats can climb. In a "long-distance race," lately, the course being one hundred and seventy miles, the winning horse covered the distance in twenty-seven hours, and died close to the winning-post. Several of his competitors came in under thirty-two hours.

Moslems in Bosnia are somewhat lax in their use of intoxicants, as compared to their African and Asiatic co-religionists. They drink beer, liqueurs, and spirits, but not wine. The Prophet forbade wine, they say, therefore they abstain totally from that beverage; but beer, liquors, and brandy were unknown to him, consequently he could not have meant to include them in his prohibition.

To Western nations a Moslem love-match is like a contradiction in terms, but I learnt in the Balkans that courtships are recognized. Girls go about unveiled till they marry. They may play, as children, with their boy neighbors. There is a slit in most of the court-yard walls belonging to Moslem houses, and through that slit lovers may converse without outraging the proprieties. I have seen two young people busily making love through a small chink in an entrance-door which the girl held ajar; and I felt certain at the time that both were Moslems. I judged by their dress. Later, I began to doubt if I had not seen a Serb and a Moslem maiden—the costume of the youth not being pronouncedly Turkish. The local feeling, however, renders "mixed" courtships so excessively rare that I must return to my earlier impression.

I have before me some curious Bosnian love-songs, in favor with Serbs and Moslems alike. I have no doubt that Jews, gypsies, and Catholics also sing them. One song runs as follows:

"Oh! most beautiful girl,
Don't wash your cheeks,
Lest they glitter like snow, and dazzle me;
Don't raise your fine eyebrows,
Lest your eyes dart lightnings upon me;
Cover your white shoulders,
Lest I break my heart for them."

The lines are rhymed in the original, but I doubt that the sentiments are worth the trouble of versifying in a translation. It was Coleridge, I think, who protested that poetic language could not make poetry where the thought lacked beauty!

Another popular sentimental ditty tells how "the kiss of thy lips can even sweeten vermouth"!

A third proceeds in this toper-fashion:

> "When I think upon thy red cheeks, sweet darling,
> Then, my little soul, I can care for red wine only.
> When your dark eyes come into my thoughts, darling,
> I would not, at any price, drink other than dark wine.
> In joy or sorrow I drink, sing or lament,
> And I always totter home under the blessed influence of thy love, and of wine."

Mr. Thomson says, in his admirable book, *The Outgoing Turk*, that Bosnian amatory poetry is beautiful; but I have only discovered some quaint serenades, through Herr Renner's *Bosnien und die Hercegovina*, which gives them in a German version.

TO A CENTURY PLANT IN BLOOM.*

BY WILLIAM P. CANTWELL.

FROM out the womb of darkness into light,
Fair flower, thou dawnest, mystery sublime!
Thou blazest on the brow of palsied time
Like morning star upon the crest of night!
Serene, thou mockest at the hurried flight
Of years, that ever flow in serried rhyme.
The century's sentinel, thou, 'tis thine to climb
And stand a watchman on th' eternal height.
And yet, frail thing, thou bloomest but to die.
Life opes the door to death, and even thou,
Like star that fadest from a morning sky,
Must to his stern decree obedience bow;
Already sunset on thy face doth glow,
The shadows deepen, death encompath now.

* Botanists tell us that some species of the century plant bloom but once, and then right after die.

SOCIALISM, ALTRUISM, AND THE LABOR QUESTION.

BY REV. GEORGE McDERMOT, C.S.P.

THE decision of the Law Lords on the appeal of Allen *vs.* Flood and Taylor must have an important influence on the action of English trade unions with respect to contracts between employers and workmen; even though the decision seems to have turned upon the facts rather than the law of the case. The judgment seems to sustain the principle, that the officer of a union may without incurring any liability get a workman dismissed, if it be not proved that his interference was prompted by malice. That is reaching high-water mark indeed, and shows what an extent has been traversed since the time when any action of the kind would bring the executive members, if not the whole union, within the law of conspiracy. The interest of the decision is of supreme importance to trade unions in this country, though its legal authority may have no power upon them. It would, certainly, be cited in a dispute between a union and employers in an American court, as American cases are cited in English courts; in addition, its moral effect might not be the most salutary if it should tempt unions to interfere in contracts of employment in an arbitrary manner. The friends of working-men are alive to the danger likely to accrue to their interests if persons acting on their authority should wield powers to control industrial enterprise without the greatest forethought and the widest grasp of interests. A victory for labor such as this English case should be regarded as a warning quite as much as a cause for congratulation. Speaking in the interests of working-men, while we rejoice in the decision in the individual case, we fear it; we are alarmed at the possible consequences unless the working-men are conscientious to the degree of delicacy in judging that a demand should be made, and moderate to an extreme degree in enforcing it. Such moderation might be thought the constant consequence of the conscientiousness we speak of. It would not always follow, in the case of individuals even—it is hardly to be looked for in the case of bodies of men.

It is not wise policy to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. Let it be remembered that during the presidential election threats to shut up shop were used by men fearing, or else pretending to fear, that the election of Mr. Bryan would destroy the enterprises in which their money was invested. It may be unlikely they would have done so, but the possibility of their doing so had an untold influence on the election. Working-men were compelled to realize the fact that only a day or a week stands between their families and starvation. It is all very well when employment is enjoyed, when the wages are coming in freely, to talk about inherent rights of labor—the right to "a living wage," which is interpreted to mean good clothes, good food, short hours, high education, varied recreation and travel. But the power to talk about them, at least with any claim to attention, depends upon employment; employment depends on trade and industry, and these on credit to a large extent. But there is nothing so sensitive as credit; a breath may destroy it. A change of market or of fashion may strike an industry. Then whence are the inherent rights to be gratified? From what sources will they come if mills are closed or kept at work only half time? Among the influences which might cause the termination or seriously check the employment of capital is an employer's fear that he cannot trust his workmen. If a merchant or manufacturer should discover that his warehouse or factory was in proximity to a union with a talent for the organization of strikes, he would soon change his *locus in quo;* or if he could not conveniently find a new locality, he would gradually draw in his expenditure in order to give up business before being ruined. No one except an altruist or revolutionary socialist would blame him for saving himself.

THE JARGON OF "ETHICAL" DILETTANTI.

Our sympathy with the working-man is genuine. We base his rights on something different from the "ethics" of altruism or the equality of socialism, as this last is ordinarily understood. The first is the jargon by which speculative friends of humanity —in university chairs or with the command of a review, a magazine, or the fatal confidence of a book publisher at their command—send out opinions without wisdom, among which is this: that the evils which afflict society are due to the want of the highest education on the part of the masses, and the want of humanity on the part of the classes. Of these accomplished and, in their way, well-meaning men we should like to ask the question, Would you be prepared, would any one of you be prepared, to make the sacrifice of a little finger for the people? When "the grim Earl" of Coventry mocked his wife with such a taunt, her answer, that she would give her life for "such as these," supplied the proof that her sympathy was not the platitude of an elegant benevolence free from responsibility and incapable of being tested, a benevolence theoretical, socio-ethical, rhetorical, all but rhapsodical. Hers proceeded from a knowledge higher than that of lecturers, professors, and statisticians, and a love unlike the figment of philanthropy which makes their knowledge a maze of words. But we do not wish the working-man should be led a dance either by the dilettanti of economics with their "ethics," no more than by the revolutionary socialists with their equality; and, therefore, we say things which may sound harsh to him, but all our severity lies in a desire to dissipate the mists raised by the magicians of sophistry and to put things in the cold light of truth.

THE LAFARGUE FORMULA.

It will not be denied that Paul Lafargue has a title to speak for French socialism. He earned it; he was one of the men who fomented the disturbances of the Commune and, leaving his dupes to their fate, fled from what he calls "the mad fury of the victorious reactionaries." He sends forth, with the seal of high but provisional approval, the formula we are about to quote at some length. It was issued by the Marseilles Congress of Socialists in 1889. We could not omit the argumentative recitals. They imitate the preambles of legislation and prove the framers' fitness for government. "Property is the social question. Seeing that the present system of property is opposed to those equal rights that will condition the society of the future: that it is unjust and inhuman that some should produce everything and others nothing, and that it is precisely the latter who have all the wealth, all the enjoyment, and all the privilege; seeing that this state of affairs will not be put an end to by the good-will of those whose whole interest lies in its continuance: the congress adopts as its end and aim the collective ownership of the soil, the subsoil, the instruments of labor, raw materials, and would render them for ever inalienable from that society to which they ought to return." But neither he nor his associates were satisfied with this pronouncement, because it has a sufficient degree of sanity to recognize that the society of confiscation is not yet an accomplished fact.

It was accepted provisionally by him and by Guesde, Marx, and Engels, as the congress was not sufficiently ripe, as socialist opinion outside their own select circle was not sufficiently ripe, to declare that the robbery called property no longer existed. They could wait with confidence for the growth of an opinion, witnessing as they had the change which, step by step, passed over the congresses of French working-men. In the forties very few would support the opinion that there was no property in land; very few would seem to limit the extent to which property in land might be held, and the value of such property in the shape of buildings and machinery. Then came the co-operative ideas of the Congress of Paris in 1876, for which, of course, the brilliant quartette just named above entertained a profound scorn. They have no better name for it than the bourgeois convention. Marx and Lafargue condemn its programme as thinly disguised capitalism, and oh! how grievous it is to think that Guesde, the editor of the *Égalité*, should for five years have eaten the bread of exile in order that working-men should issue such a programme! But really it was in the power of that martyr of the proletariat to have avoided eating the bread of exile; nay, he not only could but he would have done so, if he had possessed a particle of the courage of the wretched creatures whom his writings had inflamed to the inconceivable wickedness of turning on the defenders of their country in the presence of the victorious foe.

COLLECTIVISM THE CHILD OF CAPITALISM.

To a certain extent one can approve of the contempt of these leaders of French revolutionary socialism, Lafargue and Guesde, for the moderate socialism of 1876—that is to say, one is with them so far as they despise the empty phrase-making of the time. We do not mean that the total destruction of property involved in the denial of the principle of private property is less injurious than the qualified denial of it. But we get impatient when men talk away about liberty, equality, fraternity, as preparatory to a solution of the labor question. The rights of man, whatever they are and whether they are inherent or acquired, whether they are concessions from one supreme authority or spring from the social contract of Jean-Jacques or the principles of the English Revolution as interpreted by Locke—these rights have no more to do with an eight hours' labor-day or the standard of wages than they have to do with the precession of the equinoxes. As one might expect, Marx and Engels, when the time came, framed definitions and demands that could be described as the strong meat for men. They had seen the growth from early innocence to adult wisdom. Co-operation was left aside, as private property had been left aside, to make way for the principle of collective ownership of the soil and the instruments of labor; but this last must be regarded as an existing fact and not an outcome of the condition of society in the future. How is it an existing fact? might well be asked, for the capitalist is there as rampantly aggressive as ever, except so far as he is checked by a trade union. The answer is bold, striking, and original: collectivism is brought into being by capitalism in its most extreme form. The evangelists of collectivism declare that monopolies or trusts contain in their bosom the elements of collectivist society; that by the extinction of small capitalists, which is the tendency of capitalist society, collectivism is the owner of the soil and the instruments of labor. We fail to see how this has improved the working-man's position one iota, although it is the latest exposition of the principles by which the world is to be reformed.

WHY NOT BE LOGICAL?

As valuable in their results are the views of the ethical schools of social adjustment. It has been said that co-operation was condemned by the advanced socialists as veiled capitalism; it has been just said that extreme capitalism, according to their view, is accomplished collectivism. Then, on their own principles, they should approve of co-operative undertakings as a department of the administration of the collectivist state. To those who are so blind as not to see that the collectivist state is in possession, this admission of extreme socialists may serve as a justification for their own view of the measures needed to amend the circumstances of laboring life. For the same reason, even though we express no opinion on co-operative schemes as a solution of the problem, we consider that the exponents of socio-ethical schools might, with advantage, descend to the level of intelligible thought. If one were to take these philosophers at their word, he would expect to see at any moment an era when all men should possess equal talent, health, wealth, and happiness. How this evolution is to be compassed they do not tell us. Where does the wealth of any people come from? The advantages which are to be obtained in the millennium of the professors of philanthropy, of the collectors of statistics upon all kinds of subjects, from the number of gallons of water supplied to each inhabitant of a city to the figures upon which the imperial and local taxation of a great country is estimated—these advantages, we say, must come from land and labor. The productiveness of both is limited. It is out of the surplus which remains after the cost of production and distribution has been paid that government is to be carried on and that every mouth is to be fed. If these speculators in humanity, these prophets of harmonious sentences, would only remember that an improvement in the condition of the laboring classes to any considerable extent would mean a reduction of the profits on, if not the confiscation of capital, there might possibly be some hesitation in expressing their opinions as to the claims which altruism sanctions. What moral principle requires any man to give what is his to another? What right has any man to be fed and clothed at the expense of another unless the moral principle be based on a duty which each owes to each? It cannot be really meant that altruism is a duty. We know how a duty would arise to one's neighbor, but it is not by means of a transformed instinct. Yet this feeling, which is expressed by the words benevolence, philanthropy, kindness—all forms of a developed principle of attachment, if we believe those thinkers—is not only an ethical one but the source of all the moralities which rule in the home and in society at large. That is to say, that the whole moral code is the expression of inherited gregarious instincts transcendentalized into ethical relations. Even so, there is not one scintilla of obligation, because duty, which is the law of life, cannot be referred to a physical organization; the word oblige has no significance unless there is a duty imposed which compels obedience; there are no ethical relations in the senses, unless we think that in the wild common of nature the lion feels bound to lie down with the lamb.

ALTRUISTIC PHILOSOPHY IN A WORLD OF UNALTRUISTIC MEN.

Take away the words used above and substitute for them the charity of Christ, and we think light shall come into the darkness with which the problem of labor has been involved for the last three centuries; first, through an exaggerated spirit of selfishness called individualism; second, by the crude theories of men who seek to be lighted by the farthing candle of their own understandings, instead of seeking illumination from the full orb which diffuses it with brightness beyond the sun's.

Of course it is impossible, in the condition of the world, that there should be no sordid poverty. If one takes this great country as an instance, with all the blessings it enjoys, it will be found that if its wealth of all kinds were equally divided among the people, young and old, this would give about five thousand dollars to each family, or a thousand to each head of the population. This would mean the breaking up of fixed forms of wealth; but suppose it did not, and that sociological benevolence on the one hand, or socialistic spoliation on the other, were to administer it as trustees for the whole, to what extent would the greatest number of laboring persons be benefited beyond their present state? The interest on a thousand dollars is $60 a year; but this is a small income for each person; or take it on the $5,000 for the whole family, the interest would be $300 a year. For the average working-man such an income would afford no improvement on existing conditions. But what is to be said concerning those whose occupations depend on the habits, social or æsthetical, of the wealthy? How is art to find patrons? There is no advantage in following the fallacy involved in collectivism to its issue. It would seem, in view of the absurd consequences flowing from such a division of income as it demands, if it means anything at all, that the existing system, by which employer and employed form branches in the work of production, is the only one possible for continuance; that collectivism on the one hand, if it stepped in to administer wealth, would soon cause it to disappear; while the sweet reasonableness of altruistic philosophy, if taken from the lecture hall to enforce its theories in a world of unaltruistic men, could only realize that conception of a state in which wise men would be the inmates of asylums for the insane.

THE STATION MASS.

BY DOROTHY GRESHAM.

ONLY a week from Christmas, and Aunt Eva, Kitty, and I are on our way, by our usual short cuts, to tell Mrs. Ryan that we are coming to the Station on the morrow. I am getting along quite famously this afternoon, so much so that Kitty looks at me surreptitiously now and again, but says not a word. Aunt Eva is an old campaigner. All her life she has roamed the hills, and to-day, despite her fifty golden years, she puts me to shame with her light, active step. Our present little stroll is *only* eight miles, but she thinks nothing of it. A few weeks ago I should have emphatically refused to walk, and insisted on riding Princess Maud; but at last I have imbibed Irish ways, even with the turf smoke. To tell you a secret, I have perpetrated a pair of shoes *a la* Kitty's—an ordeal, I must confess. There were none in the village to suit me, and as pair after pair were tried and found wanting, I felt so humiliated that my feet, erstwhile my pride, seemed now my shame and degradation—and was only saved from eternal disgrace by an old cobbler, who thought he could make me a pair. He did, leaving them a size too large—"for improvements"! When first introduced I viewed them with wonder, but familiarity is everything, and after a few private rehearsals I came to the conclusion that there was nothing after all like home manufacture. I swing along now with a Kitty-like air, my head aloft, as if eight miles were—well, just a nice little exercise.

The road never seems so short as when enlivened by Aunt Eva's bright stories and sly sallies. She has read everything, knows everything, and Kitty and I are never satisfied without her. Her heart and mind are always youthful and buoyant; she enters into all our interests and pleasures, she sees the good and pleasant side in everything and everybody. She has a gay smile for the people we meet. They brighten at her coming, and she has a way of making men, women, and children show their very best when she speaks to them. It is one scene of happiness and mirth and sunshine from the time we leave home till our return. As we go through the village every head is at the door, every voice cries a loving greeting, even the babies in arms join the general chorus.

We reach Mrs. Ryan's, shut in by the woods, the blue smoke drifting through the trees, the dying sun flashing on the old farm-house, turning the yellow thatch into gold, and peeping through its latticed windows for a warm good-night, as it slowly sinks behind the mountains. Through the open gate we go to the wide, comfortable farm-yard, with its long clamps of turf on one side and lofty hayricks on the other. There is a clean, fresh, washed look everywhere, in preparation for the Divine Guest of the morrow, and the neighbors who, though miles away, will gather to give Him a joyous welcome. Little Dymphna stands on the door-step, and seeing us, comes forward, her hand over her eyes in pretty shyness. Kitty catches her with a bound and carries her in triumph to the house, where we are received with whole-souled rapture—Aunt Eva, as becometh a dearly loved queen. The best chair is brought forward, and mother and daughters gather around her with a hundred endearing questions. Kitty is in the midst of the little ones, Dymphna by universal consent, as the baby, holding first place at the meeting, and I, as the bashful stranger, look on the scene so picturesquely beautiful, so peculiarly Irish.

The house is low and rambling; an immense, wide, handsome flagged kitchen, with diamond-shaped windows looking out on the garden, half vegetable, half orchard, with a sunny corner for Grace's flowers. Off the kitchen open three or four bedrooms, and above is the loft for the farm-boys. The hearth is a study, deep and roomy, with huge piles of turf throwing their cheery, pleasant flicker on the shining flags, dancing in and out, through the whitest and brightest of china, on the old-fashioned dresser. At one end a table stands ready for the altar, the basket with the vestments having just been sent from the farm where yesterday's station was held. Kitty's eyes fall on it, and she asks Mrs. Ryan if she may arrange the altar, and so save Father Tom some time for his morning's confessions. We go to work, Grace and Couth lending willing hands. From small beginnings we develop into decorations. Lace curtains, evergreens, and leaves are pressed into the service, and in an hour we have, to our own eyes, grand results. A recess at one end holds the altar—the kitchen table. The wall we drape in white, with a water-fall of lace as a border, the whole caught up with holly and ivy. An old family crucifix is suspended above, the large white figure showing effectively on the ebony wood. With the assistance of blocks for the flowers, and candles on the altar, we succeed admirably. Kitty arranges the altar-stone and vestments with the familiarity of an old sacristan, and when all is complete we stand at a distance and admire. The effect is really very pretty—a soft white mass, with wreaths of ivy and clusters of red berries, the sad, sweet, pathetic Figure on the cross between; below, the altar crowned in great bunches of laurel and holly, with chrysanthemums here and there to brighten the coloring. On either side of the altar two windows look out on the mountains, shedding a subdued, restful light on the whole.

We are proud of our work, and Mrs. Ryan and Aunt Eva go into ecstasies, declaring that the priests will be amazed when they arrive in the morning. It is later than we expected, and we hurry homewards. Kitty is seized with anxiety as to my welfare, wondering how I shall stand the return brisk effort. She need have no fears, however. I step out like a Trojan. Half way back she suspects something has changed me, for she cries roguishly, "Dolly, where are your American rubbers?"

"Gone a-begging," is my resentful response.

"Sensible girl!" with a wise shake of her head. "I knew we would teach her better."

But I vouchsafe no remark.

Through the fresh, keen air we drive next morning and arrive at the Station to find the priests hard at work. The bedrooms are the confessionals, the kitchen the chapel; the women are kneeling before the altar. A great fire roars up the chimney, and there is a solemn stillness over everything. In the farm-yard and around the door, every one apart, buried in their prayer-books, the men are preparing for confession, evidently a matter of much thought. In and out they go, kneeling before the altar until it is their turn to be heard. Father Tom says the first Mass when his penitents are almost finished, the curate hearing meanwhile. I wish I could give some idea of that Station Mass in the kitchen, so strange and new, so wonderfully devotional. It is like a peep at the Catacombs, a glimpse of the early Christians, a scene of the penal days when their forefathers gathered by stealth for the Mass in the mountains!

A thousand hallowed memories come crowding on me as my eyes fall on the bowed head of the old priest at the altar, the sunlight softening his white hair and worn, holy face. I think of the dread days when others like him, of his own blood and kindred, were chased like wolves through these same mountains—nay, that even the very ground I now kneel on may be sanctified by the blood of martyrs! I pray as I have never prayed. There seems something in this truly Catholic scene that stirs me to my very soul. No wonder the Irish are pious, no wonder they are pure; no wonder they to-day are, as they have ever been, in the most distant climes, missionaries of the grand old faith!

The Mass continues. With deep reverence the communicants advance after the *Domine, non sum dignus*, Mrs. Ryan and her two stalwart sons leading off; then, two and two, men and women approach with bowed heads to receive Him whose delight it was to be with the lowly. It is a glorious sight and brings tears to my eyes, and the mountains fling back rosy smiles through the latticed windows as the sun climbs above the peaks with youthful joyousness. The first Mass is over, and as the old priest goes to the confessional the young curate takes his place at the altar. A second band of communicants at this Mass, and then it is over—but, no! not yet. Father Tom appears at a little table, a large open book before him, and in a loud voice reads the name of each householder. The one named comes forward and gives an account of each member of his family, those present at the Station, those absent and why, naming a day through the week when they shall attend at the next station in the neighborhood, and so on down to the last name on the list. I am astonished at this beautiful spirit of humble faith and the wonderful government the parish priest has over the souls committed to his charge. In speaking of it on the way home, Aunt Eva tells me the same rule is observed in the towns and villages; but there the people go to the churches, the householder remaining after Mass to give an account of his stewardship. Simple Ireland, prayerful Ireland, holy Ireland! Is there any country in the world so faithful to the first Christian traditions, so true to her God, so loyal to her Church, so strangely unworldly?

And now comes the social side. Mrs. Ryan and her boys go among the congregation as they file out the door, insisting on their breakfasting at the farm-house—and Irish hospitality flourishes in right royal style! We steal away, edified and delighted, out into the bright sunshine. Driving homewards, Aunt Eva reads us a lesson on the scene of the morning, bidding us look to our faith and compare it with all we have seen and heard.

AVE, LEO PONTIFEX!

MORITURI TE SALUTAMUS.

> "JUSTICE I sought; and toil and lengthened strife,
> And taunts and wiles, and every hardship, life
> Have burdened. I, Faith's champion, do not bend;
> For Christ's flock sweet the pain, sweet—life in bonds to end."
> LEO XIII.

HAIL! champion of the Faith, whose beacon light,
Held high in trembling hands, illumes the world
With such a blaze as ne'er before hath shone,
E'en from the torch that Gregory upheld,
Or Pius kindled. Hark, the swelling sound
From twice a million throats; thy children see
The signal, and in serried legions stand
Before the mocking world; and with one voice
Demand for thee, great Father and great Friend,
The justice which thou seekest.

Favors none
Demand'st thou, nor will have; naught dost thou ask,
Save Cæsar's debt to thee and to the Church,
His due to Peter and to Peter's Lord.
In vain the powers of hell, at Cæsar's call,
Hurl their tremendous forces 'gainst the rock,—
They cannot shake it; thee they cannot bend,
Though they may break thee on the wheel of pain;
Thou count'st it joy, O Shepherd! for thy flock
To suffer, and for them to die in chains.
And they? Great Pontiff, through the years gone past,
Thy sons have fought, and bled, and died for thee;
Thy daughters battered at the gates of Heaven
With rain of tears.

So, in the years to come,
May God in mercy spare thee, thou shalt see
The promised land, as high on Pisgah's mount
The Patriarch Moses viewed the gift of God!
For, know, thy sons shall conquer through thy might,
Even as thou hast conquered; hear the cry:
"Hail, Leo, we about to die salute thee!"
Through all the weary years be this thy solace,
God's Love, thy sons' courage, and thy daughters'
tears.

TERESA.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF AUBREY DE VERE.

BY I. A. TAYLOR.*

TO many of the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD the name which heads this paper will long have been a household word. There are men known to the public by their acts, by the books they have written, the services they have rendered to their country or to the world, but whose personality is, as it were, of no moment—who are voices, it may be, or even useful automatons, but no more. There are others around whom an interest clings almost like that of a friend, though a friend whose features are unknown and whom we should pass unrecognized in the street, in whose case it would seem no extravagance though we should put on mourning when we hear that they are gone. Such was, among those who are passed away, Robert Louis Stevenson; such is one who, happily, is still among us—Aubrey de Vere.

The friend of Cardinals Manning and Newman, the disciple of Wordsworth, the associate of most of the well-known men of the century which has almost reached its end, he is a connecting link of the present with the past, one of the solitary survivors—does he find it, one wonders, a little lonely?—of the notable group of world-wide reputation which counted among its members such men as Tennyson, Southey, Sir William Hamilton, Lord Houghton, Henry Taylor, Landor, Coventry Patmore, and many others.

A few more years, and we shall hear no more of these men at first hand; there will be no eye-witness left to describe Wordsworth as he knelt at prayers, his face hidden in his hands—"that vision," Mr. de Vere says, "is often before me"—to tell of the tears which coursed down O'Connell's old cheeks as he repeated Moore's verses on the death of Emmet to his childish fellow-travellers; to set before us Newman and Manning with the familiar touches of a personal friend. And those especially who have not enjoyed the privilege of hearing his recollections from his own lips may well be grateful that they have been thrown into a permanent form and thus secured to posterity.

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* The interest of this paper is enhanced by the fact that its author is a cousin of the poet.

Mr. de Vere has been careful to emphasize the fact that in the present volume he presents to the public a series of Reminiscences, more or less fragmentary and detached, rather than anything which might claim to be a complete, autobiographical record. He had no wish to tell his own story. "Self," he observes in his preface, "is a dangerous personage to let into one's book. He is sure to claim a larger place than he deserves in it, and to leave less space than their due for worthier company." This is a question of relative values, upon which opinions will probably differ. But whatever may be the intention with which a man sets out, his reminiscences, the record of the events he has witnessed, of the men and women who have been his friends, of the changes which have taken place during his life-time in societies and nations, will, in point of fact, come near to being an autobiography. Nor are we likely to quarrel with it upon this account. When a man writes of himself he writes of that with which he is best acquainted, even though in some singular instances, the humility of the writer taken into account—it is possible that the present is one—it may not be the subject in which he takes most interest; and when, furthermore, the personality with which we are brought into touch is of such a kind as that of Mr. de Vere, his readers are more likely to complain that it is kept overmuch in the background than that it occupies too prominent a place.

HIS CONTINUITY OF CHARACTER.

In spite, however, of his disclaimer, and incomplete though the record remains, with gaps here and there, and not a few blanks which we should willingly see filled, it is possible to form a clear enough conception of the writer of these Recollections. A unity prevails throughout to an altogether singular degree. Allowing for the changes necessarily produced by the lapse of years, the same characteristics are everywhere apparent; as boy and man, in his younger and older age, the same features appear, the same personal charm is unconsciously revealed; the same capacity for hero-worship and for idealization of those he loved, the same leniency where individuals are concerned, combined with a certain severity when it is a matter of opinions; the same humility, carried almost to extravagance, the same gentle gaiety touched with Irish humor, and the same tenacity and constancy of affection. To have been once admitted to the circle of his friends has been to enjoy the title for ever. This note of continuity—one of the most marked in the book—is not an altogether common one. There are those who, to use the words of St. Paul in a sense different to that of the Apostle, die daily. The man of yesterday makes way for the man of to-day, and the man of to-day is as quickly replaced by his successor of to-morrow. Friends, faiths, opinions, interests, all shift, in the same way that the colored glass in a kaleidoscope perpetually takes new forms. Nor will it be denied that there attaches to these chameleon-like characters an interest of their own—an element, so to speak, of unexpectedness; we watch with curiosity for the next development. But we do not choose such men for our friends. To be reliable is an essential attribute of friendship, and this quality is as wholly absent in their case as the kindred one of repose. In Mr. de Vere we have a conspicuous example of the opposite character. What he was in boyhood he remained as man, those changes which supervened being merely the outcome of a necessary development and growth.

THE POET MUST BE STUDIED AGAINST HIS PROPER BACKGROUND.

Outward circumstances were favorable to this continuity. A younger son, the home of his boyhood, the old house where he had been born, though never his own property, has nevertheless remained his home throughout his long life. "I see from the window at which I write," so he says in the preface to this volume, "the trees which we used to climb together as boys." The quiet atmosphere of this green and pleasant place, far distant from the noise and hurry of the life of cities, the influence of the leisure enjoyed in the stately house surrounded by its miles of demesne, and the effect of its traditions and of the feudal relationships which had, till changes came, existed between landlord and tenantry, are apparent everywhere. To gain a just view of the man the background should never be forgotten. He has, it is true, been no recluse, no hermit. Year by year, with a regularity which has lasted the greater part of a life-time, he quits his green and tranquil country abode to cross the Channel, to seek in England the society of his old friends, and to open his heart, in a lesser degree, to them; but it is in the seclusion of the west of Ireland that he is at home, that probably three-fourths of his life has been passed, and that his poetry has been written; and there, with old memories everywhere around him, his days are spent scarcely less in the past than in the present.

IRELAND SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

Among the most attractive portions of the Recollections are the opening chapters, dealing not so much with public events, nor with the celebrated men and women with whom he was subsequently brought into contact, as with this old Irish home, with the Ireland of seventy years ago, now irremediably vanished, and with the De Vere family itself. In these pages is drawn, with a poet's brush, the picture of Curragh Chase. "I always see it," he says, "bathed as in summer sunshine"—also, perhaps, gleaming in that light which never shone on sea or shore, the radiance of that perished childhood which some of us count among the bitterest of our losses. And in that light he sets it before his readers, with its broad deer park, the slender stream, and fair green hills, the brakes of low-spreading oaks and birch, the smooth lawns, and the opening in the wood where on Sunday evenings the peasants gathered to dance; and last of all one catches sight of the little looker-on at the revelry, who after close on eighty years has not yet forgotten his vexation at finding himself snatched up and carried off to bed by one of the "merry maids" who were joining in the dance. It is a picture full of sunshine and jollity, and the little poet's eyes noted it faithfully.

Other details impressed themselves upon his childish imagination: his grandmother, with her four gray horses and her outrider, and her beautiful and melancholy eyes; and his father, with his corresponding four black horses and *his* outriders, the sedate and genial Irish gentleman.

Nor is the picture of the country itself in those distant days less vivid in its coloring. It is said that it is the first impressions which produce the strongest effect, and possibly it is for this reason that the sketches drawn of Irish life are more graphic in the earlier than in the later portion of the Recollections. Possibly, also, Ireland has shared in that loss of individuality which modern civilization, increased facilities of communication, and the development of the imitative faculty, has brought to society in general. Again and again there are presented to us figures which it would be difficult to find in any other country or period; such as the friend and neighbor of the poet's father, who to satisfy an old grudge against Sir Aubrey's uncle, Lord Limerick, and to fulfil, after many years, a vow of vengeance, rode into Limerick at election time at the head of his tenantry and voted against his friend. Possibly Sir Aubrey,

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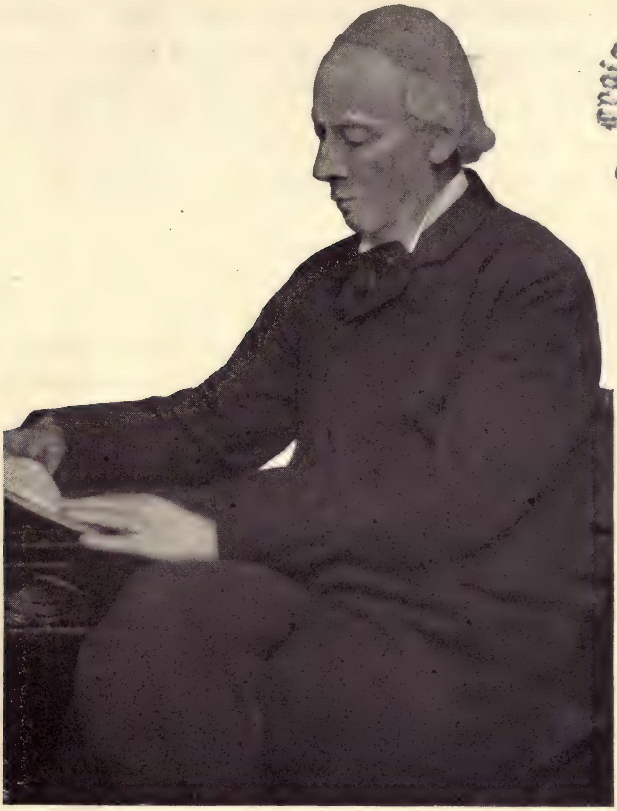

Aubrey de Vere

himself an Irishman, recognized the point of honor involved in the transaction, for the friendly relations between the families continued undisturbed; and Mr. de Vere relates how, at a later date, he watched the old man in question walking up and down the library of the De Veres, his hands behind his back and his white hair streaming over his shoulders, and repeating: "It is a great thing to be able to look back on a long life, and record, as I can, that never once did any man injure me but sooner or later I had my revenge."

It was, in fact, the exhibition, in the individual, of that vindictive spirit of retaliation traditional in the race, which was the animating principle of the faction fights between the peasantry. Of one of these faction fights a graphic picture is given, the part played by priest and people in it being particularly characteristic. The two opposing bodies of men were facing each other, ready for the fray, when the priest rode along the line, dismounted, and, kneeling in the midst, made, in the name of God, his solemn protest against the impending bloodshed. "They thanked him with great reverence" and then requested him to take his departure, which he did, meeting a magistrate who was also helplessly watching the proceedings in great agitation. "I pitied him," said the priest, "and desired him not to take on in that way, since there was no help for it."

Side by side with this picture stands another scene, witnessed by one of the family—the scene of a "reconciliation," the ending of a feud. The two gray-headed leaders met in the church, silent, sullen; they reluctantly clasped hands, and then "the next moment one of them dashed himself down on the stone pavement, and cried aloud, 'O my son, my murdered son! I have clasped the hand that shed the last drop of thy blood!'"

A POET'S CHILDHOOD.

It would be easy to linger over these early years—over the recollections of the tutor of French extraction, who desisted from the instruction of his ten-year-old pupil in the Latin language, "inasmuch as I was an idiot," recommending to him instead the cultivation of the moral faculties and the tracing of maps upon glass; over visits to Adare (Lord Dunraven's) and a hair-breadth escape on the hills, when the tutor's favorite ejaculation of "Gracious Patience!" was characterized by one of his Irish pupils as the "toasting of an absent friend"; but enough has been said to indicate the character of the atmosphere in which the childhood of the poet was passed. "My recollections," he says, "come to me fragrant with the smell of the new-mown grass. . . . No change was desired by us, and little came. The winds of early spring waved the long masses of daffodils till they made a confused though rapturous splendor in the lake close by, just as they had done the year before; and those who saw the pageant hardly noted that those winds were cold. . . . Each year we watched the succession of the flowers, and if the bluebell or the cowslip came a little before or a little after its proper time, we felt as much aggrieved as the child who misses the word he is accustomed to in the story heard a hundred times before." Thus Mr. de Vere himself sums up the character of those years, in all their unemotional and impersonal sweetness, when to be alive is rapture enough and simple existence is a delight.

It has been said that each childhood should be an Eden, through which men and women should pass before entering upon the troubles and cares and preoccupations of this work-a-day world. Surely at Curragh Chase such an Eden was enjoyed.

HIS FIRST FRIENDSHIP LIFE-LONG.

It was at the age of seventeen that Mr. de Vere formed the first of those lasting and enthusiastic friendships, a combination of love and of reverence, which have been so characteristic of him throughout his life. This first friend was Sir William Rowan Hamilton, Astronomer Royal of the Dublin University, a man some nine years his senior, but who was henceforth knit to him by the closest ties of affection. To the picture presented of the great philosopher and mathematician it is impossible to do justice in a paper which must necessarily confine itself to one subject; yet it is difficult to pass over an influence which must have been so strong. In Mr. de Vere's opinion Hamilton still remains the man of greatest intellect he has ever known; while, as Christian and philosopher, brilliant and profound in matters of scholarship, humble, courteous, and dignified in social intercourse, he possessed from the first an irresistible attraction for the poet and the dreamer who had been sent to Dublin to pursue there his university career. In the study or the garden of the great philosopher many hours were spent. It was a home, too, brightened by children, and a curious anecdote is given concerning the scholar's little son of some five or six years, who, pronounced by his father too young to be instructed in the doctrine of the Trinity, set himself to work to master the mystery unassisted, and while spinning his top successively evolved the four great heresies of early Christian times! "He discovered them all for himself," said his father with pride. "I did not give him the slightest assistance. What an intellect!" It was the same child who, a year later, asked whether he would be glad to see his father's friend, made answer that, "thinking of Latin and thinking of trouble and thinking of God, he had forgotten Aubrey de Vere."

"THE CHILD DIED AND THE POET WAS BORN."

It was about the time that the friendship with Hamilton was inaugurated that Mr. de Vere first began to try his hand in earnest at verse-writing. He had lived in an atmosphere of poetry. His father was a playwright, whose dramas, though never popular, have enjoyed a considerable *succès d'estime;* and under the guidance of his taste the inevitable Byronic stage was quickly passed through, and the allegiance of the lad transferred to worthier objects—to Wordsworth, Shelley, Coleridge, and Keats—the poets to whom it has belonged ever since. It was the beginning of a new life. "We used to read them"—his sister and himself—"driving about our woods in a pony carriage. The pony soon found us out, and we had many hair-breadth escapes. Sometimes we read them by night to the sound of an Æolian harp, still in my possession. On one of those nights a boat lay on the lake at the bottom of our lawn; I lay down in it, allowing it to float wherever the wind blew it. . . . There I lay, half asleep, till a splendid summer sunrise told me it was time to get to bed. It was all Shelley's fault." And so, gradually, the child died and the poet was born.

From this time forth the writing of poetry was the great work of his life—it would not, indeed, be an exaggeration to say that in a measure it has been his life itself, intimately and indissolubly associated with the one subject, the one interest, which took precedence of all others—religion. The value of the work to which he has given his life's labor is an estimate which each man will make for himself. If his audience has not been so large as might have been looked for, it has made up in distinction what it has lacked in numbers, and his reputation stands high among those of the poets of his day who have never lowered their standard to meet the common taste or to make a bid for popularity. If we say no more of it here, it is because we are at present concerned with the man and not with the poet, and we may pass on from the subject of his writings with a quotation from the verses in which Landor, as yet personally unknown to him, received the younger man into the ranks of the poets:

> "Welcome! who last hast climbed the cloven hill,
> Forsaken by its Muses and their God.
> Show us the way; we miss it, young and old.
> . . . . . .
> Lead thou the way; I knew it once; my sight
> May miss old marks; lend me thy hand; press on;
> Elastic is thy step, thy guidance sure."

DIE WANDERLUST.

To the tenacious affection with which Mr. de Vere has clung throughout life to the home of his boyhood, he has united, to a marked degree, the love of wandering—a combination not uncharacteristic of the Irish temperament. Beauty of nature, as well as beauty of art, allured him wherever it was to be found. The fairness of a landscape; the grandeur of cathedral or church; the inner, spiritual significance and grace of old tradition and legendary tale—all appealed to him, as poet, as Christian, and, later on, as Catholic. Year after year, in after life, he took his way to Rome, until such time as those events took place after which Rome was no longer the Rome that he had known, and, unwilling to disturb his earlier recollections, he refused to revisit her.

In Switzerland, seen for the first time in 1839, his love of mountainous scenery found full satisfaction. There was something almost personal in the passionate admiration inspired in him by the grandeur of the Swiss landscapes; and an insult to an Alp was resented by him, we had almost said as an insult to himself, but it is to be doubted whether he has ever been known to resent a personal affront.

"I pray to Heaven," said a friend of a different temperament, when the two were travelling together—"I pray to Heaven I may never see mountains of this sort again." The very aspiration, rightly inspired, was a tribute to the grandeur which weighed like an oppression upon the spirits; but Mr. de Vere did not accept it as such. "I turned on my heel," he says, "and walked home"; and there is something almost pathetic in his subsequent attempts to surprise his companion into admiration of the objects of his own idolatry.

Not only Switzerland, but beauty nearer home—the English Lake country, sacred besides as the home of the poets, Tintern Abbey, Scotland, as well as the hills and lakes and rivers of his own land, claimed his admiration and were woven, so to speak, into the texture of his artistic life. The true lover of nature is, so far as it is concerned, of no nationality. Beauty, wherever it is to be found, is alike his possession and his home.

HIS ASSOCIATES.

It was, however, not in the world of nature alone that he was breaking fresh ground. Eminently social in his tastes, and with a large and generous interest in human kind, he had the good fortune, while yet young, to become acquainted with several of the men and women most noted in their day; with Wordsworth, of whom he wrote at the time, "Mr. Wordsworth is a Protestant, but the mind poetic of Wordsworth is chiefly Catholic"; with poor Hartley Coleridge, of whom he relates a humorous story, describing how Hartley, addressing a Protestant fanatic, observed gravely that there were in Ireland two great evils, "Popery and"—after listening to the other's cordial assent —"Protestantism"; with Sara Coleridge, with whom his friendship endured to her death; while later on Lord Tennyson, Spedding, the biographer of Bacon, and many others were numbered among the inner circle of his friends. With Henry Taylor, connected by marriage with his family, he was on the closest terms of friendship, lasting over more than forty years. Nor were his interests confined to the world of literature and poetry. Politics, too, claimed their share, though a lesser one, of his attention; he was acquainted with many of the men who occupied a foremost position in them, and was in the habit of attending parliamentary debates, of some of which he has given graphic descriptions in the present volume.

AUBREY DE VERE'S CONVERSION.

But, with all this, what he would himself consider incomparably the chief event of his life was to come. Boyhood, youth, early manhood; some at least of the events, the joys and sorrows, by which a man's days are commonly italicized were over; but it was not until the year 1851, when he was verging towards forty and the *mezzo cammi* of Dante had been already passed, that he made his submission to the Roman Catholic Church.

The chapter which deals with this all-important event is one of the shortest, as it is the most personal, in the volume. In it he gives an epitome of the causes which had led him to a decision and of the reasons by which he had been guided. Into these causes and reasons this is not the place to enter, opening out as they do too wide a subject and one with which the present volume only deals in passing. The pages in which Mr. de Vere treats of it are in themselves a summary, and satisfactorily to summarize the summary would be an impossible task. It will be enough briefly to indicate the course he had pursued and the successive changes his opinions had undergone.

Poet and literary man as he was, all such studies had from his youth up been dwarfed in interest by that of theology; he had upon conviction become a High-Churchman, and his attachment, as he tells us, to the Anglican Church had been ardent as that of Wordsworth for his country. When, however, the Gorham judgment was given, he did not blind himself to the issues of the case, accepting as possible two alternatives only —that of abjuring church principles and remaining in the Establishment by which they had been officially repudiated, or of joining the Catholic Church. His decision was formed in no haste. He devoted two years to further theological study before taking the step which conscience pointed out, in making his submission to Rome. Such was, in brief, the history of his conversion. To Thomas Carlyle, his friend, he epitomized the matter when to the remonstrances of the latter he replied: "I will tell you in a word what I am about. I have lived a Christian hitherto, and I intend to die one."

A HAPPY FORTUNE.

Many changes, some salutary, some the reverse, have taken place in the last forty-five years. Whether owing to increased indifferentism on the part of the world at large in matters of religion, or to a wider toleration and a growing recognition of the right of every man to judge for himself, it is certain that those who decide at the present day upon the step taken in 1851 by Mr. de Vere, have not the same trials to undergo as the converts of an earlier generation. To the last it was indeed, in many cases, that "parting of friends" which Cardinal Newman named it, a summons like that which Abraham obeyed to go forth and seek a distant and unknown land—a call, so to speak, to go out into the desert, a rending and tearing asunder of the closest ties of kindred and affection.

With Mr. de Vere, however, though a portion of this he had no doubt to suffer, it was in a modified degree. "Gently comes the world to those who are cast in a gentle mould." To quarrel with him would have been difficult; to force him into a quarrel almost impossible; and it is pleasant to find it placed upon record by himself that few of his friends, deplore as they might, and no doubt did, the course which he had taken, altered materially their relations with him upon that account. Some too, and those not the least loved and venerated, had preceded or were to follow him into the new spiritual country of which he had become a citizen. Two brothers, among his own family, were with him; Cardinal Newman, with whom he had become acquainted while yet a young man, remained the friend of a life-time, whom, year by year, as autumn came on, he would visit at Birmingham on his way from the south of England to that Lake country to which he pays the annual tribute of a pilgrimage, revisiting those places haunted by the memories of Wordsworth and of Southey, as well as of friends unknown to the world, but not less dear.

With Cardinal Manning his acquaintance was of a somewhat later growth, dating from the year 1849, but it too ripened quickly into a friendship which lasted to the end; and if we are not mistaken, it was by the cardinal that Mr. de Vere was received into the church into which he had preceded him. Lord Emly, his dear friend and neighbor at Curragh Chase, became a Catholic, and he was not alone or without familiar faces in his new environment.

In the latter portion of the book the personality which we have been sketching, and which was so clearly to be traced in the opening chapters, shows a tendency to become more veiled and to elude our grasp. It is a tendency we may regret, but which is not difficult to understand. To a reserved and diffident man—and Mr. de Vere, notwithstanding a certain surface openness, possesses that instinctive reticence which belonged to his generation and lent to it the dignity which in a later one is often so lamentably lacking,—to such a man it is a more difficult matter to speak of himself when approaching the age which he has now reached, than when it is a question of that other and earlier self for which he scarcely feels himself responsible. Whether or not such a diffidence is accountable for the change, we find the story becoming more fragmentary as we advance; the showman retiring more and more out of sight, except in dealing with subjects of a more or less impersonal order, and the foreground being left to a greater degree in the possession of others.

THE POET AND THE PHILANTHROPIST.

One chapter there is, however—that which treats of the great famine—which shows him in a totally new light, and one by which even his most intimate associates were taken by surprise.

The De Veres were never backward in the cause of the suffering people, whether their zeal displayed itself after the fashion of the poet's grandfather when, coming into court and finding that a lad, charged with murder, had no one to call as a witness to his previous character, he threw himself into the breach, declaring that from the first minute he had seen the prisoner he had known nothing but good of him—the fact being that the acquaintanceship dated from his entrance into court; or whether their sympathy was shown after the manner of Sir Stephen, the present baronet, who, identifying himself with the interests of the suffering population in order to qualify himself to expose, with the force of an eye-witness, the horrors of the emigration system as then carried on, accompanied a body of emigrants to Canada as a steerage passenger. Nor was Aubrey de Vere slow to do his part when called to intervene between the people and the fate which awaited them. Unused as he was to business of a practical nature, with the peasantry famished and starving around him he was no longer the poet or the literary man; but, shaken out of his dreams by the horror of the situation and the stress of circumstances, he put his shoulder to the wheel, setting himself with all his might to alleviate the misery around, and to mitigate its attendant evils. In the "Year of Sorrow"—one of his finest poems—he has left a record of that time, unexampled for horror in the history of the period. It is by such deeds as these that the De Veres have won their right to a place in the people's hearts.

This paper must be brought to an end. It has been impossible, within so limited a space, to do anything approaching justice to the book. Some portions of it, indeed, have been necessarily almost ignored—the delightful humor attaching to the descriptions of Irish life, and lightening even the tragic side of it; the touches which so well illustrate the unique position and character of the Irish priesthood and their relations with their flocks; the mixture of light-heartedness and pathos which is so eminently characteristic of that "distressful country"—all this must be sought in the volume itself. Nor has it been possible to do more than indicate the interest belonging to the records of personal intercourse with the men who have been the makers of history in the present century. Our endeavor has been confined to an attempt to trace the footsteps of the writer and to sketch, however imperfectly, for those to whom he is only known by his writings, some of the features of his beautiful personality.

ART.

I am the soul of Nature: all in vain
I crave divorce from form. The Infinite
Is my inheritance; and yet, despite
My immortality, I bear the bane
Of bondage. Ye dream-spinning sons of Pain—
Fierce as a fire-begotten blast—I smite
Your hearts, demanding God-born Beauty's right
To liberty; yet link ye chain on chain
To gird me fast to earth. Eternity!
I cry to ye; in answer, I am bound
In glistering rhymes: ye rear me rainbow toils,
Ye merge me into marble slavery,
Ye prison me in mighty webs of sound—
Whilst ever closer Time doth drag his coils!

MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

ST. LOUIS PROTECTING RELIGION.

—*Cabanel.*

THE TRUE HISTORY OF AN IRISH CATHEDRAL.

ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

THE history of St. Patrick's agrees in its main features with that of Christ Church and other old Irish cathedrals. Founded by Catholics and for Catholic uses in the twelfth century, in the sixteenth falling into the hands of guardians who abused their trust and were supported in that abuse by all the power of the state, torn from the unity of the church, alienated from the ownership of Ireland, and withdrawn from the oversight of Rome, St. Patrick's has been for nearly three centuries and a half in the hands of Protestants, and has ministered in no way to the religious improvement or consolation of the swarming population surrounding it. For many years it was in a more or less dilapidated condition, but was taken in hand some forty years ago by a successful Protestant brewer, the late Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness, and renovated at a very considerable expense. Whether this fact changes the equities of the case in any way, or to what extent it does so, are points which cannot be here discussed.

Tradition says that there was on the ground where St. Patrick's now stands an old church founded by St. Patrick himself, and called St. Patrick's "in Insula."* The little river Poddle runs in two parallel streams past the west front of the cathedral; it flows now underground, but was open to the air in the twelfth century; and if there was a church dedicated to St. Patrick in the space between the streams, the name "in insula" would be sufficiently explained. The site was outside, but near to, the city walls; and "St. Patrick's Gate," mentioned in the Tripartite Life, was probably the principal south or south-east gate of the town. This old church is said to have been enlarged and endowed in 1191 by John Comyn, Archbishop of Dublin from 1181 to 1212, who constituted it as a collegiate church for thirteen secular canons.†

John Comyn, or Cumin, was one of those powerful Normans

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* In the Tripartite Life of St. Patrick (Rolls ed., 1887) mention is made of scores of churches founded by the saint in different parts of Ireland, but none nearer to Dublin than the County Meath.

† Monck Mason's *St. Patrick's Cathedral*, p. 2.

"THE CATHEDRAL IS OF NO GREAT DIMENSIONS."

through whose force of will and intellect the fame of the great race to which he belonged was spread everywhere in Europe in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Having chosen the career of a churchman, he came under the notice of Henry II., and was appointed one of his chaplains. As such he was employed in difficult and delicate negotiations, among which was that which aimed at closing the quarrel between the king and the exiled Becket. He had made progress in this great affair, and was still at Rome, when the news came of Becket's murder. Pope Alexander was terribly shocked; he shut himself up, and would see neither Comyn nor any other Englishman.* Returning to England, Comyn continued to stand high in the confidence of Henry II.; he was sent out once as justice in eyre, and in 1177 he went on a mission to Alphonsus of Castile. The see of Dublin became vacant in 1181 by the death of St. Lawrence O'Toole, and the king resolved that it should be filled by Comyn. He caused a number of the Dublin clergy—including, one may suppose, the canons of Christ Church cathedral—to meet him at Evesham, and proceed to the election of an archbishop. Giraldus Cambrensis describes what followed.†

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* See the excellent article on Comyn in the *Dictionary of National Biography.*

† *Expugnatio Hibernica*, ii. 24.

"At Evesham, he (Comyn) was elected with much harmony and unanimity by the clergy of Dublin, the king's interest being employed in his favor, and at Velletri he was ordained cardinal priest and consecrated by Lucius, the Roman pontiff. A man of eloquence and learning—who in his zeal for righteousness, and in the conscientious discharge of the dignity which he had attained, would have raised to a glorious height the state of the Church of Ireland were it not that one sword is always kept down by the other sword, the priestly by the kingly power, virtue by envy."*

After his establishment at Dublin Comyn organized the see with great thoroughness. In 1190, or earlier, he employed himself in rebuilding St. Patrick's "in Insula," as has been already mentioned, dedicating it the next year with a solemn procession, in which the Archbishop of Armagh and the papal legate took part, "to God, our Blessed Lady Mary, and St. Patrick."† Benefices and tithes were obtained, and apportioned among the thirteen canonries; and the arrangement was confirmed by a bull of Celestine III., in 1191.‡ The archbishop also granted to his canons all the privileges enjoyed by the canons of Salisbury cathedral.

There is no special information on the subject, but it seems probable that after some years the want of a recognized head to the institution made itself felt. Comyn, of the work of whose later years little is known, died in 1212. Henry de Loundres (London), who succeeded him, had been archdeacon of Stafford. This able and energetic prelate, who is noted in history as having put his signature to Magna Charta next after Stephen Langton, carried out and developed the work of Comyn. Increasing the endowment in various ways, he appointed a dean, a precentor, a chancellor, and a treasurer. A full cathedral staff was thus given to St. Patrick's, and from the time of De Loundres the archbishops of Dublin had two cathedrals, the original foundation of the Holy Trinity, or Christ Church, and this church of St. Patrick. The proceedings of Archbishop Henry were confirmed by Pope Honorius III. in 1221.

The cathedral is of no great dimensions, measuring three hundred feet in length from the western door to the east end of the Lady chapel, the width of the nave being sixty-seven feet, and the length of the transept one hundred and fifty-seven feet. The tower at the north-west corner was built by Archbishop Minot about 1370; the spire was added by the Protestant Bishop of Clogher, John Stearne, in 1749.

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* It seems that Giraldus was mistaken in saying that Lucius ordained Comyn cardinal priest. He ordained him *priest*, says Benedictus Abbas, as not having before received priest's orders. The fact that he never claimed a cardinal's rank, with other testimony, makes it all but certain that he never received the dignity of cardinal.

† Monck Mason, p. 2.

‡ *Ibid.*, App. No. ii.

The first conversion of the church to the purposes of religious "reform" took place under Henry VIII.; its chief instruments were Archbishop George Browne and Dean Edward Bassenet. Browne, an Englishman, is first heard of as an Augustinian friar; he belonged to the house of that order at Oxford where Erasmus was entertained by Prior Charnock in 1497.* He took his degree as Bachelor of Divinity at Oxford; but, perhaps from some secret leaning towards the predestinarian doctrine then very prevalent abroad, he repaired to some foreign university, probably Basle or Wittenberg, to take the degree of D.D., being afterwards incorporated in the same degree at Oxford. Cromwell, who was in want of suitable agents, found him out, and employed him in 1534, in conjunction with Hilsey, the provincial of the Dominicans, to visit all the houses of friars in London, and probably through all the southern English counties also, and administer to them the oath of succession. He must have been introduced about this time to Henry VIII., and judged by him a fit agent for the disorganization and plunder of the Church in Ireland, which it was desired to carry on nearly *pari passu* with the corresponding process in England. He was accordingly selected by the king to fill the post of Archbishop of Dublin, vacant since the murder of John Allan in 1534. He was consecrated in England, doubtless by Cranmer, and arrived in Ireland in December, 1535.† He never received bulls from Rome, authorizing him to hold the archbishopric, intercourse between England and the Holy See being at the time broken off. Cromwell gave him a commission on his leaving England "to favor the king's advantages.‡ For the next seventeen or eighteen years Browne played the part assigned to him as well as he could, preaching in favor of the king's ecclesiastical supremacy, and resisting those of the clergy who did not approve of a total repudiation of the papal jurisdiction. Through him the first-fruits of Irish abbeys were granted to the king, and he promoted with all his power the complete dissolution of the monasteries. He was probably, like many other of Cromwell's *protégés*, a man of no refinement, and this partly explains the unmeasured scorn in which he was held by Lord Leonard Grey, the deputy. Writing against Grey to Cromwell,* Browne says: "I cannot say that his lordship favoreth the false traitor Reginald Poole, whom in communication between his lordship and me I called 'papish cardinal,' and he in a great fume called me 'pol-shorne knave frier.'"

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* An old archway in New Inn Hall Lane is all that remains of this house.

† Harl. Misc. v.

‡ *Dictionary of National Biography*, art. "Browne."

Although the first "reform" of St. Patrick's, which was accomplished by Archbishop Browne and Dean Bassenet, settled nothing finally—since it was undone under Mary—the importance of what then took place, as giving a precedent for tyrannical spoliation and forcing it on an unwilling people, was so great, so pregnant with miserable consequences, that it is necessary to describe it with as much detail as the scanty materials admit. Edward Bassenet, a Welshman, was one of the prebendaries of St. Patrick's at the death of Dean Fyche, in 1537.

He was not yet entirely of Browne's way of thinking in religious matters. Soon after his arrival, in 1537, the archbishop wrote to Cromwell, complaining that the order for the removal of images and relics was evaded by the dean, "he finding it gainfull to retain those images."† He adds: "The Romish relics and images of both my cathedrals took off the common people from the true worship; but the prior ‡ and dean find them so sweet for their gain that they heed not my words." Browne therefore asks for an order more explicit, and that a reproof should be sent to them; and that the chief governor should be told to support him. "The prior and dean have writ to Rome to be encouraged, and if it be not hindered before they have a mandate from the Bishop of Rome the people will be bold, and then tug long before his highness can submit them to his grace's orders." The Erastianism of all this might have satisfied Hobbes himself!

Two letters to Cromwell printed among the Carew papers, dated January 2 and May 8, 1538, show how little support Browne found among his clergy in the business of substituting the king's supremacy for the pope's. In the first he says that he could find no one willing to preach in support of Henry's supremacy, or to take any step in that direction. "I cannot," he says, "make them once, but as I send my own servants to do it, to cancel out of the canon of the Mass or other books the name of the Bishop of Rome." In the second he reports

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* Cal. State Papers, 19 May, 1540.

† Monck Mason, p. 148.

‡ Prior Paynswick, of Christ Church.

THE RENOVATED ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.

that a certain prebendary of St. Patrick's had sung High Mass in the church of St. Owen on the first Sunday of May, and would make no use of the "bedes,"* which he, Browne, had devised for the furtherance of God's word, and the advancement of the king's title of supremacy; the archbishop had, therefore, committed him to prison.

Such being the attitude of the Archbishop of Dublin towards the religion and the ritual which had held undisputed sway in his cathedral of St. Patrick ever since its foundation in the thirteenth century, let us now turn to examine the proceedings of the dean of the same cathedral, at this critical period. Bassenet, as we have seen, was considered lukewarm by Browne in the cause of reformation, but it was found possible to open his eyes. In 1540 he received a grant for ever of seven acres of arable land adjoining his estate (or was it his glebe?) of Deansrath, for which he was to render two fat capons yearly.† In 1544 lands which had belonged to the suppressed St. Mary's Abbey were granted in reversion to Dean Bassenet. The king was resolved at this time—it is unknown with what precise intent—to get the revenues of St. Patrick's into his own hands, and Bassenet was found a ready and unscrupulous agent. The affair took time, but in 1546, Bassenet pressing the matter on with much violence and illegality, and throwing several members of the chapter who were refractory into prison,* a surrender was made of the church and all its revenues to the king. Henry VIII. died at the beginning of the following year, and no assignment of the estates to private persons seems to have taken place; since after Mary's accession no great difficulty was found in replacing things on their former footing. In 1547 it was ordered by the government that part of the cathedral should be used as a court-house, and part as a parish church; a grammar school also was to be opened in the precinct, together with a hospital or almshouse for twelve poor men, who were to be for the most part servants of the late king. The services of Bassenet—who is said to have taken up arms against the insurgent natives while Leonard Grey was deputy, and to have distinguished himself in the fight of Bellahoa†—were much appreciated by the government, and he was placed on the council. He died, rich and the father of a family, in 1553. His wealth was derived, as Monck Mason shows, from indiscriminate plunder of the church, especially of that cathedral of which he had been the sworn servant. On the outside of a lease relating to a property at Deansrath, which, after belonging to Richard Bassenet of Denbigh, appears to have come back to the dean and chapter, Swift wrote: "This Bassenet was related to the scoundrel of the same name who surrendered the deanery to that beast Henry VIII."

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* Forms of prayer in English, in composing which Browne had probably been assisted by the English Reformers.

† Monck Mason, p. 148.

Such was the career of the first Protestant dean of St. Patrick's. A few words have still to be said concerning the first Protestant archbishop. Browne—and this must be mentioned to his credit—desired to convert the suppressed cathedral into a university; he would have renamed the church that of the Holy Trinity, and called the institution which he would have attached to it Christ's College. But the proposal, so far as is known, was disregarded on all sides. In 1548, "interrogatories,‡ which are believed to have been prepared by Chancellor Allen, were drawn up against him for neglect of duty in the government of the church, for his alienations and leases in reversion of church lands, his "undecent" sermon in September, 1548, and as to letters received by him from Irishmen. This last charge seems to be connected with a matter thus noticed in the Carew State Papers, p. 327: "He (Browne) seems to have made bargains with Irish chieftains by which see lands were alienated."

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* This seems to have been an ingenious plan for pensioning off some of the minor instruments of Henry's crusade of spoliation against the church at the expense of church funds. See Monck Mason, p. 153.

† *Ibid.*

‡ Cal. State Papers, Irel., vol. i.

In 1551, Edward VI. being still on the throne, the deputy, Sir Anthony St. Leger, summoned the bishops to a conference, in order to try how far it was possible to introduce the prayer-book and the English service. Browne, Staples of Meath, Lancaster of Kildare, and two other bishops desired the change. But Dowdall, the primate, would have none of it. He declared, according to Browne,* that he would never be bishop where the holy Mass was abolished; and, followed by the majority of the bishops and clergy present, he left the assembly. Before long, seeing that the government were bent upon persecuting the church and abolishing the Mass, Dowdall went into voluntary exile. Browne took this opportunity of petitioning the government to deprive the see of Armagh of its dignity as the primatial see—a dignity which it had enjoyed ever since the time of St. Patrick—and to transfer that pre-eminence to the see of Dublin. The government, which probably "cared for none of these things," complied with the request.

It is needless to say that in the convention of 1551 Browne crawled before the royal authority, which was not less venerable in his eyes when exercised by English statesmen in the name of a boy of fourteen than when proclaimed directly by his father. Some years passed; Edward died in 1553, and the Catholic Mary came to the throne. It was her chief solicitude to undo the religious changes which her father and brother had introduced. Dowdall was brought back from exile; the rights of the see of Armagh were restored to it; and Browne, being a married man, was deposed from the see of Dublin. This happened in 1554, and Browne appears to have died not long afterwards. I have sketched his character and acts from the materials furnished by the State Papers, and forbear to examine the terrible charges brought against him by his brother bishop, John Bale of Ossory.†

Mary, who was not a good judge of character, selected

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*Cal. State Papers, August, 1551.

†In "The Vocacyon of Johan Bale to the Bishoprick of Ossorie" (Harl. Misc., vol. vi.) A man so innately and disgustingly scurrilous as Bale cannot, in any charge that he makes unsupported, against things and persons Catholic, be accepted as a sufficient witness; it would therefore be unfair so to consider him when he turns upon his Protestant *confrères*.

Hugh Curwen to succeed Browne in the see of Dublin, and the appointment was confirmed by the pope in August, 1555. Curwen, a native of Cumberland, was originally a Cambridge man, but had studied at both universities.* He became one of Henry VIII.'s chaplains, and must have had a certain gift of pulpit eloquence, for we hear of a sermon preached before the king in Lent, 1533, on heretical opinions concerning the Eucharist, soon after which John Frith was condemned and burnt for heresy; again, in the same year, he preached vehemently in favor of the divorce and against Friar Peyto. He was appointed to the deanery of Hereford, and nothing was heard of him for many years, till Mary, who seems to have had a personal regard for him, summoned him from his obscurity and nominated him to the see of Dublin. The pallium was granted him, as above mentioned, by Paul IV., in August, 1555, and he was consecrated in St. Paul's, according to the Roman pontifical, in the September following. On his arrival in Ireland he is said to have at first displayed some zeal in the work of restoring Catholicism; but, as Strype says, he was "a complier in all reigns."† His cathedral of St. Patrick's had been restored to Catholic worship, and in its new dean, Thomas Leverous, he had an honest coadjutor, whom if he had supported, the catastrophe of 1560 might perhaps have been postponed; nor, at any rate, need he have given his personal countenance to it. But, on the accession of Elizabeth, Curwen, in the words of D'Alton the historian,‡ "accommodated his conduct and conscience to the policy of his new sovereign, and her liberal favor was his recompense."

It is necessary to trace the precise steps by which the change was brought about. The public establishment of religion in Ireland at the accession of Elizabeth depended on the great statute of Mary's reign,§ entitled "An Act repealing statutes and provisions made against the see apostolic of Rome sithence the twentieth year of King Henry the Eighth." In this act, after the preamble, comes the legatine brief (equivalent to a papal bull) of Reginald Cardinal Pole, dated Lambeth, 6th May, 1557, in which, after saying that the realm of Ireland had incurred ecclesiastical penalties by passing laws and constitutions "in which it was specially enacted that the

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* Wood's *Athenæ;* see also the art. "Curwen" in the *Dictionary of National Biography.*

† *Dictionary of National Biography.* ‡ *Memoir of the Archbishop of Dublin*, p. 238.

§ 3 and 4 Phil. and Mary, c. 8, Irish Statutes.

Roman Pontiff was not the head of the church on earth and the Vicar of Christ, and that the King of England and Ireland was the supreme head on earth, under Christ, in the church of Ireland"—he, the cardinal, as papal legate, released the entire kingdom of Ireland from the heresy and schism so described, and from all the penalties that might have been incurred in respect thereof. In fact, this brief, being included in the enacting portion of the bill, purports to do for Ireland what Pole's public declaration before queen and parliament, on the 30th of November, 1554, absolving and reconciling the realm, had done for England.

INTERIOR VIEW OF ST. PATRICK'S.

By the fourth clause of the bill the sites and lands of Irish monasteries are confirmed to their present holders.

The eighth clause deals with the question of the royal supremacy. Although, it says, the title of "supremacye, or supreme head of the Church of England and Ireland, or either of them, . . . never was, nor could be, justly or lawfully attributed to any king or soverain governor of any of the said realms," yet, as it had been used in many legal instruments since the twenty-sixth year of Henry VIII., the present sovereigns (Philip and Mary) should be free to exhibit, plead, and use any records or deeds containing it.*

The fourteenth clause enacts that the papal jurisdiction in the Church of Ireland shall be in future the same that it was in the twentieth year of Henry VIII.

Queen Mary died in December, 1558, and Elizabeth, who out of prudence had conformed for some years to Catholicism, now took William Cecil for her adviser, and resolved to re-establish Protestantism.

The Act of Uniformity for England was passed early in 1559, and on the whole with little difficulty. The maxim "Cujus regio ejus religio," in spite of its profound immorality and the risks attending its enforcement, was widely accepted in the Europe of the sixteenth century; it is not surprising, therefore, that Elizabeth and her ministers came to the determination to extend, by fair means or foul, the new English religion to Ireland. An act to that effect was draughted, closely resembling the statute passed for England in 1559, and sent over to Ireland. Sussex, the lord deputy, was ordered to introduce it in the Irish parliament, and to "predispose the members to the measure."† Ten counties, Dublin, Meath, Westmeath, Louth, Kildare, Carlow, Kilkenny, Waterford, Tipperary, and Wexford,‡ were summoned to send representatives; the others, namely, Cork, Kerry, Limerick, Connaught, Clare, Antrim, Ardee, Down, King's County and Queen's County, were passed over. "The rest," says Leland—that is, all besides the members for the ten counties mentioned—"which made up the number seventy-six, were citizens and burgesses of those towns in which the royal authority was predominant." Such being the composition of the parliament, it was not wonderful, says the Protestant historian, that the government measures were carried.§

The parliament met on the 12th of January, and had finished its legislative work by the 1st of February. It readily passed the Act of Uniformity, which was styled "An Act restoring to the Crown the ancient jurisdiction over the state ecclesiastical and spiritual, and abolishing all forreine power repugnant to the same."‖

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* Mr. Walpole, in his popular history of the *Kingdom of Ireland*, a work usually fair and accurate, asserts (p. 107) that Mary "did not renounce the supreme headship of the church." The above examination of the act shows that this is a complete mistake.

† Plowden, p. 73.

‡ Leland's *History of Ireland*, ii. 224.

§ According to Leland's lists, two counties in Leinster, Longford and Wicklow, the whole of Ulster, the whole of Connaught, and four counties in Munster, Cork, Limerick, Kerry, and Clare, were unrepresented in the parliament of 1560. By "Ardee" South Louth seems to have been meant.

‖ Irish Statutes, 2 Elizabeth chap. 1.

By clause five it was enacted that "no forreine prince, person, prelate, state, or potentate, shall at any time after the last day of this session of parliament enjoy or exercise any jurisdiction or authority, spiritual or ecclesiastical, within the realm."

But such jurisdiction and authority (clause 6) "shall for ever, by the authority of this present parliament, be united and annexed to the imperial crown of this realm," and may be delegated by the queen to whom she will.

Clause seven contained the terms of the oath of supremacy, to be taken by all clergymen and all persons holding office under the crown.

By the twelfth clause it is provided that any one speaking or writing on behalf of a foreign jurisdiction in things ecclesiastical, shall for the first offence forfeit all his goods and chattels, real as well as personal, for the second incur the penalties of *premunire,* and be condemned for high treason, with "paines of death" for the third.

Thus, within the space of four years, two measures—totally irreconcilable with each other, yet each affecting the deepest interests and feelings of every family within the realm, and of generations yet unborn—were placed upon the Irish statute-book. The first of the two merely restored a state of things which had existed since Christianity was first brought to Ire land down to the reign of Henry VIII. No private interests were directly affected by it except those of two or three apostate friars or priests who had forgotten their obligations; no oath was imposed to catch and torture consciences; its evident object, from the first clause to the last, was to reconcile, repair, and reconstruct. The second act was a religious revolution; it made it a crime to hold the old and true doctrine as to the government of the church, and a legal duty, enforceable by cruel penalties, to hold a novel and false doctrine. What mental conflicts must every Irish chapter, every bishop's see, every parish have been the scene of in those miserable days! Here, however, we are only concerned with the effect of the act in relation to St. Patrick's.

In Mary's letters to Sir Anthony St. Leger, the deputy, dated February 18 and 23, 1555, setting forth the details of the plan for the restoration of St. Patrick's, after naming Thomas Leverous, the new dean, and the other members of the chapter, she says that she has nominated her trusty and well-beloved chaplain, Mr. Hugh Coren (Curwen), doctor of laws, to be Archbishop of Dublin. It is evident that the possibility of Curwen's proving false to his God, to his church, to her, and to his own honor never occurred to her. It is not known, we believe, how he behaved in the Irish House of Lords; but if he had opposed the passing of the act, some notice must have been taken of it, and the probabilities are that he either voted for it or stood aside and let it pass. It may be considered certain that he took the oath; and no less certain that he obeyed the act passed in the same parliament,* prescribing the exclusive use in Irish churches of the English prayer-book for worship and the administration of sacraments, and enacting (clause 14) "that all laws, statutes, and ordinances, wherein or whereby any other service, administration of sacraments, or common prayer is . . . set forth to be used within this realm, shall from henceforth be utterly void and of none effect." That is to say, he, a Catholic archbishop, consented to the abolition of the Mass, and the substitution of the Protestant communion service!

Little is known of the unhappy man after this. In November, 1560, he asked to be translated to the see of Hereford, but nothing came of it. Adam Loftus in his correspondence charges him with "open crimes," which he was ashamed to mention,† and with being "a great swearer." Considering the various contradictory oaths which he had taken in his life-time this at least was not far from the truth. In 1565 Brady, Bishop of Meath, advised his recall, as "the old unprofitable workman."‡ In 1567 he was appointed to the see of Oxford, and died the following year.§

One of the two principal guardians of the cathedral had thus proved false to his trust. What would the other guardian do? This was Thomas Leverous, the dean, who had been nominated by Queen Mary Bishop of Kildare, when Lancaster was deprived on the ground of matrimony, and was confirmed in the see by the pope on the 3d of August, 1555. The temporalities of Kildare being very small, he was allowed to hold the deanery of St. Patrick's also, *in commendam.*

Leverous, who was an honest and religious man, did not hesitate. He could take no such oath as the Act of Uniformity prescribed, nor could he be a party to the restoration of the English service. To the Lord Justice, Sir Henry Sidney, he told his reasons—*sua virtute se involvit*—and retired to a blameless poverty. The Earl and Countess of Kildare received and sheltered him for a long time; later on we hear of his keeping a school at Adare. He died in 1577, being then over eighty, and was buried at Naas, his native town.

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* 2 Elizabeth, chap. ii.

† Art. "Curwen" in *Dictionary of National Biography.*

‡ *Ibid.*

§ Stubbs' *Episc. Succession.*

Unhappily, there was no lack of members of the chapter of St. Patrick's ready to take his place under the conditions imposed by the Act of Uniformity. Alexander Craike, prebendary of Clonmethan, was elected dean by the chapter to succeed Leverous; of course he must have taken the Protestant oath. Since that time Protestant divines have, we believe, held the deanery of St. Patrick's and the temporalities of Kildare in uninterrupted succession. Craike has been accused* of stripping his bishopric of almost all the lands belonging to the see. No one seems to have thought much about it; the greater treachery drove out the less. He died in 1564, and after some months Elizabeth gave the deanery to Adam Loftus, a Yorkshireman, who had once been a Catholic priest.

The question for final consideration is—what *right* had Curwen, after he had submitted to the Act of Uniformity, to sit as archbishop; what *right* had Craike to preside as dean in the cathedral of St. Patrick? It is not enough to say that what they did was legal, being sanctioned by the Irish Act of Uniformity. Laws may be demonstrably unjust. But the question goes still deeper. If even the parliament of 1560 had been truly representative of the people of Ireland, could it have justly claimed the power to pass the Act of Uniformity, and by necessary consequence to dispossess those to whom St. Patrick's then belonged, and to induct another set of persons into possession? This leads to a further question, What is the essence of the right of ecclesiastical bodies to hold their property?

St. Patrick's Cathedral may serve as a test case as well as any other piece of property. When it was originally built and endowed, it and the possessions annexed to it were given and dedicated "to God, the Blessed Virgin, and St. Patrick." What did these words mean? Practically this: that the church and its endowments were given to the Catholic Church, to be administered by a corporate body called a chapter, having perpetual succession, under regulations and for purposes approved by that church. To a considerable extent the rights of the chapter corresponded to those of a private proprietor over his house and land. They and they only had the right of maintaining, repairing, and enlarging the church, of determining the time and manner of its use by the public, and of letting, improving, or exchanging the land; but in exercising these rights they were responsible to the archbishop and the Catholic Church for always keeping in view the religious ends, and, subordinately, the clear temporal interests of the foundation. Their proprietary right was also limited in other ways. The buildings stood within a city governed by a municipality, which had the charge of sanitary concerns; the chapter had to respect this municipal power, and could not justly run counter to its decrees. Again, the archbishop had a right to his throne in the choir, and various other rights and claims, which might be the subject of dispute and adjustment between him and the chapter. Lastly, the king, being bound to maintain the peace of the country, could justly override the chapter's ordinary right in order to carry out that function. For instance, if a piece of ground, or a building, belonging to the cathedral were urgently wanted in order to complete the defences of the city, the king might justly expropriate such house or building; or supposing that the chapter had fallen into a state of notorious relaxation, and the archbishop did not interfere, or interfered weakly or ineffectually, the king, as the general guardian of public morals, might be justified in insisting on its dissolution, permanent or temporary. In such a case, however, he could not proceed justly, except in concert with the higher ecclesiastical authority.*

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* Monck Mason, p. 165.

It appears, therefore, that in 1560 there was no full and absolute right of property in St. Patrick's anywhere. The chapter had the strongest right, but it was limited as we have seen. Now what *is* property? "Property," says Bentham, "is not material, it is metaphysical; it is a mere conception of the mind. . . . The idea of property consists in an established expectation, in the persuasion of being able to draw such or such an advantage from the thing possessed, according to the nature of the case."† This expectation, Bentham goes on to say, is the creation of *law*. Law, written or unwritten, had existed for many generations, entitling the archbishop and the chapter to use the cathedral and its endowments in certain ways and no others, and under the authority of the particular institution known as the Catholic Church, and no other institution. The law had generated an expectation that the church and endowments would be so used in future, and this expectation was the basis of the property which the archbishop and chapter had in them. The people of Dublin, again, had a just expectation, namely, that the divine service and administration of sacraments would be performed in St. Patrick's in the sixteenth century, as they had been in previous centuries. Honest members of the chapter also, like Leverous, had an expectation, based upon law, that the various offices and charges in the cathedral would be open to them and their Catholic kindred, in the future as in the past, without a change which, by substituting the English sovereign for the Roman Pontiff in the government of the church, was tantamount to requiring them to embrace a new religion. All these lawful expectations were defeated by the revolutionary act of 1560, which arbitrarily transferred to the crown that share of property and responsibility in and over St. Patrick's which had till then belonged to the Catholic Church and its supreme head, the pope.

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* In the early part of the reign of Louis XVI. hundreds of French monasteries were suppressed by the state and the church acting jointly, on the ground either of relaxation or great reduction in numbers.

† Bentham's *Theory of Legislation*, chap. viii.

In short, the whole question comes to this: has a queen, or a queen and parliament, or any human authority whatever, the moral right of compelling the subject to change his religion? If she or they have, Leverous was justly deposed from the deanery, and St. Patrick's justly became a Protestant cathedral. If they have not, most persons will draw a widely different conclusion.

HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ.

FIRST PART.

NO higher proof that a writer in imaginative literature has impressed his age can be afforded than that his contemporaries are curious to know the particulars of his life. He must have a message to his own or to his time, or he must have been guerdoned with one or other of those powers by which "the dead but sceptred sovereigns" of fancy and passion still rule our spirits from their urns. A great orator may arise to call his own out of bondage, or lash them with the god-like scorn of his words if they chose to play idly in the wilderness whither they were guided by lightning and by day, and for whose feet a path was made through the sea that covered it and their foes. A great preacher may arise to tell a time of unbelief that the decree has gone forth that one of two shall be taken. This is to each and all without exception, and to no age was such a message more needful than to this. Or the spell may be cast upon the age by some lord of song, or some creator of worlds, such as those wherein kings and heroes hold high council by the loud-resounding deep near an Ilion whose towers still kiss the sky; or where shapes such as the gifted dream of revel in unfading moonlight with Oberon and Titania in forests of Ardennes, with the melancholy Jaques, Orlando, Rosalind, Celia, and all of them; or in wild chase with Onesti's hell dogs; or in the "hunt up" of Chevy Chase with Percy and with Douglas; or in the chapel where the Giaour chills us with his scowl; or with the students when they baffle the sword-play of Mephistopheles with crossed swords symbolical; or with Rhea when she bends her sorrowing head over the defeated Saturn, lying vast on the bank and in the stream from his side flung helpless, nerveless, his unsceptred hand, or in any of those realms where we see through the half-closed eye in pleasant lands of drowsy-head, of lotus, and of light—realms where we live as

> "The gods who haunt
> The lucid interspace of world and world
> Where never creeps a cloud, or moves a wind,

Nor ever falls the least white star of snow,
Nor sound of human sorrow mounts to mar
The sacred, everlasting calm."

RANK WITH THE IMMORTALS.

And speaking of a mission, or of creative power, though the creator has his mission like the preacher or the tribune, all the orator or prophet can tell has been suggested by each man's heart, at one time or another, and, haply, not attended to, wherein there was a missing of the tide. Orator or prophet seldom comes. The people who lie in the desert or turn eyes to the land of Egypt while the tribune pours out his heart in unavailing wrath and woe, shall remain, as they ought, a hissing and a by-word to the nations. And we who form the lifeless world of the living may find, if we look to Circe when the preacher calls, that we shall hear no other warning voice. In the works of Henryk Sienkiewicz there is the twofold message—one to the oppressed, his own; one to all mankind. But he is a creator too, and by this we mean a maker of men and women like Homer, whose Nausicaa is so charming, as a great critic said, that one shrinks from making her the subject of prosaic comment; like Dante, whose Francesca's gentleness is an unutterable pain; like Shakspere, whose Rosalind is the ideal for whom the soldier would face death i' the imminent deadly breach, the man of affairs strip off his Garter and his George and live a squire at home, and the lawyer burn his lamp over precedents till it paled in the dawn. In her own way, Aniela in *Without Dogma* deserves a place with these perfect embodiments of pure and tender imagination.

ANIELA AND HER COMPEERS.

We may win scorn for placing this creation so high. We say that neither Goethe nor Byron—and to us they come nearest in their conception of woman to the great masters named—has in the Margaret of the one or the Medora of the other shaped anything so womanly as Aniela. Great as these poets are in the power of casting images upon the scene, their works are more like the shadows of a magic lantern than living men and women; if they are creators, it is in a secondary degree. They are like the æons of Gnosticism, intermediate intelligences, making by the passion of words what to be creation should be made by the passion of the heart and fancy. We may incur criticism for ascribing this power to Byron, because it is said that external nature alone stood before the mind in his verse, that men and women were unreal on his page. But again we say, Astarte in "Manfred" is no abstraction; she is a conception of sweetness, dignity, purity, and resignation that only loses the certainty of touch because of that secondary creative order which could not triumph over the preternatural surroundings amid which she appears. The Thane of Cawdor is a mortal man talking to the Witches. Hamlet is in a frenzy of horror and excitement, his friends in an ecstasy of fear, when the Ghost comes into the night. Beyond the grave all still live in the "Divine Comedy," doing their sentences—all from Nimrod to Ugolino, as the eye-witness tells in a testimony proof against all cross examination. The true test of the creative power, original or secondary, is in the impression produced, the vividness of the conception painted in the reader's mind. In Campbell's little lyric of some twenty lines we see Adelgitha, the lists, the slanderer on his war steed, we hear the sounding of the fatal trumpet for the ordeal, with a sinking of the heart, and we feel a great relief when her champion "bounded" into the enclosure.

In our age one gifted like the seers to see and tell the truth was needed. There is no purity in private life, but there is much talk of its counterfeit presentment. The whited sepulchre is a flourishing institution, and "not to be found out" the law and the prophets. In public life is not even a pagan fidelity to principle, and principle itself is only party and place. In the intercourse of pleasure and business is no honor, but a war to the knife with smiling lips, a duel *à l'outrance.* To cheat in commercial, to betray in social relations are the aspects of the hour. The feeling of weariness amid all this pleasure, the sense of hollowness in this absorbing pursuit of gain, drive women and men hither and thither, like wrecks upon the sea. Excitement has possession of the whole life of the upper classes. It is the object for which women pursue pleasure, it is the end for which business men toil over accounts, men of science waste life in laboratories, scholars blind themselves over books, politicians sell their word for the sweet voices of the multitude. It is a race through the short course to the grave. But what is the prize? For what is the fierce speed maintained with an ardor and a skill which could not be surpassed if honor were the goal—the reward of faithful life the goal? Why such cruel rivalry to gain a bauble? Yet it is to gain this, this and no more, the swift wheel of one overthrows another chariot.

IS PAN ALONE DEAD?

This is what one sees. We are in an age of dead gods, dead faiths. A scepticism the most bald that has yet arisen cuts down through all the strata of society. The housemaid, with a shilling dreadful in her hand instead of the sweeping-brush, knows that Christianity is out of date quite as well as her mistress, who talks ethics behind the bijou table that defends her from the too close approach of visitors. Comte, with a Frenchman's talent for turning into an epigram what spoken by any other man would be a commonplace, said the world was ruled by ideas. We begin to think this platitude a lie. There are no ideas. The stock exchange is not an idea-making temple. Parliament is a parish vestry in the hands of men with contracts to give away. The pulpit is a platform to advertise the last sensation in literature or the last *esclandre* in society. Oh no! the world is not ruled by ideas. From Moses' time to our Lord's they were wonderful influences in leavening a lifeless mass in the nations round Israel; from our Lord they went as armies to subdue Rome; they maintained a vitality through all the centuries—stronger or weaker at times, but life still, until this one. To-day they are dead as the gods whom Lucretius assailed with such scorn; dead as the Christ of Protestantism upon whom Haeckel poured a hate more venomous than Lucretius' scorn for the *fainéant* deities who served no purpose of gods towards men.

There is a gleam of hope in the black sky. No one is comfortable. No one, however rich and highly placed, can pass the time unless like Epicurean gods, or unless

> "Half the Devil's lot,
> Trembling but believing not,"

is his portion. As the poor servant-girl goes to a fortune-teller to hear about her future in this life, her mistress goes to some new Cagliostro in communication with the dead. Our author's no least merit is in taking the measure of the time; and this he has done with an intensity, whether as regards insight or power of expression, which places him in the foremost rank of prophets. The wild laughter of Rabelais, cyclopean buffoonery echoing from mountain-top to mountain-top in mockery of what he scorned, made people think. The Demosthenic fire of Swift's invective and the unapproachable excellence of his irony, in their turn served to teach the strong that justice and humanity are better than cruelty and fraud. So our author, gauging his time, tries to tell society without fear what a lie its life is.

And in doing so he is somewhat of an interpreter of that handwriting in the ledger which disturbs that merchant's rest; and a safer one than the minister, for his page does not shed a rose-light on the cold, white glimpses of awakened conscience. As if our author had been through the hard apprenticeship of doubt, and for a moment in the silent sorrow of unbelief, he tells us in *Without Dogma* that there is no solace here, that there is an agony there, and allows us to infer, with the suggestiveness of genius, that the agony of doubt is more tolerable than the silent sorrow of unbelief.

FAITH AND FETICHISM.

He has not in his mind the blatant atheist like Bradlaugh or Ingersoll, or those "foolish women" of both sexes who profess to think that scepticism is a mark of reading and thought which they are pleased to call "cultya," whatever that means; but he is thinking of men who, despite their doubts, fear as if there were no doubt; despite their unbelief, are obstinately questioned from within by a voice that will not be silenced by evasions, palliations, incognoscibilities. It is, no doubt, inconsistent, but not hopeless because of this—not hopeless because, however misty things may appear in the azure of the intellect, they are real things, not abstractions escaping analysis, when the heart is sad and a sense of the vanity of all below the sun rolls like a sea upon it. In vain the reason tells them that the highest form of religion the world has seen—whose ceremonial is the embodied ideal of public worship, upon the construction of whose temples genius lavished itself, on whose accessorial aids to recollection and devotion, painting, sculpture, music employed themselves with a love greater than the art—and this was great—which it inspired, whose doctrine is the only science of theology, whose rule is the only one which for nineteen centuries has held together people of every tongue and climate, however sundered in sentiment by prejudices of race, or divided by rivalries of interest, all of them held together in looking to what Carlyle described as "an old Italian man" as their supreme ruler in all that concerns their true destiny, their life here in relation to their life hereafter—in vain what they call reason tells them that this religion is only a more finished fetichism. There is another principle which rejects as unsatisfactory this account of the most extraordinary phenomenon that has risen in the history of the race. But the inconsistency of men who can know nothing except what they touch, looking for knowledge outside and above the senses! The greater inconsistency still for independent and self-existent men to be troubled about death; for men, concerning whom everything was determined the moment rudimentary life found itself in water or on earth, to busy themselves about what may take place after death! No matter what—to run away with a friend's wife, to swindle another, to defame and blight the life of a third, can be of no consequence, if any or all of these incidents of society be fixed by a law in comparison with which, for inflexibility, the predestinarianism of Calvinism is flabbiness itself.

What a tangle it all is! And Henryk Sienkiewicz, cutting boldly through the knots, must have won the prayers of many a lacerated heart, of many a mind pushed on and drawn back from thinking upon things lest "there madness lay." To the Positivist, with the "creed" that he constitutes a part of the eternal vitality operating in the universe through endless changes, so that when he dies he will live again in transformed influences in the march of Humanity and the life of the world—influences upon what is vulgarly called mind and vulgarly called matter—to him what need of a voice from beyond the grave, a revelation from the unseen? Indeed, as monists who have settled the whole question of mind and matter, they seem unpardonable in listening to conscience like a mere Christian.

How good is this uneasiness! and to it our author speaks, we think, in the way that augurs a great success. Indeed, he has attained it already. There is great curiosity about him—that is to say, aside from his books. There must be the ring of genuine metal in a man who has affected others to this degree; and in the concluding part of this paper we shall try to find out what there is in the books, and why the man below and behind them should become a power upon the time. It is not the mere intellectual pleasure which fills the imagination, or the perception of fitness satisfying the intellect in the creations of Shakspere, which moves us in the men and women of Sienkiewicz. However, his characters are clearly not bundles of epithets tied together by a name; otherwise they would not move us. The truth he tells in his novels would not alone be an attraction to those who only read novels for relaxation, or to those whose only mental pabulum is to be found in novels. We shall endeavor to arrive at some explanation of the effect.

Hazlitt denies that Shakspere has taught a lesson; by which he means that he has conveyed no truth concerning the destiny of man or the imperative claim of duty. Though we differ from that eminent critic on this point, the observation conveys the distinguishing idea with which we started, that an age can only be affected by a truth proclaimed by a voice quasi-inspired, like that of a great tribune speaking with the power of "those orators, the ancient," who "fulmined over Greece to Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne"; like that of a great preacher such as Peter the Hermit, who startled Europe, causing knight and noble to ride from their castles, which they would never see again—serf and artisan to leave cot and burg, where life went its complete though narrow round in familiar conditions, for a strange world and indeterminable cares.

Does Sienkiewicz proclaim a truth? We think he does. As we have said, he understands the age in which he lives, he sees a civilization estimated by luxury, an acuteness of intellect never surpassed, a power of investigating and arranging instances possessed by a large number of men, as if this scientific quality were a mere product of education, like the demonstration of a proposition in Euclid. Invention has gone beyond magic. There seems no limit to it. Population and substance stand in such relations to each other that every prediction of economists in this century, not to say the preceding one, has been falsified. He sees that the class which rests upon the surface of the whole social system lives in a fever of fear, alternated with fits of weariness hardly distinguishable from despair; that the refuge from either state is excitement as ruinous to the nerves as the disease itself. Such a life is worse than madness, because conscience will not be exorcised by any theories of monism. He sees this, and he does not fear to say it.

So we have the nineteenth century embodied in Petronius Arbiter, with the transcendent alchemy of imagination by which a great student of the first century and the nineteenth can at will invest himself with either. The shadow of a name behind the "Satyricon" could not, as his critics suppose, be the figure, so delicate, so indifferent, so subtle, and so strong with whom we are so much at home in the scenes of *Quo Vadis?* He is a perfect host; we sit with him at his table enchanted by the genial cynicism as if we were a friend, though he professes no faith in friendship. We can complain of the "divine

Nero," certain that this courtier will not betray us; we can speak with reverence of the gods, sure that this sceptic will respect us. He is a perfect gentleman, this Epicurean created by the only imagination that could create a perfect gentleman, an imagination moulded in Catholic belief, expanded by Catholic heroism, pruned of extravagance by Catholic moralities. The author's soul has gone into this creation. His own passionate, Polish Catholic heart beats in the equable pulsations of Petronius. The passion and suffering, the loyalty and love, which he has scattered upon the others, he has bestowed with the exuberant sympathy that belongs to all creative minds. He himself is in these too, for each man is compounded of many men; in each one of us is angel and satyr in degrees shading off till a moral universe lies between the extremes represented by some; and so the author is, more or less, in all that he has made, in proportions that shape them to the part they are to play, but in Petronius it is his very self that is the informing spirit. In him he vivifies his own hopes and disappointments, his speculative difficulties, his social and religious creeds; imparting to the product of the heart a cast from the critical consistency of the pure intellect which makes the entire conception of an able and jaded man of the nineteenth century a Roman of the first.

"BREAD AND CIRCUSES" THE AGE-LONG CRY.

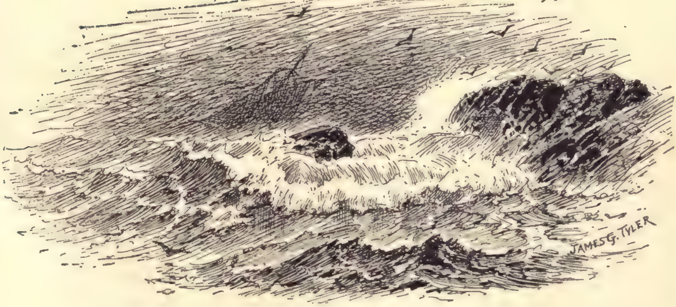
In the life running through this great novel we see the forces of the present at work; the instability, passion, and violence of the Roman populace reflect the discontent of the masses over whose toil European society hangs to-day. The dread with which emperor and patrician listened to the roar of the multitude has its parallel in the anxiety of the Kaiser, the espionage of the Republic of France, the gloom of Russia. The pretorians could not keep the sound of menace from Nero's ears; the empire of blood and iron is honeycombed by labor societies in revolt against all authority; along the highroads to Siberia rays of light from the prison-house of the Czar carry messages to the heart of mankind; the police of France are not an impenetrable barrier between the disaffected and the outer world. The seething of revolutionary ideas on social and political questions had its expression nineteen centuries ago in the thunder of the Roman rabble for "Bread and Circuses." It is beside the question that the latter could be appeased by gifts of food, while the modern working-men have aspirations that show man lives not by bread alone. We are comparing the periods in their features of resemblance which the artist has laid hold of for his purpose. There is even a greater difference between the working-men and the Roman populace than the one mentioned, because the Romans were not working-men at all. They were only dismissed freedmen, or the sons of freedmen who had never done a stroke of honest work; they were aliens standing in the place of the old Plebs, which had so long struggled for liberty and right, and which wrested privilege after privilege from the noblest and most sagacious oligarchy the world had ever seen. For these sweepings from conquered nations, so different from the ancient Plebs, the fleets of Africa, the Mediterranean Islands, and Spain carried the corn, oil, and wine of these dependent states; and so well was their right established to this tribute that a contrary wind might cost the emperor his throne. Consequently, in the menace of their discontent the Roman populace stand at one with the unresting elements which endanger European society to-day.

A POLE AND A CATHOLIC.

With regard to every work of genius we may look to the author's antecedents for a part of its meaning. A Pole and a Catholic, Sienkiewicz grew up with two leading principles influencing his whole nature—love of religion and love of country in their purest form. If he had accepted the religion of the state, we are convinced he would have obtained distinguished rank and could have become rich beyond the dreams of avarice. To be suspected of sympathy with his own people would be at any moment ground for his exportation to Siberia. If he had joined the Russian-Greek Church instead of being liable to suspicion in Warsaw, he might with his talents be its governor, with a power unlimited as that of a Persian satrap or a Roman proconsul. His loyalty to his race is a great example in an age like ours, when men put away compromising memories; his earnestness of faith in religious dogmas is of inestimable value at a time when eclecticism in religion effaces the foundations of morality.

It is with no slight degree of gratification we find ourselves in a region of heroism and truth and purity, when the very atmosphere we breathe is tainted with a moral poison, when there is no god but ambition, no homage save to success. Reading his books has something of the effect of the pure air of the dawn flowing into a room where gamblers and *hetairai* had been sitting through the night. He speaks from a heart full of the conviction of his race, that the holy faith is that one divine gift to preserve which men must part with all they hold most dear on earth—wife, children, friends, home, lands—and to die for which on the field or by the executioner's hand is the supreme, the crowning, the last, the inconceivably high privilege of life.

This passion breaks through the ice and repose, the sensuous ease, the perfume of the violet, the radiance of bright things, the trance of music, the forms of Greece and the might of Rome. All these are fleeting as the snow that falls in water beside it. It expresses itself in the fidelity and strength of Ursus, the calm of those who awaited death in the arena; while the shadows, the unrealities, are the emperor and Tigellinus and the court, the tiers of furious faces rising round and round, upward and upward to the sky-line—all these from emperor to slave are the accessories to the drama in which our Lord triumphed in his martyrs.



LETTICE LANCASTER'S SON.*

BY CHARLES A. L. MORSE.

A FEW miles from the site of the old town of St. Mary's, Maryland, stands the fast-crumbling ruin of the manor house of Birchley. The wide lawn, sloping gently down to the broad waters of the Potomac, is now a tangle of rank grass and weeds, amid which the tall, storm-twisted, and uncared-for trees stand like gaunt, restless sentinels. A grass-grown avenue sweeps from the river's edge across the neglected lawn to the pillared portico of the house. The house itself, two stories in height, built of highly-glazed chocolate-colored bricks, has been tenantless for many years; the windows broken, the roof shattered and sinking to its fall, while the broad entrance-door stands always open, as if in mute, sad memory of the generous hospitality of a dead, but fondly remembered, past. The old Maryland manor house is, in fact, to-day but a forgotten and rapidly disappearing monument to a gracious, kindly, stately society, as unlike as may-be to our modern money-worshipping, fretful, and ill-mannered world.

Among the "gentlemen adventurers" who fled from Protestant persecution in England in the seventeenth century to found that colony in the new world in which alone religious freedom was to be proclaimed, was one Richard Lancaster of Birchley, Lancashire. He was a cadet of one of those families in the North of England who clung heroically to the faith during the persecutions of Elizabeth and James I., and was a member of the pilgrim bands on board the *Ark* and the *Dove*, which, headed by Leonard Calvert and the Jesuits White and Altham, first set foot upon the soil of the new world at St. Clement's Island, near the mouth of the Potomac River. There, on the Feast of the Annunciation in the year 1634, they planted a cross and assisted at their first Mass in their home of exile—a Mass celebrated by a Jesuit father under the blue vault of heaven, with the rhythmic murmur of the waters of the Chesapeake Bay for music. Their land of exile was in truth a goodly land, a land of broad rivers and fertile plains and gentle hills and green woods, and as the little band knelt in the warm sunlight at that Holy Sacrifice which a persecuting and immoral queen had made it a penal offence to celebrate in England, their hearts overflowed in grateful thanksgiving at the thought that here in their new home the cruel yoke of persecution was lifted from them, and they were at liberty to worship God as their forefathers for a thousand years had done. Little did the gallant Calvert and his followers dream, that bright feast day in the year 1634, that within fifty years the cloud of Puritan persecution was to settle down upon their colony, blotting out for a time the light of Christian toleration which they had kindled in the new world!

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* A sequel to "A Romance of Old Portsmouth" in THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE for October, 1897.

A few days after this Feast of the Annunciation, 1634, the colonists laid out the plan of the city which they called St. Mary's, and Richard Lancaster was made lord of a manor which he named Birchley, in honor of the Lancashire town where he had been born, and where the light of the faith had never died out since the evil days of Henry Tudor. Amid his broad acres he erected a log-house, and thirty years later the fine old mansion now crumbling into ruin on the banks of the Potomac was built. Under its roof the Lancasters were born and baptized and given in marriage and died for many generations, until at length the fate which overtakes most American families, sooner or later, of shattered fortunes and dwindling strength, overtook them too, and the old manor passed out of their keeping for ever.

In the summer of the year 1718, Humphrey Lancaster, a grandson of the first lord of the manor, was in possession of Birchley, and one afternoon late in August he stood upon the threshold of his home looking out eagerly at the St. Mary's road. He was a courtly old man with a finely cut, gentle face, crowned with snow-white hair, and in his dark blue eyes that August afternoon there glowed a wealth of happiness—happiness at the home-coming of his children. That morning the ship *Calvert*, from England, had been sighted at the mouth of the Potomac and must ere now be moored at the St. Mary's wharf, and upon that ship were his son and heir Gerrard, and Hilda his daughter. More than two years had passed since Gerrard Lancaster left Maryland on account of his connection with a Jacobite demonstration, and his exile had been made the more distressing to his old father by a shipwreck off the

New England coast, the news of which had caused the old man many a sleepless night. But the days of exile were over at last, the feeling against the Stuart sympathizers was dying out in the colony, the young man was returning with Governor Hart's express permission, and with him was the girl Hilda, who for twice two years had been a pupil in a foreign convent school. So the old man stood upon his doorstep watching longingly for the two wanderers who were all that was left to him in this life, and when at last the great lumbering family coach, with its four horses, swung heavily around a turn in the road his eyes filled with tears, and not until the pompous black coachman had drawn up with a flourish before the door did the mist fade from those tear-filled eyes. But when the carriage-door opened and its occupants descended to the ground, the old man passed a hand doubtfully across his eyes as if to clear their vision still more, for beside his son and daughter a third figure emerged from the coach and came towards him a bit shyly, clinging to Gerrard's arm. Like a small whirlwind Hilda flew up the broad steps and threw herself into her father's arms, where she nestled contentedly, murmuring unintelligible things about Gerrard and her "sister." And as Humphrey Lancaster drew his child closer to him Gerrard and his companion came slowly up the steps, and the young man said quite simply:

"Father, I have brought home another daughter to the old place. This is Lettice Jaffrey, in whose father's house I was nursed back to life after the shipwreck. I wrote you that I had sought her hand in marriage, but that her father refused my suit. And after long waiting she has come away without her father's consent, and if your dear heart has room for one more child she will remain here and become Lettice Lancaster."

Then Hilda slipped from out her father's arms, and catching Lettice's hand placed it gently in the old man's. For a moment Humphrey Lancaster looked down into the pleading young face before him, and then, smoothing the fair hair from her brow, he stooped and kissed her, saying with old-fashioned courtesy:

"My daughter, welcome home to Birchley."

And Lettice, glancing from him to his son, and then to Hilda's laughing face, and thence to the shining eyes and broadly grinning mouths of the negroes who clustered excitedly about them all, felt her throat tighten with a little sob of joy.

The river lay like a band of gold under the sun's level rays, long blue shadows crept across the lawn under the trees, a black and yellow oriole gleamed brightly for a moment in the opalescent light of the dying day; absolute peace seemed to brood over the place. And to the young girl, weary after months of strife and fear, it was in truth a gracious welcome home.

The years immediately following the home-coming of Lettice to Birchley were full of happiness. Sometimes her thoughts travelled northward to the old town of Portsmouth in New England and she longed for a reconciliation with her father, but the letters which from time to time she wrote to him remained unanswered, and after she had added to the undutifulness of wedding a Catholic against her father's will the enormity (in that father's eyes) of becoming herself a "Papist," she felt that there was little hope left to her of a reconciliation with him. The only news she received of him was something like a year after her marriage, when one summer day there appeared at the door of the manor house a tall, rawboned woman, with features as rugged as the granite hills of the bleak New England country whence she came. Demanding, with much severity of manner, to see the young mistress of Birchley, but refusing sharply to cross the threshold of the house, she was left by the bewildered and curiosity-devoured negro house-servant upon the door-step until young Mrs. Lancaster could be summoned. The negro's curiosity was only heightened when he witnessed the strange woman's reception, for to his amazement Lettice, approaching the door with some reluctance to meet a woman whom the servant had described as "sure crazy," no sooner saw her visitor than, with a little cry of delight and amazement, she threw her arms about the stranger, saying:

"Debby! Dear, dear old Debby!"

And the old nurse, satisfied that she was welcome, explained that life in the Jaffrey house at Portsmouth proving unbearable without her young mistress, and, moreover, Mr. Jaffrey's temper being worse than ever since his daughter's flight, she too had come to Maryland to look after her dear "Miss" Letty, and to work for her, "if they pleased."

So old Deborah became a member of the household at Birchley, where she tyrannized lovingly over Gerrard and his wife, and treated Humphrey Lancaster with stern but respectful deference, and waged ceaseless warfare with the negroes (whose good-natured laziness filled her New England soul with righteous indignation), and every Sunday, with a wonderful air of stiff-necked virtue, trudged off to the Protestant church in St. Mary's City.

During these happy years of Lettice Lancaster's early married life the one blot was the shadow of religious persecution which hung threateningly over Birchley, as it hung over every Catholic household in the colony. The story of religious intolerance in Maryland is too well known to demand retelling. Nothing in the colonial history of America is sadder than that chapter which tells us how the Puritans, welcomed by the Catholic Marylanders with wide-armed hospitality and granted by them full liberty of worship, no sooner became strong enough than they turned and stabbed the breast upon which they had found refuge and protection in their troubles.

The Puritan persecution, harsh and far-reaching while it lasted, continued for six years, only to be succeeded by the establishment by the crown, in 1692, of Protestant Episcopalianism as "the church" of the colony.

The persecution of the Catholics under the "established" church was a long and peculiarly trying one. They were taxed for the support of the Protestant clergy, forbidden to celebrate Mass or to educate their children in the faith. Priests were hunted down, Catholic laymen prohibited from appearing in certain portions of the towns, and the sons of families of means encouraged to apostasy by iniquitous legislation which turned over to a Protestant son his Catholic father's property, as though that father were dead. In short, all the hideous provisions of the English penal laws were incorporated in the laws made by the Protestant majority in Maryland; and for eighty years, until the Revolution swept away the last remnant of the old anti-Catholic legislation, the Maryland Catholics suffered one long martyrdom. That many of the faithful fell away from the church under this long-continued strain is doubtless true, especially among the less wealthy classes upon whom the fines and penalties fell with crushing force. The wealthier families, by paying enormous bribes into the hands of their relentless persecutors, were able to continue in a measure the practice of their religion, though with constantly increasing difficulty and danger. The Lancasters, thanks to their prominence in the colony and to their wealth, had been able up to the time of Lettice's arrival to maintain a private chapel at Birchley, where Mass was said and to which the Catholics of the surrounding country came secretly to worship and to receive the sacraments. The length of time they might hope to keep their chapel open depended upon the length of their purse and the good-will of unscrupulous members of the two houses of Assembly, in which no Catholic was allowed a seat. And when, twice in each month, the good Jesuit father from Bohemia Manor, who acted as pastor at Birchley, left his faithful little flock, it was with sad misgiving that at his next visit he might find the chapel closed and the generous patron of the mission in durance as an obstinate "popish recusant." But the years slipped by without this last blow falling upon Humphrey Lancaster, and five years after the coming of Lettice the old man passed gently away, comforted by the last sacraments of the faith he had held so strongly and lovingly, and solemnly adjuring his children with his last breath to stand firm in that same faith and to hand it on untarnished to the little Humphrey who had been born to Gerrard and his wife two years before. Within four years from the death of her father-in-law Lettice was a widow, and little Humphrey fatherless. Grief-stricken, assailed by fear, the young mistress of Birchley, a prayer upon her lips, her boy's hand clasped tightly in her own, turned from her husband's grave to face the future as best she might.

One mild spring day, a few months after Gerrard Lancaster's death, a horseman rode leisurely up the St. Mary's road and turned into the avenue leading to Birchley Manor. The great lawn was vividly green, nest-building birds chattered and fluttered busily among the trees, the air was full of the fragrance of locust-blossoms, and from the distant fields there came the sound of the negroes' voices, singing as they worked. The old mansion, with its open hall door, was the very picture of a dignified and hospitable home, where peace and plenty seemed to join hands, and the horseman paused to glance with critical appreciation at its mellow, chocolate-colored walls, and at the serenely beautiful world surrounding it. With a little nod of approval the rider dismounted and proceeded to beat an imperious summons upon the huge iron knocker. The sound reverberated loudly through the quiet house, and roused to instant action an old hound slumbering peacefully in a patch of sunlight within the hall. The great creature, springing to his feet, eyed the visitor solemnly for a moment, and, seemingly disapproving of something in the man's appearance, welcomed him with a deep-toned growl. Muttering an oath under his breath, the stranger beat an impatient tattoo upon his high-topped boots with his whip, and, keeping a careful eye upon the dog, waited an answer to his knock. Of the servant who appeared he asked for Mrs. Lancaster, and giving his name as "Cheseldyn Coode of Annapolis," strode into the drawing-room to await her coming—the hound meanwhile taking up his position in the drawing-room doorway, whence he kept vigilant watch upon Mr. Coode of Annapolis, as though he feared that gentleman had evil designs upon the place.

Lettice's fair face was paler than usual and her eyes full of anxious questioning as she glided into the great shadowy room and approached her visitor, the dog marching gravely by her side and standing sentinel-like beside her chair when she was seated. The name of Coode was a familiar one to Lettice and carried with it harrowing associations, as it did to every Catholic in Maryland. John Coode, a man of evil life and reputation, was for a quarter of a century prominent in every anti-Catholic outbreak in the colony, until his very name became a thing of horror to the faithful. Early in his career he had attracted attention by his diatribes against the "Papists" and the Jesuits, coupled with outrageous lies regarding alleged "Popish" plots to massacre the Protestants. Gathering a crowd of the baser and more unscrupulous sort about him, he had practically thrown the colony into a state of revolution, and was the inciting cause of Maryland being reduced, under William and Mary, from the condition of a free palatinate to that of a crown colony. Rewarded for his misdeeds by a seat in the House of Burgesses, Coode was ever after notorious as a "priest-hunter" and persecutor, and waxed fat in pocket on the fines extorted from the defenceless Catholics, until at last he died in the odor of sanctity as a "staunch defender of throne and church."

With the knowledge of all these events vividly present in her mind, Lettice waited with foreboding of evil to learn the object of Cheseldyn's visit. Of him she knew little, save that he was John Coode's son, a member of the Lower House of Assembly, and reported in high favor with the authorities at Annapolis. He was a tall, slender man, clothed in a riding suit of dark green. His face was not ill-favored, but perfectly colorless, while his eyes were set too close together and were half hidden by heavy, drooping lids. He explained his visit by stating that he was spending a short time in St. Mary's on government business, that he had known Gerrard Lancaster in his youth, and hearing of his death, had called to express his sympathy for Gerrard's widow in her grief-stricken and lonely state. To all of which Lettice listened suspiciously, confident that there had never been any intimate association, much less any friendship, between her visitor and her dead husband. Having apologized in this manner for his intrusion, Coode went on to chat easily and pleasantly enough upon the ordinary topics of the day—the last news from England, the latest social gossip of Annapolis, the beauty of the country about St. Mary's, and above all the peaceful charm of Birchley Manor. A half-hour slipped past while he talked, and his hostess wondered vaguely and fearfully what his visit really meant. At last he arose to take his departure, and then for a moment the cloven foot showed itself. He hinted gently that he knew of the devotion of the Lancasters to the old faith, and professed himself, although a staunch Protestant, not at all in sympathy with the late John Coode's extreme views, and, with a thin smile, assured Lettice that, as an unprotected woman, she might count upon his influence, as a member of the Lower House and a man of some little power with the government authorities, being used to protect her from unpleasant, and in some cases, he was sorry to say, necessary governmental interference on the score of religion. Whereupon he departed, pausing for an instant to suggest that it would give him the greatest pleasure, during his sojourn in St. Mary's, if he might again call at "beautiful Birchley." To Lettice's troubled assurance that she was not receiving visits during her period of deep mourning, he replied by a half-insolent smile and, mounting his horse, rode off down the avenue, the old hound snarling a vindictive farewell from the hall door.

That night Lettice sent a messenger to Bohemia Manor with a letter to one of the Jesuit fathers who found refuge there, telling him of the visit, of her fear of some plot against her and her boy, and begging for advice. Two days later the messenger returned with the priest's reply. He too feared that Coode's visit portended nothing good, and were it not that a priest's presence in her house would only add to her danger, he would come at once to Birchley to assist her, and if affairs grew more complicated he should consider *indiscretion* the better course and would come. Meanwhile he begged Lettice to keep him informed of Coode's movements, and suggested that to forbid that person her house would in all probability be a misstep on her part, as to make him angry would only hasten his proceedings (in case he contemplated doing anything against her religion), and in any case it would be best for her to be in a position to watch him and use her woman's wit to frustrate his designs in the event. Bidding her be brave and to pray without ceasing, the father ended his letter with the sad news that they thought it best for Lettice's safety that the usual semi-monthly Mass at Birchley be discontinued while Coode remained in the neighborhood.

The unwholesome visitor prolonged his stay in St. Mary's week after week, and not infrequently rode up the tree-bordered avenue at Birchley, where his coolly insinuating presence grew more and more hateful to its young mistress. Systematically playing his part of a well-informed, well-mannered man of the world, trying, out of the kindness of his heart, to relieve the loneliness of a young and sorrow-stricken woman, he gradually assumed a tone of easy familiarity towards Lettice that filled her soul with loathing, but which her studied coldness and efforts at repulsion were powerless to lessen. Knowing full well how completely at his mercy she was, so far as the laws of the persecuting government were concerned, she could only hold him at bay so much as her woman's wit suggested, and wait wearily for him to unmask his intentions. The Jesuit father, to whom she wrote after each visit, was her only possible adviser, and the best one she could have, as she well knew. But her heart ached for a confidant to whom she could talk, and Hilda Lancaster being in a distant part of the colony, a wife with cares of her own, Lettice turned to the old woman who had been for years her faithful friend and servant—her old nurse Deborah. Of Deborah's Protestantism there could be no doubt whatever (it was distinctly of the militant order), but no more could there be any doubt of her absolute honesty and of her utter devotion to her "Miss Letty." So to Deborah the young mother confided her troubles and fears, crying a little, as had happened many times in the old Portsmouth days, upon the warlike old creature's breast. Deborah's reception of her mistress's confidence was characteristic—she declared her instant determination to set the dogs upon Mr. Cheseldyn Coode of Annapolis the very next time that gentleman showed his "ugly, pale face and baggy eye-lids at Birchley." But warned by Lettice that for her safety they must not offend him before he made some definite move against her, the old woman promised to smother her anger for the present, adding, however, that so sure as her name was Deborah Clinch she would get even with "that crawling viper of a Coode before the end."

Not until midsummer was past did Lettice's persecutor divulge the object of his repeated visits to the manor, although for weeks before that time the hapless victim of his attentions had suspected what he was after, and her suspicion overshadowed her every moment like some ugly dream. It was one hot, pulseless day, when the ceaseless, metallic hum of the cicadas beat with irritating monotony upon the heavy air, that Mr. Cheseldyn Coode rode thoughtfully under the grateful shade of the locust-trees bordering the drive at Birchley. He was dressed with extremest care in dark blue, his linen of sheerest weave, his ruffles of finest lace, well starched. There was a queer look, half triumph, half doubt, in his pale face as he mounted the steps between the tall, slim columns of the portico. The weeks of fear through which Lettice had lived since his first visit had left their mark upon her face, and there were dark circles under her eyes and a thin line down her face on each side of her mouth, as she came to him in the hot, still afternoon.

"You look weary, madam," said Coode with odious sympathy. "I fear you are ill."

"'Tis the excessive heat, perhaps," returned Lettice, closing her eyes a moment to shut out his all-too-smiling face.

"Mayhap. But whatever be the cause I regret it, for an unkind fate makes me the bearer of bad news, and it cuts my heart deeper than you can know, I fear, to add one tiny straw to your already over-heavy burden."

The woman's hands clasped themselves tightly in her lap, but she made no answer to his words. He waited a moment, as though anxious that she should question him. At length he went on in low-toned hesitancy:

"Some over-zealous upholder of the law has filed complaint with the authorities in Annapolis anent the religious observances practised in this house." Again he paused, and again the woman refused to question him.

"Believe me, my dear madam, it grieves me sorely to thus trouble you. But 'tis surely best that you should know the truth from one who would right willingly lay down his life to serve you."

These words warned Lettice that the long-dreaded moment was at hand, and she cried out quickly:

"Enough, sir! I do not ask nor wish your service. Neither do I fear the vile threats you are the bearer of. No forbidden religious services are held in this desolated house."

"How long since, may I ask?" rejoined the man, with slightly raised brows.

She hesitated a moment, and then her hatred for him conquered her hard-bought prudence, and she flashed out:

"Since your hateful presence in the neighborhood warned me of some wicked plot."

"Ah! I had hoped our pleasant intimacy these few weeks past had killed such foolish suspicions in your heart. And though your words speak otherwise, I cannot believe you do in truth quite hate me. Dear, dear Mrs. Lancaster, I beg you for your own sake, for *my* sake, not to be rash! Hate me, insult me if you will, but allow me to serve you out of the great love that my heart bears you."

For a moment the room seemed to Lettice to whirl about her; the noise of the cicadas outside the windows beat upon her ears like the muffled drums of an advancing army; she strove to speak, but the words died upon her lips. Then she was conscious that Coode was bending over her whispering.

"The peril to this house is greater than you think," he said. "I alone can help you. As my wife you and yours will be safe. I love you, Lettice."

She rose suddenly to her feet and faced him.

"What is your answer?" he asked.

"My answer? Go!—go before I call my negroes and order them to drive you forth!"

And as she stood facing him, with scorn upon her lips and in her eyes, a boy's laughing voice sounded through the still room, followed by the quick patter of boyish feet, and through the open door came little Humphrey, his fair hair shining in a stray sunbeam that stretched its thin length across the room. On he came until he stood between his mother and the man, looking wonderingly up at their white faces. Coode laid a hand on the boy's shoulder, but the mother with quick motion drew her child close to her, where he nestled, half frightened, against her black gown, staring at her visitor with doubtful eyes.

"My little man," said that visitor, "what is *your* religion?"

"I'm a Catholic, sir, like all the Lancasters," was the proud response.

"And your mother teaches you the old faith, I take it?"

"Of course, sir!" said the boy, glancing fondly at his mother.

"Well, my fine lad, 'tis not lawful in Maryland for little boys to be taught that religion, and *sometimes* they are taken from mothers who refuse to obey the law."

"O mother! they couldn't take me from you, could they?"

whispered Humphrey in sudden terror, pressing close against the black-gowned woman.

A shudder crept over Lettice's still figure, but she smoothed her boy's hair reassuringly, while the man looked into her face and asked:

"Is your decision yet the same?"

In answer she pointed to the door, and something in her glance made even Cheseldyn Coode's eyes drop in confusion. For an instant he stood fingering his hat, then with a shrug turned and left the room.

As the sound of his horse's hoofs died away the woman's hard-earned composure gave way, and, falling upon her knees, she gathered her boy into her arms, weeping over him and caressing him with all a mother's grief and love, while the lad clung to her, frightened into a child's wild paroxysm of tears. The child's terrified cries pierced her heart with new pain, and, smothering her own grief, she set herself bravely to comforting and reassuring the little lad.

To the mother soothing her boy in the lengthening shadows of the declining day came Deborah, ever alert, after one of Coode's visits, for evil news. And Humphrey's tears being dried—quickly as is the happy gift to childhood—and the child busy at his play in a distant corner, Lettice, with hushed voice, told the old woman of the afternoon's events.

"The wretch is but trying to frighten you, my child!" cried Deborah. "It could not happen that they'd take your son from you!"

"Oh, Debby! 'tis the law. More than one child has been taken from Catholic parents in this unhappy colony."

"God help us!" returned the old woman with flashing eyes. "And they call themselves Christians! Heathens and cannibals more like, think I!" Her glance travelled to Humphrey's form in the distant corner. "The darling little one! he must not sleep the night under this roof. Depend upon it, mistress, that fiend already has the papers in his possession to take the boy. He'll have the sheriff of St. Mary's here before the morrow."

"That's what I fear, that's what I fear!" whispered Lettice, striving to still the sobs that trembled upon her lips.

"Where can he go for safety?"

"There's but one place, and that is many miles away."

"To the Fathers of Bohemia Manor?"

"Yes. I must set out with him so soon as 'tis twilight."

"You set out with him? You? You're mad, child! 'Tis no task for a lady, and one that's already half dead from fear and trouble."

"I must, Debby. There's none other to trust with him."

"And who and what am I, then?" demanded Deborah with wrathful mien.

"No, no. You're an old woman, and you don't know the road. I could not ask—"

"'Tis I am doing the asking, methinks. I've travelled the road once. I've got eyes in my head, if 'tis an old one; and not so old neither as some folks pretend to think."

"He is my child. I must be his protector," returned Lettice with a mother's love in her wet eyes.

Old Deborah's face softened, and she laid her hand caressingly upon her young mistress's fair hair, as she used to do in the days when that same mistress was a motherless girl in old Portsmouth.

"Yes, my child," she said gently, "I know that. But if they come here to-night and you are gone, they'll know at once what's happened, and within the hour they'll be on your trail. No one knows or thinks of old Debby, and I'll not be missed. They'll most like come in and search the house—'tis a big one—and every hour they spend here gets me and little Humphrey further away."

The shrewdness of the old woman's reasoning convinced Lettice against her will. She knew that Deborah's plan was the better one, but her mother-love fought hard against cold reason, and not until her faithful friend had pleaded and argued and scolded a bit did she consent, saying with a weary sigh:

"Oh, Debby! you don't know how it hurts me to let him get beyond the reach of my arms."

That night the women's fears were verified. Before the twilight had deepened into dusk the sheriff and his men were at the hall door of Birchley demanding to see Mrs. Lancaster. Shamefaced at the brutal work he was about, the sheriff proceeded to read the contents of a document which he produced upon Lettice's appearance in the open door. It was to the effect that, whereas one Lettice Lancaster, mistress of the Manor of Birchley in his majesty's colony of Maryland, was known to all men to be an obstinate and perverse adherent of the "false, pernicious, and idolatrous Church of Rome," and was moreover, to the scandal of all good citizens and in open defiance of the laws of the colony, educating her son, a minor, "in the same papistical religion," it was deemed best by the executive authorities of the colony, in order that "the cause of scandal might be removed, the laws of the colony duly observed, and the safety and welfare of his majesty's loyal subjects in the said colony safeguarded," that the child Humphrey Lancaster be separated from his mother and guarded from her "pernicious influence" until such time as that mother should consent to educate her son in the religion "by law established," or until such time as the executive authorities deemed it proper and best to return him to that mother's roof; and furthermore, the executive authorities appointed "Cheseldyn Coode, Esq., of the city of Annapolis, and a member of the Lower House of Assembly, the child's legal guardian and protector." Folding up his document, the sheriff demanded of Lettice if she denied that she was a "papist" and was educating her son in that religion. Upon her reply that she was a Catholic and "with God's help" would so educate her son, he called upon his men to witness her words, and forthwith demanded the boy's person. Never for a moment forgetting that time was now her best servant, Lettice held the man at bay as best she might, protesting against his searching the house and making a pretence of trying to soften him into not executing his orders, until at last, words failing her and her self-control breaking under the strain, she stood aside and let him and his companions enter the door.

As Deborah had said, the house was a big one and the search was long, and when at length the men gave up all hope of finding the boy and rode away down the shadowy drive-way, the stars were shining and the night far advanced. And through the night rode a woman with a child, already far away to northward. On they fled swiftly, passing sometimes into the black depths of the forest, then out again into the pale, star-lit night. With tender whispered words the woman comforted the boy whom she clasped tight with one arm, while with the other she guided their already panting horse. With sharp, peering eyes she watched the road, which was hardly more than a bridle-path winding across the land. From time to time she turned in her saddle and listened, but the rush of the night air against her face, the clatter of her horse's hoofs, and now and again the far-away howl of a dog guarding some lonely farm-house, were the only sounds she heard. "Patience, patience, little Humphrey!" she whispered. "The road is not much longer. Be brave, little lad! We'll soon be there."

The night next succeeding the one of Deborah's flight one of the fathers from Bohemia Manor appeared at Birchley. It was a perilous undertaking, as Coode's men were on guard about the place, and to be detected meant imprisonment for the priest.

But nearly forty years of persecution and watching had taught the Maryland Catholics, both clerical and lay, the necessity of caution as well as boldness; and Birchley Manor, like many an old house in England, had its secret entrance and carefully concealed "priest's room," known only to its masters and the priests, so when the Jesuit father had successfully eluded the vigilance of the guards, he had no difficulty in entering the house unseen by any one save its mistress. Deborah and Humphrey, he reported, had reached their destination in safety before daybreak, and he—the priest—had started at once for Birchley, travelling by circuitous ways in order to avoid meeting any one whom Coode might have started in pursuit of the boy, as there could be little doubt that that person was astute enough to suspect where the child had been taken.

The boy was safe at Bohemia so long as he could be kept in hiding, as they had a place of concealment which Coode's men could hardly hope to penetrate. But he was safe there only so long as he was hidden. The Jesuits lived in the colony at all only upon sufferance and in virtue of the payment of continuous fines, and they could not at any time protect their house from the invasion of spies; and the moment little Humphrey was allowed to cross the threshold of his hiding-place he was in danger of being seized by the officers of the law. There were cases in which they were able to keep boys entrusted to their care; but these were either the children of poor parents whose earthly possessions were not of sufficient value to excite the cupidity of the "hangers-on" of the government at Annapolis, or else the children of wealthy persons who by the payment of exorbitant fines were allowed by the persecutors to elude the iniquitous laws relative to the education of children. The father said that they had hoped this latter course might be allowed them with the little Humphrey, and fearing that Coode's continued presence in St. Mary's boded some ill for the child, they had some weeks before appealed for information to a man of position in Annapolis (who was secretly a sympathizer with the Catholics in their troubles) and only the day preceding Deborah's arrival at their house had received some information from him. But it was, alas! only too unfavorable. No bribe could be effectual with Cheseldyn Coode short of Mrs. Lancaster's hand and the possession of Birchley Manor, and already he had hinted to his more intimate associates that the day of his marriage to the young mistress of Birchley was fast approaching. He was noted as an obstinate and unscrupulous man, and so long as Humphrey Lancaster was under age and Coode retained a vestige of political influence in the colony the boy was in instant danger.

Thus far the priest went in his report and then stopped suddenly, looking with pitying eyes at Lettice's eager, frightened face, as though he dreaded to speak further.

"What must we do, father?" she implored with white, trembling lips. "Surely, surely you in your wisdom can devise some means of escape for my child."

"I have prayed for help to tell you of the only means I know. You must pray for help to hear it, for 'tis, I fear, a hard thing to bear," returned the priest.

"Go on; I will be brave," replied the woman.

"There is no place of safety for him in this colony, and no place outside it on this side the ocean where he can be educated in the faith."

"Then he and I will leave the country and find a home across the sea. Ah! father, your advice is not so hard to bear," cried Lettice, with a wan smile.

"Wait!" he replied. "My daughter, you forget that you have a double duty towards your child. Besides your duty towards his soul there is a duty to be performed for his temporal welfare. You hold these broad acres of Birchley Manor in trust for your son. Can you abandon that duty? Who will safeguard his possessions if you too flee the country? Upon whom could you call to protect this old home from the designs of your enemies? Ah! my child, there is, I fear, no one willing to take that burden off your shoulders save the Fathers of Bohemia Manor, and we are powerless to aid you in that way; the laws would not for one moment permit us so to do. If Humphrey goes, he must go without you."

"Without his mother? No, no! He is but a babe, father! He needs me. Don't, don't ask it of me." She had risen to her feet and was grasping the priest's arm with convulsive hands. "Oh! father, don't you understand? He is all that is left to me in this desolate world, and I love him so—I love him so! I cannot, will not give him up!"

"With God's help, my daughter, we can do all things," said the priest, looking sorrowfully into the woman's quivering face. Then, taking her hand, he led her quietly into the dim chapel, where a votive lamp burned always before a picture of the great Mother who has known all pain, all sorrow, and, gently forcing the wildly sobbing woman to her knees, went away and left her in mightier hands than his.

Through long hours Lettice lay prone upon the floor before our Lady of Sorrows, but when at last, before the break of dawn, she came forth again, the priest knew that she had conquered. Swiftly then he explained to her that one of the fathers was about starting for Europe, that he would take Humphrey with him, and, escaping at once into Pennsylvania, would make his way in safety to Philadelphia and there take ship as soon as possible for France. And upon his arrival there would proceed to St. Omer's in Belgium, where he would leave the boy in care of the English Jesuits until such time as he could in safety return to Maryland.

"It may be many years, my daughter," he concluded, "before he can in safety return to you. May God help and cherish you both till then!"

"With His help, father, I will be brave, be the time long or short," murmured the woman, and then sinking to her knees, she received the priest's blessing, before he left her, as the approaching dawn warned them both that he must do at once if he was to escape detection.

Eleven years dragged their weary length over the world before Lettice Lancaster's son was restored to her—years the harder to bear from many petty persecutions that Cheseldyn Coode, in his rage, was able to shower upon her defenceless head. But the knowledge that he was foiled in his worst effort, that her son was safe from his evil clutch, helped her to bear her burden. And now at last the struggles of those eleven years of hungry mother-love, of trials and bereavement bravely born, were to be rewarded. Her son was coming home to her safe in the faith of his fathers, while the rich earthly heritage left in her care for him lay undiminished about her, ready for delivery to him when he should come of age. In the gloom of a late November afternoon she stood watching and waiting in the doorway at Birchley, as twenty years before old Humphrey Lancaster had waited and watched for his children. Beside her stood the faithful Deborah, to whom the anxious mother turned again and again to say, "It surely must be time for the boy to come." Both women were older in looks, and the younger one sadly changed by the years that had passed. And that morning she had said, half-sorrowfully, half-laughingly to Deborah that her boy was coming home to a faded, ugly old mother indeed. But the face looking out so eagerly into the misty November twilight was not ugly—faded indeed and worn, but beautiful still in its strength and sweetness.

At last, when the white mist from the river was fast creeping over the land, the roll of wheels far down the roadway greeted her listening ears, and soon the white-headed negro coachman drew up with his old flourish before the door, and a straight, slender figure leapt quickly out. Lettice's breath came in a sudden gasp as he ran towards her up the steps, so like was he to her dead husband; but old Deborah, watching him with proud glance, said under her breath, "He has his mother's eyes, God bless him!"

For long precious minutes his mother's arms held him close; then releasing him, she said:

"My son, you have not forgotten our dear Deborah, to whom you and I owe so much." And the boy taking Deborah's wrinkled face between his hands, kissed her fondly and cried:

"Forget her, mother? 'Twould be hard to say for whom I have most longed all these years—you or her!"

"Tut, tut! Master Humphrey, a fine fool you and your mother are trying to make of old Debby. And I'm thinking you'd be at better work taking your mother in out of this chill mist, rather than cozening an old woman who's done naught to deserve it," replied the old creature sharply.

But there were tears in her eyes and a smile upon her lips as she followed the mother and son into the house and closed the great hall door.

PRACTICAL CITIZENSHIP.

NO. II.

BY ROBERT J. MAHON.

A PEOPLE first waking from a period of political lethargy will not at once gain substantial success. Uneasy and abortive efforts may first result only in the mere expression of political unrest. Time was when a political party held control in a general sense for a long period, and a majority of the people continued to allow it. But in recent times no party has been continuously sustained in power longer than a few years. The chief executive was of one party from 1860 to 1884, and before this epoch another party had almost continuously held that office. It is not meant by this that full and exclusive control in legislation remained with one side, but the principal executive offices were continuously held. This continuity in power is significant when contrasted with present conditions.

We are now experiencing sudden shocks and upheavals at almost every general election. That which was once almost certain is now most uncertain. And this remarkable change is at times emphasized by astounding majorities that clamorously express the desire for change. We are living in a time of political "tidal waves," "cyclones," and "blizzards," as the partisan press loves to express it. Now no party or candidate long remains satisfactory; we are on a political seesaw, with the party managers reaching success or overwhelmed in defeat at short intervals. It is, of course, within the knowledge of all, that political vigilance in many instances tends to rebellion against existing systems, and a desire to run matters on an independent plan is the usual result. Testing present conditions by this mode of expression, we find a very noteworthy phase of the new political life. No less than fifty-nine independent bodies have, in as many cities and towns, organized within the past six years for political action; yet the substantial benefits to the people are not all that can be desired. But it all shows activity in the nation; perhaps immature, ineffectual, and doubtless without much cohesion or special aim In many instances the people have put down one party and taken up on trial another, which in turn is found to prove unsatisfactory. In other cases, city charters have been amended, supposedly for improvement, or new legislation has been brought about, which was falsely thought to be automatic or self-enforcing.

When we come to consider the actual performance of political duties cast upon citizenship, we are at once confronted with the party system of political control, which is that whereby men become part of and act with the political party that most nearly represents their ideas of what is desirable and attainable in our government. Or, if that should not appear practicable, they have, of course, the opportunity to join an independent body, when sufficient cohesion and public support warrants such action. To this we shall refer in a subsequent paper. But at the outset we wish to say, with all emphasis possible, that we do not mean to favor or oppose the great political parties that so generally direct our civic affairs. Whenever benefits or advantages are referred to or seeming danger pointed out, all these organizations are entitled to equal credit or discredit. To write the truth is the main thing in this discussion. It matters not to us here in what proper channel a man directs his political energies, provided his motive is patriotic and his mind unbiased. Party action is so habitual with most of us that when one refers to issues political, the question of party policy on these issues immediately follows. Briefly condensing the purposes of political parties in this country, they are said to be: first, to preserve free government by advocating a certain policy of legislation or control; second, to keep its followers in a permanent body; and third, to keep alive the people's interest in public affairs, and get the support of the majority of the citizens. In its relation to the citizen generally, each party acts on the theory that its particular policy has all that is good in government, and nothing that is ill. Each fully and thoroughly excludes the other from all ability to give a real benefit to the nation, state, or city. To carry out these objects the party resolves itself into collective bodies, the most compact, typical form being the county organization. As in true democracy political action must come from the people, the party organization is made representative by the district primary election. And it is here one must begin with his associates, if any practical work is to be done through the party. For it is at this local and too unfrequented election that the party representatives of his district are chosen, with full power to act in and form a part of the county organization, and with delegated power to nominate and adopt policies at the conventions. That is why the primary becomes at times the storm centre of political zeal.

The political organization suggests an army, made up of its varied divisions; compact, disciplined, and under the guidance of recognized leaders, the policy of the party on particular issues being moulded by the nominating conventions and expressed in the platforms. Thus, in a general sense, the nominating primaries which elect the convention delegates affect the policy and the *personnel* of the candidates who are chosen to carry it out; and the organization primaries elect the various leaders, sub-leaders, and the executive body having the actual direction of party business. These observations apply to the general working of the party systems, and while they differ in detail in some respects, the variances are unimportant to a general view of the subject. It is easily apparent that a comparatively few men can, if allowed, arrange this simple machinery so that their desired result will be accomplished. If only a few take part, and they have a selfish interest in the result, aiming either for official pay or for power, the general effect will not be patriotic. Yet the system is about as fairly representative as large bodies can be made for political action. If the people insist on remaining politically dormant, or continuing spineless, and their actual representatives do not fairly represent, the blame is easily fixed. There is no mystery about it, and no warrant for an outcry against republican institutions.

One of the chief benefits claimed for the party system is, that responsibility is easily fixed and incompetency or bad faith easily punished. The party claims the praise won by its men in office, and must be ready to accept deserved criticism. The official is supposed to represent the party which stands accountable to the people. It is supposed that when the party men in office become unsatisfactory the party is voted out, and when satisfactory they are maintained in place. So that among the officials there is strong motive for co-operation in what may be supposed to be satisfactory to the people.

Acting along these lines, it is clear that the party must exercise a strong influence on the candidate in office; and when the office requires the making of appointments, the organization will be likely to have much to do therewith. So that, in fact, the organization has much practical work in carrying out what would usually be the logical work of the convention. If, as we have seen, the convention names the candidates and adopts the policy, it might appear that the party work was then done; but when the party assumes full accountability for official conduct, and guards it with solicitude, party influence naturally becomes a part of the administration. Even in the beginning of the party system, in this country, the notion was common that the main reliance should be on party fealty. Jefferson wrote March 23, 1801, concerning removals intended by him when President:

"The courts being so decidedly federal and irremovable, it is believed that republican attorneys and marshals, being the doors of entrance into the courts, are indisputably necessary as a shield to the republican part of our fellow-citizens, which I believe is the main body of the people" (Vol. iii. p. 464).

The oath of office was, of course, one guarantee of even application of the law; but party loyalty was supposed to give additional assurance and security to the people designated as "republican." This term was applied to the "Democratic Republican" party, then the opponents of the so-called 'Federalists." Yet in all fairness it should be said that the courts were above suspicion, and Jefferson's solicitude was in fact gratuitous. Still party influence on the administration of public office may be a serious danger, when one party has an overwhelming and permanent majority, and the people avoid their political business. Senator Benton, referring to the abuse of party influence, said:

"An irresponsible body, chiefly self-constituted and being dominated by professional office-seekers and office-holders, have usurped the election of President—for the nomination is the election so far as the party is concerned—and always making it with a view to their own profit in the monopoly of office and plunder" (*Thirty Years' View*, Benton, vol. ii. p. 787).

But the long-time senator by no means intended to deny the doctrine of party responsibility in the sense of the party abstaining from office. Speaking of putting his party men in the places, he says: "The principle is perfect, and reconciled public and private interest with party rights and duties. The party in power is responsible for the well-working of the government and has a right, and is bound by duty to itself, to place its friends at the head of the different branches" (*Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 163).

The party system has the advantage of having been the working political system of the passing century, and is entitled to much respect on that account alone. It lays claim to whatever public good has been obtained, and must bear the burden of whatever ill can be fairly cast upon it. It is recognized by the statutes of this State. And whenever political action is touched by legislation, the party method is generally favored. Party nominations are more easily made under existing laws than independent nominations. Even to nominate a candidate for the State Assembly, an independent body must have the signatures of five hundred citizens of the assembly district, as well as their affidavits verifying their choice and their qualifications as voting citizens (Laws 1896, ch. 909, sec. 57). In the party nomination for the same office the certificate of the officers of the district convention suffices, although probably not one hundred citizens paid the slightest attention to the convention even by attendance (sec. 56). The mere method of voting by party at a general election is much easier, as every one knows; a single mark being sufficient to vote all the party candidates. Touching those official boards or commissions known as "bi-partisan," eminent lawyers, who are party men, have contended that the legislature really meant that the parties should select their candidates for appointment; that the party organization was to nominate, and the executive act formally on their selection. But this is probably too extreme a view, as such a construction would probably be held to be unconstitutional. It would in effect give the power of appointment to the party organization; thus delegating the exercise of appointment, and besides making a political test for office (*Comparative Administrative Law*, Goodnow, vol. ii. pp. 22–27). Express legislation now regulates party action at the primaries, compelling fair notice to all citizens and insuring an honest count. In 1897 penalties for violation of these statutes were enacted, and the primary inspector or the voter who intend injustice must now brave criminal prosecution (Laws 1897, ch. 255).

But if we write in the spirit of truth we cannot fail to note some of the claimed obstacles to fair treatment in party action. Without some reference to these features our discussion would be reasonably open to the charge of deception. As our endeavor is to show the necessity for public, as against private, action in civic business, and then to urge the people to action of some kind, we must be candid if we would enjoy attention. It is often said that those earnestly desiring to act within their party for honest reform measures are elbowed out of the primaries by various irregular methods; that the ways contrived to beat honest majority opposition are so changeable, and yet so grievously effectual, that self-respecting men are soon discouraged. A peculiar instance related by an authentic witness is not without its humorous side. In a certain town some years ago the opposition, after much difficulty, found the place for the holding of the primary election to be in a remote corner of the district. The inspectors or election officers were confined in a small room adjoining a larger one in which the voters gathered; the door connecting the rooms being closed and locked, two peep-holes being cut in the door, and access to the small room being absolutely cut off. The voters of the opposition had a colored ballot for purposes of easy identification, and thrust these through the peep-holes—a kind of secret ballot of a primeval age. And although their actual majority was a large one, the official report declared that they were in an absurdly small minority. When the matter was beyond repair, it transpired that the opposition ballots were in large number torn up in the secret enclosure and never counted; but there being no "eye-witness," so to speak, the charge was in a practically political sense said to be a trifling one, born of disappointment. But situations like these are possible only because dishonesty will shove honesty aside, if it can, whenever the opportunity offers substantial reward, and practical politicians have been sometimes of the opinion that when you have primary inspectors with you the election goes with you. Of course kindred abuses and practices have existed, else the enactment in 1897, before referred to, as to primary elections would never have been conceived. All well-advised persons will admit that the enactment of remedies and penalties always follows and never precedes the wrongs they are supposed to correct. It is, happily, generally thought that the remedy will be as effectual as it has been in its previous application to the general elections, now so fairly and honestly conducted.

Recent legislation has not done much, however, to establish one's *legal right* to act within the party through the primaries. The statutory qualification reads: "No person shall be entitled to vote at any primary unless he may be qualified to vote for the officers to be nominated thereat, on the day of election. They shall possess *such other qualifications as shall be authorized by the regulations and usages of the political party* or independent body holding the same" (Laws 1896, chap. 909, sec. 53).

This in substance still leaves the right with the party organizations to add restrictions or to open wide the door for actual free expression. The avowed reason for leaving this very substantial power with the party organization is the supposed danger of attack from the other party. It is said that without suitable restriction those of the other political faith might enter the primary, disrupt the organization, nominate dangerous men, adopt radical measures, and bring ruin to the party. But whether this danger will ever be so imminent as to warrant the repose of such power within the organization, is open to much question. In all reform measures within a party the men in control are the real objects of opposition, and they would, if ordinarily human, adopt such requirements for entrance to the primary as to make the opposition generally ineffective.

The "regulations" defining the "qualifications" of a voter at a primary election we learn from the constitutions and by-laws of the organizations. They may be assumed as authentic, as they were furnished by the proper officials of the organizations. The usual requirement is the profession of the political faith of the party, but tested in various ways. In one organization one must be a member of the district organization for a certain period. Admission to this may be had by a sworn statement that one has voted the *entire* ticket at the previous election. If there is objection, and the inspectors of election report adversely, then a two-thirds vote is required to elect. But the central body reserves the right to "abolish and supersede" any district organizations. Another party organization has a seemingly broader qualification, admitting to a primary vote all voters of that faith "acting in unison" with that organization; but there are no available definitions of "acting in unison." The statutory term "usages" was an unfortunate selection as a qualification, because so incapable of definite proof. But most people say that the general "usage" is to broaden the entrance in times of unanimity, and to make it as narrow as possible when opposition arises.

It is only when we come to act in opposition to the people managing party affairs that we shall find obstructions. The wonderful unanimity of party organization itself strongly tends to prove the obstructions to be serious ones. It is significant that the opposition is generally kept outside and not allowed within what is technically known as the organization. It may surprise some to find this power of expelling disagreeable opposition and compelling harmony, to be a legal right reposed in the central body of the organization. For instance, it is the legal right of one party—that is, one organization—to disapprove and thus annul any nomination made by a convention. But this right is so seldom exercised as not to be generally known, and some of the members of that organization will deny the fact as thoroughly autocratic.

Another organization, acting through its central body, has the power, under its constitution, to "abolish and supersede" any of its district organizations—a seemingly effectual antidote to opposition. Again, in deciding contests between the opposition and those in control, the central body, whether state or county, is the court of final resort. (Matter of Fairchild, 151 N. Y. Rep. 359.)

The Court of Appeals in that case states in its opinion: "We think that in cases where questions of procedure in conventions, or the regularity of committees, is involved, which are not regulated by law, but by party usages and customs, the officer called upon to determine such questions should follow the decision of the regularly constituted authorities of the party, and courts, in reviewing the determination of such officers, should in no way interfere with such determination."

Probably the best way to prevent advance in political methods is to aim at utopian ends. The men who disregard actual conditions and declaim in high-sounding generalities are never seriously regarded by the professionals. But when you face actual conditions you have at least some practical notion of the work before you. And to do anything politically one must realize the distinction between a "party" and its "organization." The former we will find to be the great body of people who habitually vote for the candidates standing for that political faith. The organization is a numerically small company which controls the party, selecting all the officers, nominating all the candidates, and guiding the candidates after election.

Let us assume for the moment that the organization is heart and soul for good government, and let us look at it working out that end. The central body controls the conduct of the primary elections, as we have seen, and can vary the qualifications of voters. All who are opposed to good government are excluded from the primaries by various legal qualifications or restrictions. It may happen that nearly all the haters of good government will remain away, become suddenly inactive, and the good result inevitably follows. So we now have an organization zealous for the public good, and conventions eager to nominate the most capable candidates for the offices. Nothing now remains except electing the men thus selected. To do that a strong appeal is made to the party, the body of habitual voters. To the discontented, those who are against good government, an urgent plea is sent, beseeching them to remain loyal, to forget their exclusion from the primaries, and—vote the straight ticket for good government. If the discontented are convinced that the candidates will in fact give no better government than will those of the other side, loyalty will probably win. And so generally, under ordinary conditions, the political end attained is that which is selected by the organization and carried out by the party votes. In local matters it is also generally true that wherever the central body of the organization points, there the party will usually go. Visible barriers will not be raised against opposing classes; a strong appearance of representation will be maintained, and the result is hailed as the working of the people.

But in deciding as to how a man should act politically, whether with or against any certain party policy or practice, the main test is—is there patriotism in it? Is the actual motive love of power or of money, or is it love of country? We are not, it is hoped, so degenerate as a nation that it can be said with truth that " our prevailing passions are ambition and interest; and it will ever be the duty of a wise government to avail itself of these passions in order to make them subservient to the public good" (Elliot's Debates, vol i. p. 439). When the great Hamilton expressed this view of American national instinct we are pleased to think he referred more particularly to the political mercenaries of his day and foresaw the possibility of their power in later generations. Honesty is more common than dishonesty, and the patriots far outnumber the mercenaries. We are not the sordid, self-seeking people that some public servants in high places would paint us. The unfriendly foreign press is not apt to point out our conspicuous civic virtue, and it now has much to say of degenerate public spirit in our towns and cities. As others see us, we may look weak and incapable. Yet the false view of our public life in part issues from our own land, and gives color to the foreign false report of our incapacity for self-government.

If we present notable examples of unpunished malfeasance in office, and reward with high public place those least entitled to the honor, we can scarcely escape censure from the looker-on from Europe. Put aside all prejudice and partisan spleen, and ask yourself whether you have ever, by act or omission, helped on the road to preferment those of mean spirit and reckless greed. If you have, then you have also helped to spread the blight of degeneracy on American civic life.

THE CHILD-STUDY CONGRESS.

IN the days when "news" has passed into history and the Child-Study Congress held in Columbus Hall during the last days of 1897 is viewed from such a distance as assures fixity of proportion, the full significance of the fact will be seen that the first congress of the kind ever convened in New York City met under Catholic auspices, accepting the hospitality of the only religious Congregation created for the sole work of the conversion of America. Students of that day, delving into contemporary periodical literature to discover the mental attitude of the time, will find a leading politician stating, in that number of the most distinctly national of our reviews which was issued while the Congress was in session, that "any careful observer in the city of New York can see that the only people, as a class, who are teaching the children in the way that will secure the future for the best civilization are the Catholics," and that, "although a Protestant* of the firmest kind," he believes the time has come to recognize that fact.

Although not large in numbers, the Congress was composed of men and women who represented the most powerful trends of modern thought, and an estimate of its ultimate weight can be formed by comparing it with a like gathering—that of the Apostolate of the Press—held in the same hall in 1891. Out of that convention rose directly the building and work of the Catholic Book Exchange, which is flooding the country with the best religious literature in the cheapest form. Its logical outcome was the formation of the Catholic Summer-School, whose far-reaching influence on American life has already been simply incalculable. Just at the point when the whole teaching world of preachers, lecturers, writers, and instructors is veering back to recognition of the fact that education *must* have a spiritual basis; when pseudo-political men are saying that democracy cannot exist *sans* religion; this band of educationists has met to reassert the principles which have governed Christian education from the fourth century and which are being foisted on the unthinking public as new discoveries!

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* Hon. Amasa Thornton in *North American Review* for January, 1898.

This Congress was planned at the last session of the Summer-School, when its committee was appointed, consisting of Mrs. B. Ellen Burke, Secretary ; Miss Kate G. Broderick and Miss Anna A. Murray, with Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P., as chairman.

"The educational world," says Mrs. Burke, "is still developing the subject, rather than the child. Men and women are teaching arithmetic, geography, history, rather than teaching the child. Therefore earnest people came together from all parts of the country, with no limitation—priest and people, lay folk and religious—to study the child. We wanted not only teachers and parents, but theologians. In a question of such importance as educating souls for eternity there are dangers. Child-study has revolutionized the courses of instruction in our public schools. Many of us are public-school teachers. If we are wrong in our methods, we are *very* wrong, and we wanted to be set right. The Committee of Ten did fairly well at arranging a course of public-school study from *their* stand-point. Why should we not have our Committee of Ten?"

Probably no report of any committee ever more deeply affected the labor of the class of workers for whom it was prepared than the report issued in 1892 by that same Committee of Ten, headed by President Eliot, of Harvard. It may fairly be said to have created a new system of secondary education throughout our public schools. The committee was formed, it will be recalled, on account of the complaints of the examining boards of Harvard and other leading colleges that the examinees who came before them were lamentably deficient in ordinary English and elementary science, and had, as a rule, a most defective idea of the correlation of studies. A fine geographical paper might, it was said, be presented, whose spelling was atrocious and whose grammar and punctuation were at variance with nearly every one of the laws distinctly and clearly set forth in the same candidate's papers on grammar and rhetoric.

Catholic thought, as set forth at this Congress, demands a further correlation—that of the duties of the child to God, to Humanity, and to Himself! Wide-reaching as were the subjects discussed, each was almost unconsciously dealt with under these three relations—old as the first chapter of Genesis, instinctive to any Catholic child.

The first meeting, under the genial presidency of Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P., was scarcely typical of those to follow, except in the originality of Father McMillan's observations on the *genus* newsboy, under which he had discovered the species "full-fledged monopolist," offering the privilege of working for him to other "kids with good clothes," whom he "never paid unless they kicked." The comparatively small attendance on this first night was regrettable on account of the weight of the papers read. That by Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy is printed *in extenso* elsewhere. Rev. Daniel O'Sullivan, of St. Albans, Vt., spoke on *Incentives to Patriotism*, deprecating the cultivation of that spurious kind which is only a mixture of conceit and selfishness spread over a larger surface, and giving practical hints as to the means of cultivating a wholesome and resultful love of country.

Wednesday morning showed the real composition of the Congress. Teachers of parochial and public schools from Boston to Chicago were gathered, eager for information and discussion. Revs. Walter Elliott and A. P. Doyle, C.S.P., spared the time from their arduous missionary and literary labors to take active part in the proceedings. Many members of teaching orders, including Brother Justin of the Christian Brothers, were present. Among those teaching orders whose rule of enclosure or whose distance from New York did not permit them to be present, many were represented by secular delegates. The cordial interest of all these shows that our American nuns fully realize the necessity which Cardinal Vaughan has so impressed of late upon their English sisters in religion—that consecrated educators must be able to defy state competition by the excellence of their work.

Rev. James P. Kiernan, of the Cathedral, Rochester, struck the keynote—or the dominant triple chord!—of the Congress at once. Education was the end to be attained. Instruction was only one of the means to that end. If we were to educate the child, we were responsible for his physical, mental, and moral development. Of these, the moral development was the most important once we admitted the existence of an immortal soul. It was impossible for the teacher in the state school to place morality upon any secure basis, for religion was its only sure basis, and religion she must not teach. It was erroneous to think that there was no real education worth talking about till Pestalozzi and Rousseau came along in the eighteenth century. Nothing could be more false. It was true that the methods adopted in the early and middle ages were not suitable for the nineteenth century. It was not true that those methods were not valuable for the times and the circumstances under which they existed.

En passant, we wonder if the "original" geniuses of each generation are not really the conservative folk who cling so strongly to centuries-old principles as to be sure they are not worn out, and who are, therefore, willing to be at the trouble of finding out how to apply them to needs immanent and imminent? More than one point in Fathers Kiernan and Doyle's addresses recalled to us the educational writings of Jacqueline Pascal, that great woman, heretical in dogma, but thoroughly orthodox in her penetrative adhesion to the fundamental principles of soul-culture, most modern in her insistence on the removal of occasions of sin and on keeping the weak child from the fire of temptation till its jelly-like moral nature has set in the mould of habit.

Rev. A. P. Doyle, referring to an unvoiced dread among many people of what is called in its broadest sense a Socialistic uprising, maintained that the best remedy is the teaching of a patriotic civism. It is needful not to wait till the child has grown, he said, to do this work, as the religious organizations in the non-Catholic world are doing, but to begin it in childhood by fostering the religious sentiment, and with it the moral virtues. Child-culture is character-building. Character must be built as a tree grows, from without. The best character should be self-reliant. Some natures may be soft, and so much the more need is there of a mould that is shaped and strengthened by religious principles. The great work in child-culture is to develop a conscience which at all times may be the guide. He felt that nothing like sufficient use was yet made of the inexhaustible treasure of wisdom and incentive hidden away in musty volumes of saint-lore, and gave three charming storiettes to prove his point. In the middle of one we heard a whisper of "Who *was* St. Macarius?" which added further weight to his assertion.

Rev. Peter O'Callaghan, also of the Paulists, took up *The Child's Relations to His Spiritual Adviser*, dwelling upon the child-need of a confidant. In a retreat he had given in a Western college the Protestant boys insisted on confessing to him as well as the Catholic. Other bodies toiled for university extension. "Be ours to labor for 'monastic extension'—to study the science of Christian perfection so thoroughly that we may be able to lead on the child from that state of infantine perfection which our Lord commanded us to imitate so skilfully that it shall never lose its frank, unselfish love, its true and simple faith. It is our business to know how the life of contemplation may be blended with the life of action—how to popularize ascetic theology and bring it within the scope of the young minds who are in our keeping."

The freest and liveliest discussion followed all papers. Rev. William J. Fitzgerald, of Lambertville, N. J., one of the first graduates of the Catholic University and president of its Alumni Association, took a leading part in this.

Several times the platform was given over entirely to ladies. Miss Matilda J. Karnes, of Buffalo High School, offered a strong paper on *A Neglected Element in Altruistic Teaching, i. e.*, kindness to animals. Her statements concerning the vivisection practised in some public schools were shocking in the extreme, coming, as they did, from no narrow-minded woman, but from one of wide and long opportunity for studying the development of character in children of both sexes and of all ages up to adolescence. She quoted a letter written on the subject to Dr. Albert Leffingwell by the late Cardinal Manning:

ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE, WESTMINSTER.

DEAR SIR: The Catholic Church has never made any authoritative declaration as to our obligations toward the lower animals, but some Catholics have misapplied the teaching of moral theology to this question. We owe duties to moral agents. The lower animals are not moral agents, therefore it is taught that we owe them no moral duties; but this is all irrelevant. We owe to ourselves the duty not to be brutal or cruel; and we owe to God the duty of treating all His creatures according to His own perfections of love and mercy. "The righteous man is merciful to his beast."

Believe me, Yours faithfully,

HENRY E., *Cardinal-Archbishop.*

An otherwise admirable paper, on the *Influence of Patriotism*, was marred by a possibly unintentional slur upon the "sentimental patriotism" of John Brown. However one may regard the reasonableness of John Brown's aspirations or his mode of realizing them, "sentimental" is not the word to apply to convictions for whose sake a man spends strength and substance, and passes tranquilly to an ignominious death. So laborious and unimpassioned a historian as Professor Hermann Von Holst, after devoting the greater part of his life to the study of United States history, thought John Brown worthy of a separate and laudatory monograph as an important factor in the great problem of his day!

The speaker considered patriotism as a developer of altruism. Her argument was strong and lucid. Patriotism is based on the consciousness of membership in a community with common institutions and ends. Such membership begets desire for the prosperity of other members. "This is the first step in altruism, the partial abolition of selfishness. The taking of the next step"—that which leads to action—"is not in any way helped," as she wisely remarked, "by a deification of our country's heroes, nor by the exaggeration of the worthiness or unworthiness of any particular political party."

Rev. Michael Holland, of Tupper Lake, set forth the advantages of country life for children. Unquestionably, the country boy has a physical advantage over the city boy. Father Holland contended for his mental and spiritual superiority as well. Among the latter he reckoned less knowledge of evil, less temptation to drink and gamble, more self-control, compassion, generosity, and frankness.

We frankly disagree with much of this. The actual experience of workers engaged in the emigration of waifs from the old country proves the moral danger of isolated farm-life to be greater than that of town or even city life, while no form of drunkenness is so difficult to cure as the stolid besottedness of the villager. Rev. Thomas F. Hickey, Chaplain of the State Reformatory at Rochester, gave some statistics on this point. While his Reformatory, of course, received more inmates from city than country, he considered that the country furnished a fair quota. The country child had less opportunity for spiritual instruction, more stolidity in wrong-doing, fewer interests to arouse in opposition to evil. He was increasingly inclined to lay stress upon heredity and *very* early moral training as leading factors in the problem of morals upon which he was constantly working.

The paper of Miss Teresa Kennedy on *The Child and the Trained Teacher* aroused the greatest interest among the many reporters present. Although the work of a comparatively young girl, it was requested for publication by the representative of one of the leading religious weeklies of the non-Catholic world. Miss Kennedy defined the trained teacher as one who understood, (1) the child, (2) her subject, (3) the relation of the child to the subject, so as not to soar above his comprehension or sink below his capacity. True. Yet only a concise re-presentation of the "Plan of Education" of the Archbishop of Cambray: "Study well the constitution and genius of your child; follow nature and proceed easily and patiently." Any conception of education which regards it as relating solely to the forming of the intellect by instruction in laws of nature and logic, and to the exercising of the memory in retention of certain facts and data, is a remnant of that pagan civilization in which the teacher of childhood was generally the slave. The Christian Church knew from her inception that the culture of our three-fold nature at its budding beginning was a task to tax the full energies of her most gifted and consecrated sons and daughters. Moreover, when has the church not insisted on "training" for her teachers? Her very keeping of education so largely in the hands of her religious orders has insured that her children should be under the charge of men and women tested as to stability, self-control, and devotion to high ends, schooled to discipline through long self-conquest, shielded from intellectual dissipation and preserved by their very mental conditions of life from the temptation which has confessedly nearly made shipwreck of state education—that of preferring the study before the student!

Wednesday night, January 30, brought a remarkable combination to the platform—Very Rev. Monsignor Conaty, D.D., of the Catholic University as presiding officer and Dr. G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University, as guest and lecturer. These gentlemen represent the only universities in the country devoted exclusively to post-graduate work, and the only two which are especially interested in the study of the child. This common bond of unity was spontaneous and gracefully recognized in the speech of each.

Monsignor Conaty, in introducing Dr. Hall as "our master in the science of child-study," spoke of that branch of investigation as "an imperative and potent factor in that upbuilding and development of the natural and the supernatural which together make up the complete human being."

Dr. Hall gave a synopsis of the fundamental axioms of elementary child-study. He passed in review the various stages of growth, pointing out the salient physical and mental features of both; showed how minutely certain mind flaws or lapses could be inferred from physical indications, and alluded to this as the sole reason for the importance given in his system to observation of bodily eccentricities or defects. He showed himself thoroughly at one with the spirit of the Congress in its exaltation of spiritual culture, declaring that the reign of Spencer, Huxley, Tyndall, and their materialist school in the realm of education was for ever past. Nature study was, indeed, coming more and more to the fore, but the child's love of nature was meant to lead him up to God.

"The best aid to religious instruction is nature study, coming to nature as the child does, heart to heart, not intellect to intellect. . . . Develop the heart, out of which are the issues of life."

The audience hung, fascinated, on Dr. Hall's lips. His mastery of and love for his theme made vital with interest his erudite account of the lapses of facial muscles and the proportionate growth of different ages.

Mothers' Meetings formed the topic of one session, but only Mrs. B. Ellen Burke kept strictly to the point. Mrs. Burke displayed more ability as a lecturer than any other lady present, her voice being full and rich, her carriage easy and dignified, and her remarks—made almost without notes—logical and interesting. Mrs. Elizabeth Martin contributed a paper entitled *Begin at the Beginning*, pleading for a recognition on the part of mothers that "the feeling of the being of God comes very early to the child-mind." Sister M. Camper, of Ottawa, Can., also sent a paper intended for mothers, urging the early formation of such habits in children as would make easy the development of the religious spirit later and the avoidance of exaggeration in exhortation, etc., since "exaggerated holy things are the most pernicious of all exaggerations."

Miss Anna McGinley, of the non-Catholic mission work, delivered an inspiring address on the danger of inculcating religious bigotry in children.

"The whole world of religious thought to-day is absorbed in the one great problem of Christian unity. It has shaken the church to its depths, and the hearts of men have been strangely moved by the stirrings of this spirit within us that is seeking to bind man with man by the strongest, holiest tie in human life—a oneness of religious belief. 'When will it come about? How can it come about?' ask the incredulous. Only in one way. By teaching the little child--rather, let us say, by never *un*teaching it—that it is brother or sister to every human being in the whole world; that its faith is one of those God-given treasures that was not meant to be buried away selfishly in its own little heart. . . . But how much has the world grown awry because out of the mouths of babes the first utterance of the spirit of religious bigotry has gone from one childish mind into another childish mind, carrying with it a venom that will plant the seed of religious prejudice for a life-time!"

Miss Matilda Cummings has taught for twenty years in the public schools. Much of this time has been spent in the Tenth Ward—Jacob Riis' "happy hunting-ground" and Miss Cummings' proudest field of labor. She embodied the result of her investigations in *Defective Imagination* among the little Polish and Russian Jew children who form the nucleus of her school, in one of the most interesting papers of the Congress. The purely material, she says, so dominates their field of vision as to exclude anything bordering on the ideal. Imagination is fed upon the *new*. Children whose environment is that of Hester, Ludlow, or Essex Street never see anything new! She gave the result of an attempt to get some imaginative sketches from her pupils.

"I see a milk store and in it is a little dog, and the master is telling the grocer that the dog will carry home the cheese."

"I think that I am going home, and I see a man selling apples and I think I am buying one."

"I think that I am sitting in a chair, and I say that I smell baked apples."

The "homes" of these children are only shelters. The school is their real home and the teacher their foster-mother. The school is the only place to foster imagination. Is the public school with its rush and routine likely to prove a suitable place?

"In the Catholic school the eye of the child is fed on beauty. Statues and pictures surround him on every side. Be his home surroundings what they may, in the school high and holy thoughts sink deep into his heart. There is no finer field for the cultivation of this glorious, God-given power of the imagination than the schools of the Catholic Church. Happy children! who breathe the air of her enclosed gardens where, hand in hand with nature, herself the handmaid of the Lord, they may rise at will on the wings of chastened fancy to the very throne of the Infinite, bringing back to earth lights of eternity to make living pictures for time."

The poise and lack of exaggeration manifested by the members of the Congress was well illustrated in the paper on

Nature Study by Mrs. Baird, of Poughkeepsie. She derided those who wish this work in schools to be "wholly informal and unsystematic," thereby demanding of the teacher "sufficient versatility to cover the whole field of natural science in the to-day, to-morrow, and the next day," and "a fuller knowledge of natural science than is required of any one teacher in the High School." Almost worse was the "nature-study faddist," who "analyzes all the poetry out of childhood." Its great use was to children like the thirty-five who applied for admission to a Chicago Summer-School. Thirty had never been in the woods, nineteen had never seen Michigan, and eight had never picked a flower.

The closing session of the Congress was given up to papers on the educational value of music, mathematics, literature, etc. While all these were of much technical value and interesting as showing the high calibre of thought and attainment among the Catholic teachers present, they were of more limited interest, and the sparkling closing discussion of the earnest men and women who lingered, loath to leave the hall, centred finally round the ever-burning question of the secular state school. Many present were enthusiastic teachers in State schools. Many more had been educated therein. But the overpowering sentiment of the Congress was that the safety not merely of church but of state itself depended upon the maintenance and steady upbuilding of the religious school. The very teachers who are the backbone of the public schools in which they teach, urge that the Catholic child be not sent to them, since they may only teach it *less* than they know to be alone sufficient for its rounded well-being in time, even had time no luminous background of eternity!

TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

Studies in Church History,[*] vol. iv., by Rev. Reuben Parsons, D.D., deals with the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The importance of the period cannot be overestimated by the student of ecclesiastical history, for within it some of the questions arose which directly or indirectly affect the relation of the church to modern society. As a religious movement the Reformation has spent its force, but in its social and political side it planted principles of government and society which are not likely to die for a long time. They asserted themselves in intense but chaotic activity in the eighteenth century, and in the nineteenth they have been moulding themselves into the form of an ordered attack on authority. It is well to avow at once that Catholic countries did not escape the influence of these principles. What are called "the ancient Gallican liberties" are no more or less than a parody, in the seventeenth century, of the Elizabethan Church of England, stopping at the line of schism; and the Josephism of Austria in the succeeding century is a German Gallicanism that passed the line. We cannot deal with these developments of Reformation principles in the very limited space at our disposal. The excesses of the French Revolution for a time opened men's eyes to their danger, so that we had the spectacle of European societies pervaded by revolutionary principles which policy compelled their governments to fight against, when the armies of France were sent out to give them effect. The check which self-interest imposed upon the governments was, from the very nature of the thing, only temporary. Coalitions might save the structure of the European commonwealth from the disorganization which those principles had produced in France, but as long as they remained to leaven the thought of the nations, sooner or later they would rule, or at least greatly influence, the policy of those nations. This result, which political philosophy would have foreseen, which Mr. Burke plainly foresaw, is to all intents and purposes manifested in the theories of government now prevailing in European states. We venture to say that no proposition is put forward by extreme socialism but is the legitimate result of modern Liberalism. Liberalism is the development of the theory of the king's headship of the national church, and this is the inevitable consequence of an appeal to private judgment from the authority established by our Lord. Though, as we said, it is impossible to discuss those topics in our space, we consider we have suggested some grounds for Catholics to examine them. They are not treated quite as we should desire by Dr. Parsons. At least they are not sufficiently focused for the general reader, and perhaps some subjects of very great importance are not sufficiently worked out, while some that appear to us of less consequence are treated rather diffusely. But the important thing to know is that he can be followed with confidence wherever he goes.

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[*] New York: Fr. Pustet & Co.

We recognize that his scope, or rather the view he took of it, may have precluded him from handling some topics as fully as we think he ought to have done; but we merely express regret rather than pronounce criticism. To take a case in point, when dealing with the "Constitutional Church" of France, he gives us details of proceedings and sentiments without their background, the principles of the Revolution. The sentiments of individuals, so often foolishly grandiloquent, so often like the rounded periods of a conceited and clever boy posing as a master of the philosophy of life and of the science of society, were not by themselves always objectionable to the instincts of mankind, and were often, in the savor of patriotism of which they smacked, in accordance with those instincts; but the effect he missed was in not placing those sentiments in their proper relation to atrocities of lust, rapine, and cruelty for which the world has no parallel since the "mighty hunter" established the first military despotism. In giving some of the proceedings, no doubt, he lets us have a glimpse of the tyranny and fatuity which possessed the French even from the earliest stages of the Revolution. This is nothing; for unless that time is presented as a whole, its doctrines interpreted by its acts, we lose a most valuable contribution to the study of politico-ecclesiastical history. When we have Gobel, the Constitutional Bishop of Paris, renouncing all religion except that of liberty and equality, there is nothing in the retractation that will shock a man outside the church.

When Lindet, Constitutional Bishop of L'Eure, declares from the tribune that he was "the first bishop to marry," every one outside the church will consider the violation of his vow a triumph of liberty and reason. But it becomes a different matter when we see the prisons of Paris and France packed to overflowing with faithful priests; when we find there were only four bishops out of the hundred and thirty-five whose hearts failed them in that crisis; when we find peasants and their families forced into boats with holes drilled into them in order that they might sink with their living cargo, to the great glory of the Revolution; when we find the hands of drowning wretches that grasped the boats, from which the representatives of the authorities presided over such acts of public justice, slashed with swords amid jokes, ribaldry, and laughter, and these proceedings enacted in every river in France from Paris to Marseilles; when we find that no house in town or village escaped plunder unless it had a protection signed by the representatives of the new government, and that suicide was the only means by which a woman could preserve her honor; when we remember how Paris feasted in blood by day and reeked in lust by night—we can form some feeble idea of what Liberalism in religion may accomplish when it wields the power of the state.

We should have liked to trace the connection, through the philosophy of the eighteenth century, between the Declaration of the Assembly of the French clergy in 1682 and the horrors of the Revolution. We hope our readers will do that for themselves, because they will find in it one valuable proof, out of the innumerable proofs which history supplies, that the existence of society at the present hour is due to the solicitude of the Supreme Pontiffs and their power of definition in questions of morals. It is not to the purpose to acknowledge that the popes can pronounce dogmatically on questions of morals, and to assert that they have no authority on questions of citizenship. Wherever morals enter into political and social questions—and we decline to define the limits of these as distinguished from functions of police and civic administration—the popes not only have authority to pronounce, but they are bound to pronounce upon them. Of course when a polity morally recognizable has taken shape in the government of a country, the pope has no power in the matter. His approval or disapproval is only that of any man possessing the same amount of ability and knowledge; therefore no conflict of what is called allegiance can ensue, simply because no Catholic would pay the slightest attention to any opinion of the pope concerning his relations with those in authority in his state. But it is the duty of the pope, as the guardian of morals, to point out what the citizen is to do as voter or representative in political and social questions with a moral aspect. Clearly, he should say that no Catholic is at liberty to support godless education, polygamy under the pseudonym of divorce, a war of aggression, a policy of repudiation, a violation of treaty, an immoral law of contract, and so on; but with regard to those exercises of government which may in general be included under the term "administration," within which may fall whatever develops the resources of a country and enlarges individual life, a Catholic is as independent of the Supreme Pontiff as any other citizen.

But on this foundation of morality, not accidental and temporary, but immutable and eternal, rests the stability of a state. Therefore we desire our readers to study such instances of conflict between the pretensions of states since the Reformation and the authority of the church as the one before us—all such instances, whether the temporal ruler was a Catholic or not—for in them we shall discover a way to the solution of the great difficulty which now involves society.

There is another subject in this volume, not unconnected with our method of viewing the whole history of the contact of the church with civil society during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but apparently independent of that method; we mean what is called the Dragonnade of the Cevennes. Knowing as we do that no event has taken a more erroneous shape in Catholic opinion than this, we regret we have not allowed ourselves space to make one or two suggestions. Perhaps we shall discuss it separately in a future number; for the present we shall content ourselves with saying that for a long time we have been of opinion that the Huguenots were themselves the cause of the repression so dishonestly called the Dragonnade; that the power of the state was only put forth against them when their outrages on Catholics had become so intolerable that these could not have remained in their homes; and that if the state had not interfered to protect the Catholics of the Cevennes it would have simply abdicated the functions of government.

Buddhism and its Christian Critics,* by Dr. Paul Carus, is a work in which the author professes to supply Christians with the meaning of the best Buddhist thought, or, as he phrases it, to supply "a contribution to comparative religion," by enabling "Christians to acquire an insight into the significance of Buddhist thought at the best." This is the only way we can extricate his purpose from a paragraph in which the nominative has no verb to agree with, but containing clauses which, we think, may possibly suggest his purpose. Because Christianity and Buddhism are in many respects so similar "as to appear almost identical, in other respects they exhibit such contrasts as to represent two opposite poles," he concludes that a study of Buddhism is indispensable "for a proper comprehension of Christianity." This is delicious. The Bible used to be the sole authority; an open Bible was one of the shibboleths of Protestantism—for this Europe was rent from north to south by wars during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Where the Reformers possessed power, they persecuted the Catholics about the open Bible and their own brethren about interpretations of it; and where they were in a minority, they were in constant rebellion, as in France. It was not that they were prevented from reading their Bibles in France, but they required the government to compel Catholics to read the Bible and interpret it—we do not know by what "private judgment." Clearly, if a Catholic exercised his private judgment, as Whately would put it, to surrender it to the authority of the church would be clearly within his right; but then he would not be permitted to use it in this way by the Reformers. In fact, while insisting on the right of private judgment, they allowed the use of it only in the manner they approved of themselves. This was going far enough, but when Dr. Carus desires us to take Buddha as the interpreter, and Buddhism in its different forms as the deposit, we cannot help being puzzled. Were the first Reformers right? If not, why did they "reform"? He leaves his own house, but why should we go out into the cold?

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* Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company.

Neither does his account of the origin of Buddhism aid us one iota. It is a development of the Samkhya philosophy; but as this assumes the eternal existence and reality of matter—we prescind from other hypotheses not exactly related to this one—we are at a loss to see how the system can help us to understand the first chapter of Genesis and the first chapter of the Gospel of St. John. We refuse to give them up—and Dr. Carus evidently would not ask us to give up the first chapter of St. John, since he is of opinion that we have borrowed the great central thought from the Greeks; or, as he expresses it, the Christians added to their religion the philosophy of the Logos, which they took from the Greeks. As we say, we refuse to give them up, for, whatever differences of interpretation may arise on both, this meaning is clear: that there was a "Creator" "who created" (we employ the tautology deliberately).

We are not sufficiently interested in the work to examine it critically; at the same time we think such an examination might afford some pleasure if we should start with a problem in unrelated proportions like this: If Dr. Carus has, say, three inaccuracies to each page, how many Christians will understand at one reading what he means when he says that "truth is superior to religion," and will accept his prediction, only implied no doubt, that "the final victory" in the conflict between Christianity and Buddhism will rest with the latter. The problem must take into account one unknown quantity, for he says every man labors under some degree of error—*omnis homo mendax* is a more ancient and a stronger form of expression—and another in that he concedes the sacrifice "of Golgotha" teaches a lesson which cannot be found in a philosophy and religion whose end is Nirvana, whether you interpret it as repose or annihilation.

We think he mistakes the theory "of the great martyr and champion of monism"—in this way he describes Giordano Bruno—for Bruno's system seems to contain "a sort of double pantheism," which is a very different thing from any theory which refuses to recognize mind as at all distinct from motion.

We should be sorry indeed that any one should suppose from the foregoing observations we had no appreciation for those elements in Buddhism that are good, and no admiration for the character drawn in the life and legend of Gotama. In dealing with this we put aside Dr. Carus as not adding anything to our conception of it. It has been truly said, in words better than any we can write, that no one can rise from the reading of that story without reverence for the moral greatness of the man who is its hero. Putting aside such ineptitudes as Dr. Carus introduces into the standard by which he estimates the relative value of Christianity and Buddhism, in his second article of preference for the former, that it adopted Teutonic enterprise and energy to conquer the spirit of the West, we cannot be insensible to the fact that four hundred and fifty millions of our fellow-men believe that they have in the religion of Gotama a support in life and a security in death. Nothing has been able to cast a shadow on his memory; the sweetness and gentleness of his character shine through the mists of prejudice and affect the fair-minded to-day as they affected Marco Polo when the spirit of the middle ages was strongest in the hearts and minds of men. "Had he been a Christian," wrote Polo—and we commend his words to Dr. Carus—"he would have been a great saint of our Lord Jesus Christ, so holy and pure was the life he led." If philosophers would only condescend to read a little of Catholic literature, they would find that in many branches Catholics of centuries ago possessed as ordinary knowledge the information they think is the special distinction of our time; and Catholics practised as a matter of course the liberality of thought and judgment which the same philosophers formulate in high-sounding dicta, but which have not a particle of influence on their real views of systems and of men.

Angels of the Battle-field,* by George Barton.—The object of this volume, the author says, is to present in as compact and comprehensive form as possible the history of the Catholic sisterhoods in the late Civil War. Mr. Barton found a good deal of difficulty in collecting materials, as one would readily anticipate. The humility of the sisters would naturally offer a bar, but he availed himself of public and other records and received information by means of an extensive correspondence with government officials. He was, however, able to gather from personal interviews with sisters many narratives which give to his pages the light and interest which belong to incidents from life. He possesses the vivid sympathy with action and suffering without which a history of this kind would be no better than dry bones. The devotion of these angels of the battle-field, as the title of the work so correctly calls them, is one of the most beautiful studies in human nature, raised above itself by grace, that one could meet with. They were exposed to danger—many lost their lives—to privation of every kind, while multiplying themselves in attendance on the wounded and dying sent in in undreamt-of numbers at times; but never did they allow their spirits to sink below the level of a cheerful, sympathetic activity, while frequently there was tenderness, coupled with fortitude which prevented it from becoming hysterical, as tenderness so often does when circumstances are peculiarly pathetic. They were able to repress their emotions in most cases, but not always; as, for instance, when three "blue-eyed, fair-haired lads were brought in." They were no more than children, ill of typhoid pneumonia, and "lay for days uncomplaining and innocent." They died despite the care bestowed upon them. Boys of this kind were mostly drummers and buglers, mere children of twelve years of age or so, and that fortitude should have reached an inconceivable height when pity for them would not display itself in tears.

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* Philadelphia: The Catholic Art Publishing Company.

The actual number of sisters who laid down their lives during the war will probably never be known, but there can be no question that hundreds did so. If the hospitals and system of nursing established for the emergency in the City of Louisville be taken as typical of the work performed by the sisters both North and South—and they can be substantially so taken when the circumstances were favorable—we have a fair instance of efficiency. Three large manufacturing establishments were used by the government as hospitals. They were divided into sections, each under the charge of a Sister of Charity, and so conducted that no sufferer was without a nurse.

There had been one battle and several skirmishes in Kentucky about that time. Within the hospitals hundreds of men belonging to both sides were suffering together, some mortally wounded, some so shattered in limb that amputation was necessary, some in the various forms of disease contracted in the cold, wet, and exposure of life on the march, in the camp, and in the field. The author is rightly touched by the heroism that surrounded those cots where enemies lay side by side in an agony which for many would only obtain surcease in the grave. He mentions what we can readily credit, that as the sisters passed from cot to cot a soldier shot through the body or with a broken arm would raise his pale face with a smile of welcome.

Some incidental descriptions of battles are animated, and we are sure our readers will find themselves moved for the better by this narrative of heroic charity on the part of the nuns, and soldierly heroism on that of the men to whom they ministered. There are seventeen excellent illustrations which help the interest of the story.

St. Ives,* by Robert Louis Stevenson, is a tale of the adventures of a French prisoner in England during the last years of the First Empire. M. de St. Ives is a prisoner of war in the

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* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Castle of Edinburgh, and though belonging to one of the highest families in France, is only a private soldier. Incidentally we learn that he had risen to the rank of an officer, but lost his commission by permitting the escape of a prisoner. The adventures, beginning with his escape from the castle, are sensational, and the perplexities in which a certain recklessness involves him keep the interest rather on the stretch. During his time as a prisoner he makes the acquaintance of a young Scotch girl of good social position, whose compassion caused her to buy from him little ornaments carved with a penknife. He and the other prisoners obtained by the exercise of their skill in this way the means to mend their fare and procure some little luxuries. It would hardly be right to enter more into particulars than to say M. de St. Ives is made the devisee of great estates in England purchased by his great-uncle, the count—spoken of as the first of the *emigrés*—that is to say, he was the earliest of them; for having realized his wealth, he purchased those estates years before the Revolution and went to live in England. He was sagacious enough to have smelled the Revolution from afar. The cousin, the Viscount de St. Ives, is a character drawn with much force; he is a villain of the loud kind, but made very subtle, swaggering, boastful in manner and melodramatic in appearance, and endowed with great astuteness. So far as we can follow the author's idea, we think that the insolence and fierceness of his disposition defeated plans laid and set in train with great skill and unscrupulousness. However, he is ultimately ruined, and the cousin is fortunate in all respects, ending as a married man and a great landed proprietor in England. Mr. Stevenson did not live to complete the work, but this delicate task has been accomplished successfully by Mr. Quiller-Couch from the author's outline communicated to his step-daughter and amanuensis, Mrs. Strong. If there be any fault to find with the design, it is that the difficulties in which M. de St. Ives involves himself are too many, but his courage and good temper sustain the reader, as they must have sustained St. Ives himself.

The Princess of the Moon, by Mrs. Cora Semmes Ives,* is a beautiful story for children and commends itself on its own merits, although its proceeds are devoted to charity. Fidelity to one's word, to the requirements of duty and mercy to enemies, are principles impressively taught by the charming authoress.

* New York: E. P. Dutton.

The Messenger of St. Joseph, or the annual issue of St. Joseph's House for Homeless, Industrious Boys in Philadelphia, ought to be a timely reminder to some of its wealthy readers of the small sum which is alone necessary to bring one more friendless boy within reach of its aid. The *Messenger* is not so much of a report as we could wish to see, although most of its papers have some bearing upon the good and solid work of this institution, which, much as it saves the State, has yet no State aid. Its managers say they are always anxious to find suitable situations for tested boys.

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I.—AN ENGLISH BENEDICTINE MARTYR.*

The patient and exhaustive care for historical accuracy and detail which marks every page of this work shows that Dom Camon is a worthy successor of the late Father Morris. It is delightful to see the loving pains which have been taken upon every point, the recourse which has been had, not only to books and manuscripts, but also, when these failed, to living authorities in order that nothing may be left obscure. Witness, for example, the pains taken to unravel the tangle made by previous biographers and writers as to the John Roberts who is the subject of this biography and the Cambridge John Roberts. Dom Camon, moreover, is evidently intimately acquainted with all collateral matters, and so writes out of a full mind. He thus illuminates the surroundings, and does not, like so many writers of saints' lives, absolutely detach the subject of his work from all relation to the world in which he lived. He writes, too, as one accustomed to weigh evidence, as having the whole case before him not as a partisan or advocate. Thus, he allows that it is very difficult to know what proportion of the clergy in Queen Elizabeth's time refused to take the sacrilegious oath of supremacy. He gives interesting details on this point, especially with reference to Oxford, quoting the well-known testimony of Anthony Wood. A new point which Father Camon brings out (new to us, at all events) is, that the Inns of Court were looked upon as "hot-beds of Popery." Nowhere, Dom Camon says, might there be found so many Catholic priests as in the Courts of the Temple or Lincoln's Inn under the guise of the lawyer's gown.

On almost every page most interesting bits of information are given. Thus, we learn that in St. John's College, Oxford, to which the Venerable John Roberts went in 1596, it was the custom to study logic and the other parts of philosophy, and also rhetoric. "These they learn together, *i.e.*, at once to think correctly and express their thoughts with elegance and precision." Whether such a plan might not be useful nowadays to enable students of theology and philosophy to present the results of their study in a more acceptable form, seems a matter deserving of consideration. On p. 53 we learn that at Douai the Old Testament was read through and expounded twelve times, and the New Testament sixteen times, in three years; while at Valladolid the whole Bible was read as well as expounded in two years. The reading was during the dinner, the "first table"; the exposition during the "second" table. In this case, too, whatever may be thought of the time chosen for the purpose, it is clear that no pains were then spared to secure an intimate acquaintance with the Sacred Scriptures.

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* *A Benedictine Martyr in England: being the Life and Times of the Venerable Servant of God Dom John Roberts, O.S.B.* By Dom Bede Camon, O.S.B., B.A. London: Bliss, Sands & Co.

We will give but one more specimen, and leave to the reader the pleasant task of exploring for himself. This is a quotation from Cardinal Allen, who says: "We must needs confess that all these things have come upon our country through our sins. We ought, therefore, to do penance and confess our sins, not in a perfunctory manner, as we used when for custom's sake we confessed once a year." It would seem, then, that in ancient Catholic times it was the practice of presumably pious persons to go to confession but once a year. Cardinal Allen proceeds to urge upon the students at Rheims to whom he is writing that they should perform the Spiritual Exercises under the Fathers of the Society of Jesus in order to the perfect examination of their consciences—a means of grace, Dom Camon says, so dear and so familiar to them above all other religious. Is it, then, to the Jesuits that the remarkable change in this matter of frequent confession is to be attributed?

A pleasing feature of the work is the respect shown for the Jesuits and other workers in the Lord's vineyard, without losing sight of what may be considered the main purpose of the work—the bringing into light and due prominence of the work of the author's own order. Owing to the fact that hitherto English ecclesiastical history has been mainly written by Jesuits or secular priests, the Benedictine share of the work has been somewhat neglected; but if this most illustrious order finds historians so fully acquainted with the facts and so well able to place them before the reader as is the author of the present work, no longer will their work remain unknown.

2.—LIFE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.*

This Life of the Blessed Virgin is meant rather for the devout and pious reader than for the theologian and controversialist. It is characterized by sobriety and solidity, and is free from empty sentimentality. There is nothing of the exaggerated or unreal in its tone. It is full also of instruction in practical matters, and thus serves a twofold purpose, placing before the reader the life of the Mother of God, and in so doing indicating to him the way in which his life should be made conformable to hers. While no distrust is shown of the traditions with reference to Our Lady's life, the disregard of which would be the mark of an uncatholic spirit, these traditions are not given undue prominence. Sometimes, however, we confess to a desire to learn the authority on which statements are made; as, for example, when the reader is told (p. 76) that Mary was at three years old large for her age. But doubtless, in a work primarily intended for devotion and instruction, its author has wisely abstained from always giving references.

The illustrations, although not quite so numerous as the title of the book would lead one to expect, serve well for the adornment of the work. We have to make one exception, however—the picture of the Coronation of the Blessed Virgin. The publishers, in our opinion, would have been well advised if this had been withheld.

In brief, the work is well calculated to promote true devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and to guide the serious reader along the paths of moral and Christian virtue.

3.—HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.†

Mr. Walpole in a prefatory note offers to the public this history in the hope that it may be useful to those who may not have leisure or inclination to read standard works which are (he assures us) necessarily voluminous. He hopes it may serve the purpose of a skeleton history of the church and may be useful as a book of reference. We regret to have to say that, in our judgment, Mr. Walpole's work is not calculated to fulfil these excellent purposes. In all there are only two hundred pages of large type, and of these two hundred pages thirty-six (a sixth of the whole) are merely a translation of the doctrinal decrees of the Council of Trent, as found in Denzinger's Enchiridion. To the period of time from the prorogation of the council (1563) to the present, the history of the church in all parts of the world is compressed into sixteen pages. It is consequently only the barest enumeration of a few isolated facts. The earlier part of the work is more satisfactory; but even here more space is given to the well-known passage of Lord Macaulay about the Jesuits than is consistent with a history so compendious in aim. As to the accuracy of the work, we have not tested it thoroughly; but the following is certainly a misleading statement: "In 1542 Pope Paul III. had established the Tribunal of the Inquisition."

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* *Illustrated Life of the Blessed Virgin.* By Rev. B. Rohner, O.S.B. Adapted by Rev. Richard Brennan, LL.D. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *A Short History of the Catholic Church.* By F. Goulburn Walpole. London: Burns & Oates, Limited; New York: Benziger Brothers.

We regret to have to speak in disparaging terms of a work the intentions of whose author are manifestly so good, especially as the multiplication of Catholic books is a thing ardently to be desired. Some regard, however, must be had for quality as well as for quantity.

4.—MOSAICS.*

This is the second volume of poems and dramas which have come from that classic retreat up in the mountains of Western Pennsylvania and from the pen of Mercedes. The first, *Wild Flowers from the Mountain Side*, appeared some twelve years ago, and such was the excellence of the verse and the high character of the poetic thought that the reputation of Mercedes as one of the sweetest interpreters of the religious muse became well established.

It is difficult for the editor of a religious publication to preserve any very high idea of what is ordinarily termed "poetry of piety," because any one who conceives an ardent thought and can write a jingle of words to it must rush into print, with the result that the experienced manuscript-reader has little patience with such effusions, and it is only when a striking name is subscribed or a more than ordinarily brilliant thought, like a meteor, flashes beneath the verse that his attention is arrested.

The name of Mercedes will give to verse a standing in most editorial sanctums. Her poetry is born of convent life, with its peace, serenity, and refinement. It breathes that atmosphere of devotion and study and consecration. It comes to us out in the madding crowd as a wafting of perfumed air from the conservatory to the hungry souls in the darkness without.

In this present volume, *Mosaics*, there are some very choice bits of poetic sentiment, and they show a maturity of thought and have a polish of expression which belong to the ripe mind. At random we cull one of these rarer sprigs—the cactus-plant which stood in the old south window:

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* *Mosaics.* Verses by Mercedes. Convent Printing Press, St. Xavier's Academy, Beatty, Pa.

> "A knotted and tangled thing,
> A heavy vine too awkward to twine:
> No tendrils to creep or cling,
> No leaflets of tender verdure
> E'er brightened its roughness there;
> But it stood, like a wrong, so bold and so strong,
> A blot on that gay parterre."

As a sort of appendix to the volume of poems are printed some dramas written for the misses at the academy. It is good to see these published, for there is often a great demand for this kind of literature. It would be not a little favor if Mercedes would gather all her dramas together and publish them. Her name would create for them a ready market.

Mosaics, printed at the Convent Press, is beautifully done.

5.—CANONICAL PROCEDURE.*

It is interesting to know that this book has gone to a second edition. When it first appeared it was clearing new ground in an almost unsurveyed land. Cases have been tried, to be sure, but a paternal government very often dispensed with forms and a stated canonical procedure, and little regard was paid to the set ways of the court-room and the exactions of the canonical judge.

As it was impossible to apply the old canon law without some notable modifications to the state of affairs existing in the church in this country, Rome set herself to bring about the needed adaptations. The principles being affirmed, the wisdom of the canonist was necessary to make the application to ecclesiastical matters in this country.

That Bishop Messmer has done this work with a prudence and a sagacity which have characterized his teaching as a professor, and later his administration as a bishop, the demand for a second edition is abundant evidence.

It is a book of this kind, written in a legal temper and becoming an acknowledged hand-book of procedure, that does so much to defend the rights of the cleric, on the one hand, while it conserves the prerogatives of the episcopal office on the other.

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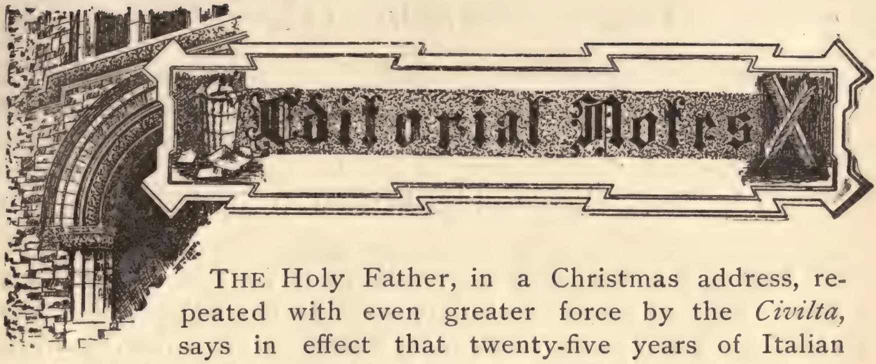
* *Canonical Procedure in Disciplinary and Criminal Cases of Clerics.* A Systematic Commentary on the Instructio S. C. Epp. et Reg. 1880. By the Rev. Francis Droste. Edited by the Rt. Rev. Sebastian G. Messmer, D.D. Second Edition. New York: Benziger Brothers.



Editorial Notes

THE Holy Father, in a Christmas address, repeated with even greater force by the *Civilta,* says in effect that twenty-five years of Italian governing has proven a failure because Italy has counted without its host. An Italian monarchy which tries to put aside the Pope finds that he will not down. Calmly and forcefully the Holy Father says the only way to national peace is to retrace your steps and give the Head of the Church a place which his authority and influence demand.

There is an important article in the *North American Review* for January which seems to have escaped the notice of the secular reviewists. To our thinking nothing can be more significant of the right-about-face on the question of the necessity of infusing the religious element into the educational life of the day than the publication in the ultra-American review of Hon. Amasa Thornton's statement concerning the saving of the Twentieth Century City by teaching religion in the schools. The whole article has the ring of true metal about it.

The settlement of the Manitoba school difficulty, while it secures the Catholic separate school as the ideal one, bids the Catholic people to take what they can get, and continue to demand more until they have what is theirs.

The masterly article on the "History of an Irish Cathedral" printed in this number is from the pen of Thomas Arnold, only surviving son of Thomas Arnold of Rugby, a brother of Matthew Arnold and father of Mrs. Humphrey Ward.

The annual meeting of the Catholic Missionary Union just held showed most encouraging results from the last year's work. The reports of the missionaries maintained and directed by the Union indicated progress and vitality. Non-Catholic missions have been uninterruptedly conducted in the States where these missionaries are stationed. Still, the directors feel that the real work of these missions is but begun, and that tremendous opportunities loom before them, which, if they had the funds, they might utilize to the home-bringing of many souls.

LIVING CATHOLIC MEN OF SCIENCE.

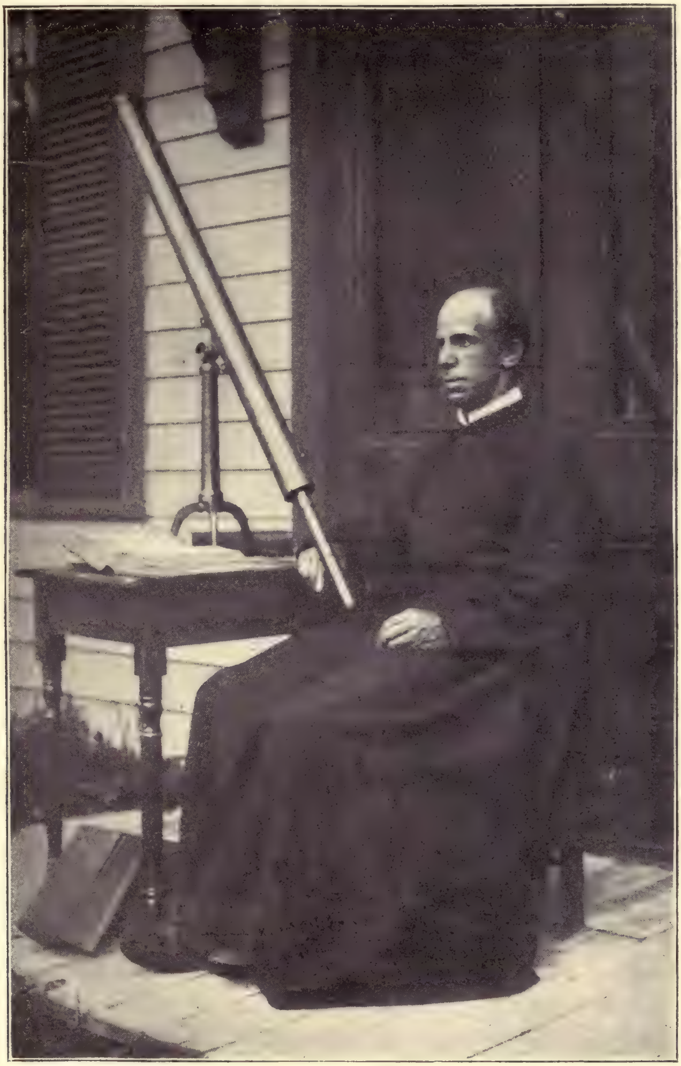
Rev. George M. Searle was born in London, England, on June 27, 1839, his father being an American citizen and the child's foreign birth being due to the mere accident of a European visit. George Searle was actually born an American. A very few months later the family returned to this country, and the boy during his youth attended the Brookline High School, and later entering Harvard, was graduated from that institution in the class of 1857. Studies and disposition of mind alike contributed to fit him for a scientific career in the department of mathematics and astronomy; and shortly after graduation he took position as assistant at the Dudley Observatory, Albany, and devoted himself entirely to astronomical work.

The first early fruit of his efforts was the discovery of the asteroid Pandora, which took place on September 11, 1858, almost within a year of his graduation from the university.

Beginning with that period, his prominence in scientific circles has been maintained by various successful investigations and some noteworthy discoveries. Both at home and abroad the attention of men of science has more than once been directed toward the striking results that rewarded his labors. Having entered the service of the United States Coast Survey in the beginning of 1859, he was appointed three years later to the post of assistant professor in the United States Naval Academy, and served in that capacity throughout the remaining years of the war.

About this time the religious question becoming paramount in his life, he investigated the claims of the Catholic Church with the result of making his submission to her authority. He spent some time in the city of Rome. He returned to Harvard as assistant in the observatory in June, 1866, and remained there for two years, at the end of which time he entered the Paulist Community and began his novitiate in New York. In March, 1871, he was ordained priest, and since that time he has been chiefly engaged in the pursuit of scientific studies, while at the same time holding a professor's chair in moral theology and devoting some time to the apostolic labors of the ministry.

On the opening of the Catholic University at Washington, in 1889, he became professor of astronomy and mathematics in that institution, and remained there until June, 1897. While there he prepared a manual of apologetics called *Plain Facts for Fair Minds,* which has since become the most popular book of its kind in the English language.



REV. GEORGE M. SEARLE, C.S.P.

Father Searle has contributed largely to current journals and reviews, has again and again figured in the pages of the astronomical journals, and has had no little share in the advance of the photographic art, in which department he is a practical operator of considerable skill. He is the author of *Elements of Geometry*, a book which deserved to receive an extensive notice from a magazine of such weight as the *Revue de Bruxelles.*

Within the last month Father Searle has been invited to Rome to take charge of the Vatican Observatory.

REV. JOHN J. GRIFFIN, Ph.D., the Professor and Director of the Chemical Laboratory of the Catholic University at Washington, can be looked upon with envy by his fellow-chemists, for he can investigate, experiment, and illustrate in one of the completest laboratories in the country. He has also at his command an excellent working library, and, thanks to some good friends, he receives all the leading chemical periodicals of the world. This fortunate scholar was born near Corning, N. Y., June 24, 1859. His family removed to the New England States while the boy was young enough to justify his claim on Massachusetts as his home. His early education was obtained in the public schools of Lawrence. He did good work there, being graduated from the High School with honors in 1878. That same year he entered the college at Ottawa, Canada. Here he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1881; two years later the degree of Master of Arts was conferred on him. Then he went through his theology course in the Ottawa Diocesan Seminary, and was ordained priest in 1885. He spent his first year after ordination as instructor in elementary physics in Ottawa College. Then he went to work in the ministry as assistant priest in St. Mary's Church, at Cambridgeport, Mass., at the same time conducting classes in science at St. Thomas Aquinas' College.

In September, 1887, he returned to Ottawa College as instructor in physics and chemistry, which position he held with distinguished success for three years. But, as he was desirous of devoting himself especially to natural science, he severed himself from the college in 1890 and entered Johns Hopkins University as a graduate student in chemistry, with physics and mathematics as subordinate subjects. While pursuing his studies at Johns Hopkins he conducted classes in chemistry at St. Joseph's Seminary and at Notre Dame of Maryland. This meant long hours of hard work, but Dr. Griffin is not afraid of hard work, and he wins his students to love it too. One must get on with such incentives as he knows how to hold out to the earnest worker.

While the professor was at Ottawa he was considered a specialist in electricity as well as chemistry. It was he that established the first isolated lighting plant in the Dominion; he may literally be said to have illuminated his college. He did the same for the Catholic University at Washington, where he now labors. He took his degree of Ph.D. from Johns Hopkins in June, 1895. He spent one of the long vacations in Europe visiting a few of the great German centres of learning. He was made member of the *Deutschen Chemische Gesellschaft*

REV. JOHN J. GRIFFIN, PH.D.

of Berlin and of the *Electro-Chemische Gesellschaft*. He is also a member of the American Chemical Society. While at Johns Hopkins he worked on metatoluene sulphonic acid till he settled a question which had been in dispute for twenty-five years among chemists.

He has established at the Catholic University a chemical museum showing the processes and products of the chemical industries of the world.

In the subject of this sketch there exists a sterling excellence of heart with the most provoking lack of outward show. There is, too, a pronounced and very correct taste in the matter of literature. Dr. Griffin's private collection of books not scientific is one that can help to explain where much of his money goes. In the lecture-room Professor Griffin speaks slowly and with ease; in conversation his utterance is a marvel of rapidity. One must be an old friend to feel quite sure of what he says, and it is a pity to lose what he says, because it is fine-cut wit and humor generally, when it is not pathetic. In a word, there is much profit in the exercise of conference with him, and there is true joy in his friendship.

Pope Leo's great exertions in favor of the higher education of the clergy in all lines should be proof enough that the strong light of science is not feared; in other words, the Catholic Church at the end of the nineteenth century, as through all the preceding centuries, is the promoter of learning in all its branches. The priest-scientist of to-day holds the same faith as the priest of other days, having simply the advantage of the accumulated experience of those other days added to his own researches. While falling into line with the real scholars, he does not, because he need not, modify an iota of his priestly tenets; he can and does adjust himself to the modern theories as far as they are tenable. This particular priest-scientist can best be characterized, as to his method of progress, as "unhasting, unresting."

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

GOVERNOR BLACK, in his message to the Legislature, has shown commendable penetration by a justly deserved recognition to the work for higher education, which embraces a wide range of volunteer forces under the patronage and direction of the New York State Board of Regents. Reading Clubs, Summer-Schools, small circulating libraries, and university extension lectures are all welcomed as factors in promoting general culture and self-improvement, without detriment to the legitimate claims of academies, colleges, and universities. This aggregation of educational institutions is known as the University of the State of New York. It is dominated by a wise policy of extending a helping hand to every group of professional teachers, regardless of their religious convictions, who are willing to accept a fair standard of examination and inspection. No sanction is given to the narrow minds darkened by bigotry who seek to make the wearing of a religious garb a legal disqualification for teaching.

The governor's tribute of praise is as follows:

"New York has in her University an organization nearly as old as the State itself. Its work has established its reputation at home and abroad. Those who plan for the future of the State know that its greatness will depend no less upon its educational interests than upon its material prosperity. All admit the value of elementary education, but many fail to understand that higher education pays equally as well. The common school draws mainly from the State, but for the higher institutions the field is boundless. Those who spend years in arduous training seek not the cheapest or the nearest, but the best; and if New York's schools are at the head they will be sought by students from other States.

"The recent administration of the University knows the methods of reaching desired results. Under it new currents are setting toward New York. Its field is broadening every year. The best educators believe that system is nearest perfect whose instruction does not end with the period of youth, but continues through the student's life. The library is a chief agency in this continuance. New York, the pioneer in many fields, was the first in this or any country to recognize by statute the efficiency of the public library as a part of its educational plan. We have over five hundred travelling libraries of the best books published. They are loaned to any community requesting them. Other States have adopted this part of our system. Knowledge gained from good books means increased power and better citizenship. The University has seen and developed this idea. Its progress has been rapid, its influence beneficent and lasting. Local free public libraries are springing up under its lead. In the last four years the number of libraries has increased from 201 to 340, and the books from 404,616 to 1,038,618. There is careful discrimination in favor of the best books, for reading produces evil as well as good results. It is a ladder which may be used to climb to the summit or descend to the pit. Thousands of doubtful books are yearly disapproved and local authorities are glad to accept the University's intelligent supervision. No State has before dealt with this question on so broad a plane. Our State library is by far the largest and most efficient maintained by any State. It is the centre of a great work, the strongest ally of the public schools, and its influence develops constantly. New York has been the teacher in these vital, new ideas and has received, the world over, most generous recognition. Its place in this important field is that of acknowledged leadership."

* * *

Late in November a great meeting was held in the Royal University Building, Dublin, to honor the memory of Edmund Burke, and to claim for him a place among the founders of the new order of things. The Marquis of Dufferin presided, and the Most Rev. Dr. Healy, Bishop of Clonfert, brought to light some facts not properly understood by Mr. Lecky in his writings concerning the eighteenth century. Rev. William Barry, D.D., stated that it had been the fashion to praise or condemn Edmund Burke as a mere conservative philosopher. But the idea for which he lived was not to mark time and leave the world as he found it. No one ever had a more abiding zeal for reform than he had.

He was, before all things, compassionate and a lover of his kind, feeling with a Celtic heart, which was easily moved, as he saw with Celtic eyes the world's vices, and must needs pity them and seek a remedy in cautious, charitable wisdom. It was a new spirit which he brought into politics. He was a reformer by due course of law. He could do nothing else when his eyes opened on that sad spectacle of Irish miseries, Irish patience, and Irish loss, which even at this distance we could hardly bear to read of, nor could we read of them without rising grief and indignation. Change—was there any one who would long for it more passionately than the precocious lad, the student of life and books, who in his person knew and felt as the Irish peasants felt, with an old Norman name, with Galway blood running in his veins, to leave the people without instruction in Spenser's fairyland, by the enchanted stream of the Blackwater, hearing, if he did not understand, the old Celtic tongue, fiery, sweet, and mournful, in Desmond, where the drums and trumpetings of three conquests had made a wilderness and left stinging memories? Surely he was face to face with the Irish question. It lived all around him; it addressed him with lugubrious language.

Burke's own words on the penal laws were: "The worst species of tyranny that the insolence and perverseness of mankind ever dared exercise; it was a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment, and degradation of the people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man." It is to the everlasting honor of these Irishmen, Protestants, who brought this system to the ground. Swift was the great captain of the band; Henry Grattan, whose years of martyrdom bore witness to his sincerity when he exclaimed that the Irish Protestant never could be free while the Irish Catholic was a slave. To that immortal company Edmund Burke must be added. Look upon this starry son of genius and remember his career in London, writing passages in the Annual Register, one of that company of whom Boswell had written, none greater than the student from Trinity College, Dublin, and from old Abraham Shackleton's Academy, of Ballytore. He loved to talk of art with Sir Joshua Reynolds, of the stage with Garrick, of politics with Gibbon, and of the experience of life with Johnson.

There was a mingling of religious awe in Burke's philosophy. Johnson moralized, Burke speculated, and Johnson's was the fist of authority that struck one down. Burke's was the open hand of rhetoric which they were to grasp with equal apprehension. Burke died not so much of old age as of the Indian miseries, the great Revolution, the troubles that were coming thick and fast on Ireland, and of his son's death. He sank down in the twilight of the gods, which for him brought no promise of the new day. More remarkable than his powers of speech or his learning, which eclipsed every one else in Parliament, or his industry, was Burke's acquaintance with the only true and fruitful methods in politics that might assign him to that small group which counted among them Montesquieu, Adam Smith, and Emmanuel Kant. His appeal was always to concrete human nature, to the spirit of laws, and the social reason, which were above party and private judgment. He held that in all forms of government the people were the true legislators, and the consent of the people was absolutely essential to the validity of legislation. By such principles as these he judged the causes and guided his views during the thirty years of his political activity. He had no personal aims. He made no fortune, was not decorated, and died without a title, and he flung from him his last pension when the minister sought to regard it as a kind of retaining fee. All his plans tended one way, and were dictated by equality and utility in one commonwealth. Burke stood between two eras. He foreboded a mighty change, and left some imperishable literature. In his last year America was safe. Thanks to Edmund Burke, Europe was in the throes of dissolution; India was on the way to triumph over the system of Hastings. Burke gave himself inseparably to India, and it was a triumphant thought for Ireland that two Irishmen, Burke and Sheridan, were the great opponents of the Indian Cromwell.

May'st thou be guided by the star of hope,
O sad and weary soul!
E'en though in darkness thou must often grope
Towards the promised goal.
All that thou hast desired thou'lt surely find
If thou but yield'st thy will:
The time is God's, not thine; and He most kind:
Thou hast but to lie still.

JANE B. BARNARD.

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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AMERICA AS SEEN FROM ABROAD.

BY MOST REV. JOHN J. KEANE, ARCHBISHOP OF DAMASCUS.

AN intelligent American comes to Europe not only to see but to learn. Conscious and proud though he may be of the excellences peculiar to his country, he knows that these are not spontaneous generations but the outgrowth of older conditions, and that, in order to appreciate them rightly, he ought to make himself acquainted with the conditions from which they have sprung or which have given occasion to them.

To his surprise, he soon discovers that his desire to learn is more than matched by the interest with which, in many parts of Europe, American ideas and institutions are watched and studied. This is naturally gratifying, and he thinks more kindly of those who devote so much attention to his country. It may become somewhat embarrassing; for he is apt to find that his questioners have been making a scientific study of social conditions and tendencies for which he has had no inclination and of which he has felt no need, and it is therefore no easy matter for him to seize the precise nature of their distinctions and the exact point of their inquiries.

At first he is apt to feel at a disadvantage and somewhat put to the blush. But upon examination and reflection he discovers that in his apparent lack of culture there is much to be grateful for. In America things shape themselves naturally, as circumstances dictate. Our action is usually not directed by scientific rules, but by the plain pointing of emergent facts. Our freedom of choice and resolve is very little

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hampered by traditional notions or methods or prejudices, and so, when good sense is not warped by interest, we do what the nature of things seems to demand. We often make mistakes, but by mistakes we learn.

INTELLECTUAL UNREST IN EUROPE.

In Europe it is quite different. They have the great advantages, and the very grave disadvantages, of centuries upon centuries of experience, and therefore of traditional methods and institutions. What once were helps may, by change of circumstances, become serious hindrances. To escape from them or modify them may be enormously difficult, for, says a noted English writer, "fetters of red tape are often harder to break than fetters of iron." Nay, to view things through any but their medium, to judge things from any but their standpoint, may be an intellectual achievement by no means easy.

Hence the intellectual unrest, nay, the intellectual strife, which we find everywhere in Europe. It is the struggle between those who feel the necessity of adapting thought and conditions to the new needs of the world, and those who hold loyally to old standards of thought and old methods of action, or at least look with misgiving on the new conditions that are forcing themselves in. Hence the feverish study of social questions and theories and systems—some acquaintance with which makes the American quite content with being less scientific, because less anxious and troubled, because more free to follow the manifest guidance of nature and of Providence rather than the inventions and conventionalisms of men. Hence the American's discovery that he and his country are watched with great sympathy by some, with just as great suspicion by others. To some, America is the climax of desirable and even necessary progress; to others, she is the embodiment of dangerous revolutionism. In both of these views a sensible American finds some truth and much exaggeration; and to hold his own course between these opposing extremes, to explain what the ideas and position and aims of his country really are, to show clearly in what they differ from the exaggerated notions of the one side or of the other, becomes a matter of no small difficulty.

DIVERGENT VIEWS OF SOCIAL REFORM.

But he is only at the beginning of his difficulties. Despairing of coming into sympathy with the reactionaries or of bringing them into sympathy with him, he naturally turns his attention toward those who may be called the progressists. But, to his embarrassment, he discovers that they are divided into several schools, holding to different theories of social reform and insisting on different lines of action. Europeans, especially of the Continent, once they become interested in social subjects, are apt to devote to them a very remarkable amount of intellectual activity and even enthusiasm. By nature, and especially if they have had some university training, they are prone to aim at being original thinkers, at finding an original view or an original solution. By nature also they are far more prone than we to insist upon the details, especially their original details, of a system, rather than on its broad outlines. Then in eager, ambitious young minds there is apt to be somewhat of the spirit which made Cæsar say that he would rather be the first man in an Italian village than the second in Rome. The natural consequence of all this is that schools of thought, differing more or less from one another in theories and systems, are numerous and keep multiplying.

Had these schools a tendency to mutual understanding and co-operation, the result might be a very useful and creditable study of the great problem of social reform from many points of view. But, too frequently, the intensity of the European character, together with some tendency to self-assertion and obstinacy of conviction, seems to render this mutual understanding impossible. The result is, too often, an intensity of partisanship and of mutual hostility which it is not easy for us to understand. Let one illustration suffice. Father Antoine, S.J., in his *Cours d'Économie Sociale,* classifies the various Catholic schools in two great groups—the group of "Catholic Conservatives" and the group of "Catholic Reformers or Socialists." Having carefully explained their general agreements and their special divergences, he concludes this interesting study with a sorrowful allusion to the bitterness and manifest unfairness with which the leaders of the former group accuse the latter of being, in their principles and their tendencies, if not in their professions, out-and-out socialists. After detailing the numerous encouragements and endorsements given to the various congresses of the Catholic Reformers or Christian Socialists by the Holy See, Father Antoine very reasonably concludes as follows: "It is astonishing to hear these accusations of socialism hurled against doctrines and procedure encouraged and approved by the Chief Pastor of the church." But experience shows that these rival schools are proof against all such reasoning. No wonder that our American is puzzled. And no wonder if, after awhile, instead of meeting, as at first, with the courtesy due to a stranger, he finds his American ideas coming into collision with misunderstandings, misrepresentations, and invective.

THE AMERICAN SYSTEM PUZZLING.

He finds that our political system is a great puzzle to Europeans. When he tells them that we have the freest country, and yet, at the same time, the strongest government in the world, he seems to be dealing in contradictions. They have been used to consider liberty as a tendency to license, and authority as a tendency to despotism ; and they have facts in abundance under their eyes to confirm their impression. Hence the American's candid statement of our system seems to them a utopian exaggeration. He explains to them the elements of the system and of its practical working, which render despotism impossible and anarchism absurd. But he will be fortunate if he can get them to understand. Their systems are based on the hypothesis of perpetual contest between irreconcilable extremes ; ours on the hypothesis of the synthesis of centripetal and centrifugal tendencies, represented by the two great parties—tendencies which, though diverse and apparently opposite, really co-operate for the general welfare and constitute the stability of the system. Here is the root of their inability to understand us ; they are traditionally and instinctively analytic, we instinctively synthetic. They see opposites in conflict, and take sides strongly, even bitterly ; we see diversities that aim at the same result, and we try to bring them into harmony. So we are a puzzle to them ; our politics seem bizarre ; and this being the view ordinarily taken by their newspapers, they are apt to know really nothing about our politics except their eccentricities. Thus, a European said of late to an American : " Why, I really didn't know that you had any politics in your country. Oh, yes ! by the way, I did hear something about Mugwumps."

In like manner, he finds that it is very hard for them to understand the strong tendency toward homogeneity among the diverse elements that make up the American people. In Europe they are used to the spectacle of races and nationalities remaining distinct and even hostile generation after generation and century after century. Such a spectacle as that presented by the Austrian Empire seems from custom to be a normal state of things. That all these nationalities should come to the United States and become a homogeneous people in a generation or two, seems simply impossible. Nay, to some, owing to race prejudices, it seems undesirable. The American, of course, does not agree with them, because he knows that such cannot be the view of our Father in Heaven concerning the various branches of his family. But he finds it hard to convince them that this unification can take place without repression and coercion, such as they have witnessed in various European countries. He explains to them that it results from the natural tendency to assimilation among our people; that it would, on the contrary, require repression and coercion to prevent the young people of the second, and especially of the third, generation from being thoroughly Americans and nothing else. Fortunate will he be if they do not put him down for a dreamer. Fortunate, too, if he be not regarded askance as a conspirator against European institutions.

THE MAIN DIFFICULTY.

But the *pons asinorum* is reached when they come to ask him about American relations between church and state. They have been used to either church establishment or church oppression, church patronized or church persecuted. A condition in which the church neither seeks patronage nor fears persecution seems to them almost inconceivable; and when our American assures them that such is the condition in his country, they think him more than ever a dreamer. In European conditions separation of church and state means the exclusion of the church, and even of Religion, from the national life; it means the church regarded with suspicion, with hostility, subject to all sorts of annoying, hampering, and repressive measures. They cannot imagine a separation of church and state which means simply that each leaves, and is bound to leave, the other free and independent in the management of its own affairs; each, however, respecting the other, and giving the other moral encouragement and even substantial aid when circumstances require or permit. This, they recognize, while indeed a physical separation of church and state, would be in reality their moral union. Nay, they will acknowledge that a moral union of the kind would probably be more advantageous to both church and state than a union which would tend to blend and entangle their functions, with a probable confusion of wholly distinct ends and methods, likely to prove pernicious to both sides. And among past and present European conditions they can find plenty of sad illustrations to bring the truth home to them. But, all the same, when our American assures them that such is really the relation of church and state in his country, and that, considering the circumstances of the times, it is the only practicable or even desirable one, then they are quite convinced that he is not only a dreamer, but even unsound in the faith.

From this we can understand with how great wisdom our Holy Father, Leo XIII., has warned us that we must beware of proposing as a norm for the nations at large the conditions which we find so satisfactory and so advantageous to the church in our country. Their situation, traditions, tendencies, dispositions, are totally different, and what fits us admirably would not fit them at all.

Because of this difference of stand-point and medium, they find equal difficulty in understanding our relations with our non-Catholic fellow-citizens. They have for centuries, and with very good reason, been used to regarding Protestants as assailants of the church, to be met, as it were, at the point of the bayonet. When the American assures them that, with the exception of a small minority of fanatics, such is not at all the attitude of our non-Catholics; that they are Protestants simply by force of heredity, and mostly in perfectly good faith; that we regard them as fellow-Christians who, through the fault of their ancestors, have lost part of the Christian teaching and are in a false position as to the church and the channels of grace; and that we, in the spirit of fraternal charity, are striving to lead them up to the fulness of truth and grace; again he will seem to them more than ever a dreamer, and more probably than ever tainted in his orthodoxy.

Hence their almost insuperable difficulty, for instance, in understanding and doing justice to the part taken by Catholics in the Parliament of Religions at Chicago. To them it seems treasonable collusion with the enemies of the Catholic Church and the Christian Religion. Our American may show them that it was neither meant to be nor understood to be anything of the kind; he argues in vain. He may show them the printed record of the Catholic discourses pronounced day after day, demonstrating that not in a single instance was there any minimizing of Catholic belief; but it is of no use. He may tell them of the missionary work done from morning till night every day in the Catholic hall; of the enormous amount of Catholic literature distributed to eager inquirers; of the general impression produced that only the Catholic Church could stand up among all the religions of the world, in the calm majestic dignity and tender pitying charity coming from her consciousness of alone possessing the fulness of the truth, and from her consciousness too that it is still and ever her right and her duty to teach that fulness to the whole world; they only look on him in wonder, and go away staggered but not convinced. Occasionally, indeed, he will meet with more open minds, more capable of understanding and appreciating. Thus, when the plain facts of the case were stated to the Catholic Scientific Congress at Brussels, three years ago, the audience, not to be matched in Europe for intelligence and judiciousness, showed their sympathy and their approval in an outburst of enthusiasm not soon to be forgotten. Yet, once again, our Holy Father, knowing full well how totally different are the religious conditions and mental tendencies of Europe, has most wisely decreed that a parliament of the kind would there be unadvisable.

AMERICAN CATHOLICS AND MODERN LIFE.

The difficulties of our American reach their climax when his courteous critics express their sentiments concerning the sympathy of Catholics in America with the age, its ideas, and its civilization. To his simple mind it seems but reasonable that we should sympathize with the age in which Providence has placed us, and with any ideas, old or new, which tend to make life more humane, more just, more enlightened, more comfortable, more civilized. But he finds that his kind critics hold as a starting principle, coloring their view of the entire subject, that modern ideas and the spirit of the age are essentially and hopelessly Voltairean, infidel, anti-Christian. He assures them that Voltaireanism, infidelity, anti-Christianism are by no means the medium and mould of American thought, which surely is modern enough; that, on the contrary, Voltaireanism is despised by all sensible Americans; that we are just as far from anti-Christianism as we are from the monstrosities of the French Revolution; that modern civilization with us has the spirit and influence of Christ as an integral and essential constituent. They listen with a smile of incredulous pity, perhaps with a frown.

The spirit has not quite passed away which filled with such bitterness the last years of Bishop Dupanloup. Long he had been recognized as the foremost champion of Catholic truth in Europe. When the Syllabus was issued, and so unjustly assailed by unbelievers as incompatible with modern life and civilization, he published a magnificent commentary to demonstrate the contrary. He repeatedly received encomiums from the

Holy See. He had shown that, in its best and truest and only true sense, modern civilization was entirely compatible with the religion of Jesus Christ, which is the religion of all ages. But forth leaps a journalistic Goliath who maintains that modern civilization, in any sense whatsoever, is incompatible with the Christian faith, and that whoever in any way accepts that civilization has lost the faith. Such a contention, in its obvious sense, was so manifestly false that only journalistic quibbles could make it appear tenable. But the quibbling was so able, so vehement, so loud-mouthed and persistent, that it captured multitudes; the great bishop and all who sympathized with him were denounced as traitors selling out the Christian faith to modern infidelity, and, as the summing up of all their guilt and all the odium they deserved, they were branded with the epithet of Liberals. Since that day Liberals and Liberalism are terms far more awful and condemnatory than heretics and heresy. And so our American, although laudably ready to thrash any man who would accuse him of deviating in the least from the church's teaching, has but a poor chance for a reputation of orthodoxy, since the survivors of this school have pinned on to him the label of Liberalism.

LEO'S ENCYCLICALS.

When Leo XIII. came to the Chair of Peter, the intestine strife among Catholics was so scandalous that, in his Encyclical *Immortale Dei*, he uttered against it words both of paternal pleading and of authoritative denunciation, especially against the newspapers that were ringleaders of dissension. But with little result. The attacks on Liberalism continued as before, and all the blame was thrown on it. Then the Holy Father, in his Encyclical *Libertas*, of June, 1888, clearly defined the several kinds of liberalism which the church condemns, as the abuse and corruption of liberty. These are: first, the repudiation of all divine law and authority; second, the repudiation of the supernatural law; third, the repudiation of ecclesiastical law and authority, either by the total rejection of the church or by the denial that it is a perfect society; fourth, the notion that the church ought to so far accommodate herself to times and circumstances as "to accept what is false or unjust, or to connive at what is pernicious to religion." Then he takes care to state plainly that the opinion is commendable (*honesta*) which holds that the church should accommodate herself to times and circumstances, "when by this is meant a reasonable line of action, consistent with truth and justice; when, that is, in view of greater good, the church shows herself indulgent, and grants to the times whatever she can grant consistently with the holiness of her office."

It was hoped that this would end the assaults of Catholics on fellow-Catholics; for surely none who cared or dared to profess themselves Catholics would be found outside of the very liberal limits here granted by the Holy Father; and surely none would be so fanatical as to brand Catholics with an epithet which, in its theological signification as defined by the Pope himself, was so evidently inapplicable to them. But narrowness and fanaticism have shown themselves capable of even that.

So much allowance must be made for European traditionalism, that we can very well have patience with the quixotic onslaughts on the bugbear of Liberalism by men and journals that legitimately inherit the mania. We can even make some allowance for the virus of European periodicals making such erroneous and calumnious statements concerning American conditions and personages. But reasonable people can have no patience with the wretched thing when imported into America, or at least into the United States, where its exaggerations and injustice cannot plead the palliating circumstances of loyalty to old notions and lingering impressions. They can feel nothing but unmitigated condemnation for a periodical which accuses American Catholics of fostering the Liberalism which has antagonized and is still antagonizing religion in France! And they can feel little short of disgust for petty journalists who bring discredit on religion and scandalize multitudes by spreading abroad insinuations of heterodoxy against prelates from whom they ought to be learning their catechism.

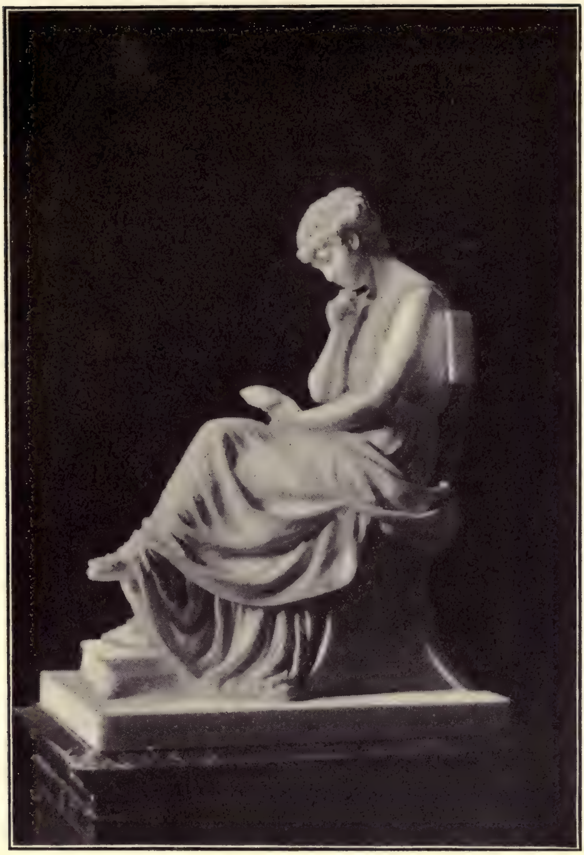
AMERICANISM OF FATHER HECKER.

Intelligent interest in America and "Americanism" has of late been greatly increased by the publication in French of the *Life of Father Hecker*. To ourselves, Father Hecker has for so long been a typical embodiment of American ideas and aspirations—has been, as we express it, so thoroughly an American institution, and we are so prone to take American institutions as a mere matter of course, that his Life has not attracted in our country the attention it deserves. How very differently he is regarded in Europe, now that he has become known through the translation of his life into French, is illustrated by the fact that the work has run through four editions in a few months, and that there is now a strong demand for its translation into Italian. Hecker is a revelation to them, a revelation of what America is and what Americanism means; not by any means a revolutionary revelation, but a most striking manifestation of what our Lord meant by "*nova et vetera* —new things and old."

The impression has been intensified by the essay of Monsignor D. J. O'Connell on "Americanism." It is a full and clear definition of that often misunderstood term, and an illustration of its meaning from the life and writings of Father Hecker. Republished since in various periodicals, it was first read by its right reverend author at the International Catholic Scientific Congress at Fribourg last August; and when he read his conclusion, that the idea "involves no conflict with either Catholic faith or morals; that, in spite of repeated statements to the contrary, it is no new form of heresy or liberalism or separatism; and that, fairly considered, 'Americanism' is nothing else than that loyal devotion that Catholics in America bear to the principles on which their government is founded, and their conscientious conviction that these principles afford Catholics favorable opportunities for promoting the glory of God, the growth of the Church, and the salvation of souls in America" —the hearty applause that followed showed how fully the bulk of the distinguished audience agreed with him.

As might be expected, Father Hecker and "Americanism" have had their assailants. The adherents of the old schools could, of course, not permit them to pass unchallenged. And, if need were, some interesting stories could be told on this head. But the comparative mildness of the protests shows that the old bitter spirit of partisanship is passing away; and the disfavor with which the attacks have been generally regarded proves that the acceptance of providential developments is becoming universal, that the synthesis between these developments and devoted Catholicity, as exemplified in Americanism, is more and more generally recognized to be both possible and desirable, and that Father Hecker is carrying on an apostolate to-day more wide-spread and more efficacious than during his life-time.

So, God speeding the good work, there is reason to hope that, ere many years, America, as seen from abroad, will not inspire so much suspicion and dread, and that the American will find himself more at home among his fellow-Catholics of Europe.



THE POMPEIAN MAIDEN.
One of Aureli's most successful minor works.

A ROMAN SCULPTOR AND HIS WORK: CESARE AURELI.

BY MARIE DONEGAN WALSH.

THERE is, perhaps, no art so attractive to the eye or so fascinating to the mind as that old, old art of sculpture; which has come down to us as a priceless heritage from days when the world was young, and men worshipped the ideal of the beautiful. To the crude, untrained eye, unrefined by education and culture and unawakened as yet to the beauty of form and proportion, painting, with its strong brilliant coloring and fidelity to nature, appeals more forcibly. But once let us cultivate our taste by wandering amidst the fascinating realms of this art, which is the expression and embodiment of our best aspirations, and we can no longer rest wholly satisfied with the sister art, which, though beautiful and entrancing, lacks the grand creative power of sculpture. The poet dreams of fairest fancies, the painter copies nature's loveliness; but the sculptor creates, and that power of creation appeals to our finite nature as the earthly symbol of the Mightiest Power, who created man to his image and likeness!

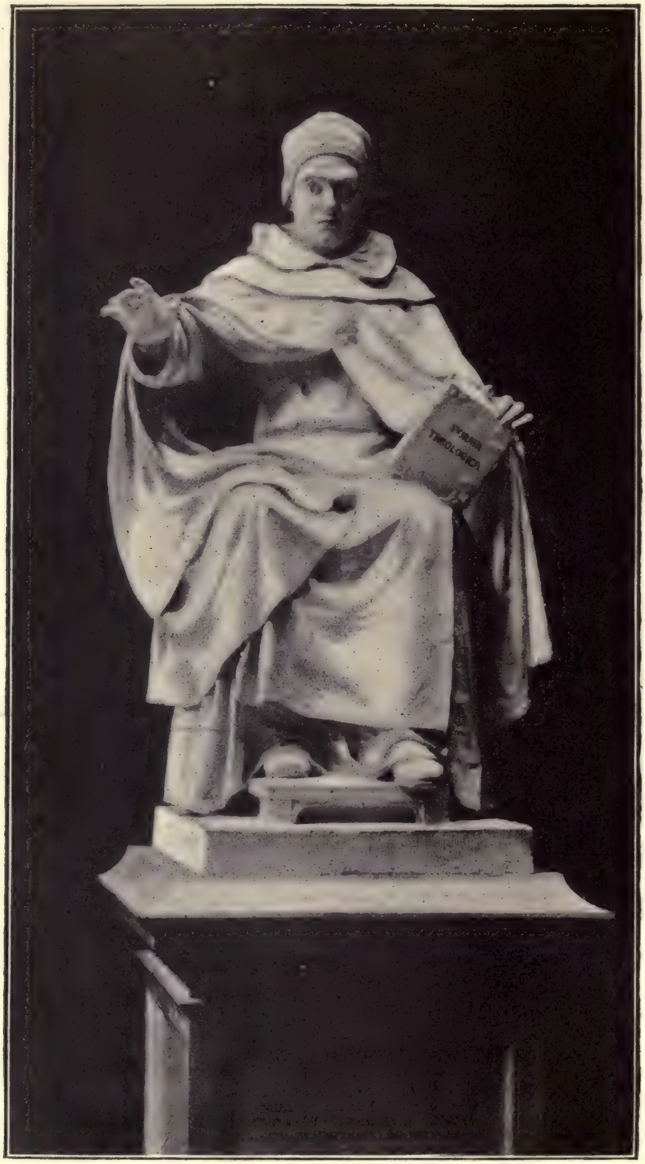
It is a great and terrible responsibility to be given into the hands of a creature, for the art of sculpture can not only ennoble but degrade, according to the spirit of its exponent, and unfortunately this god-like gift from the earliest ages has been perverted by man to base uses. We cannot be too thankful, then, when the mantle falls upon worthy shoulders. In our modern maelstrom, with its highly cultivated brain-theories, its science, and its startling discoveries, there is no time for the ideal. It is apt to be crowded into the background; but fortunately there are exceptions even in this utilitarian century, and men are found with the courage of their convictions to prefer following the true, the pure, and the noble in art, to the passing fancies of the time, which bring at the best an evanescent success and a certain popularity in their day. These men are not content save with the highest and best that lies within them, and think their lives not lived in vain if they have brought their art in some degree nearer the ideal after which they honestly strive.

A living exponent of this—and I have no doubt there are many more in the great republic of art in every land—is the modern sculptor to whose work and aims I purpose to devote this sketch, in order to show, if in ever so small a degree, that the apostleship of art has its place in our scheme of the Catholic civilization of the world, as well as the apostleship of the press and the apostleship of good works; for never more than in the present time is pure, lofty Catholic art needed to be a practical helper in more active works of charity.

Cesare Aureli, as his name implies, is a Roman of the Romans, born and bred in the mighty shadow of St. Peter's, within the walls of that Eternal City which has been the birthplace of so many sons of genius, for Rome is not only the home of religion but the home of art, and amidst its inspired surroundings, where every stone speaks of the great artistic past, the future sculptor drew his first childish inspiration. Art meets us at every turning and corner of Rome, and more especially must it have done so in the Rome of fifty years ago, when Aureli was a child, and, from the sculptured marvels of the Vatican and the Capitol to the humblest street fountains, which in their artistic beauty are a constant joy to the eye, found himself surrounded, as it were, by art; breathing it in the very air he breathed and drawing its influence into a mind already open to such impressions. Under these conditions it is little wonder that the boy grew up to be a sculptor.

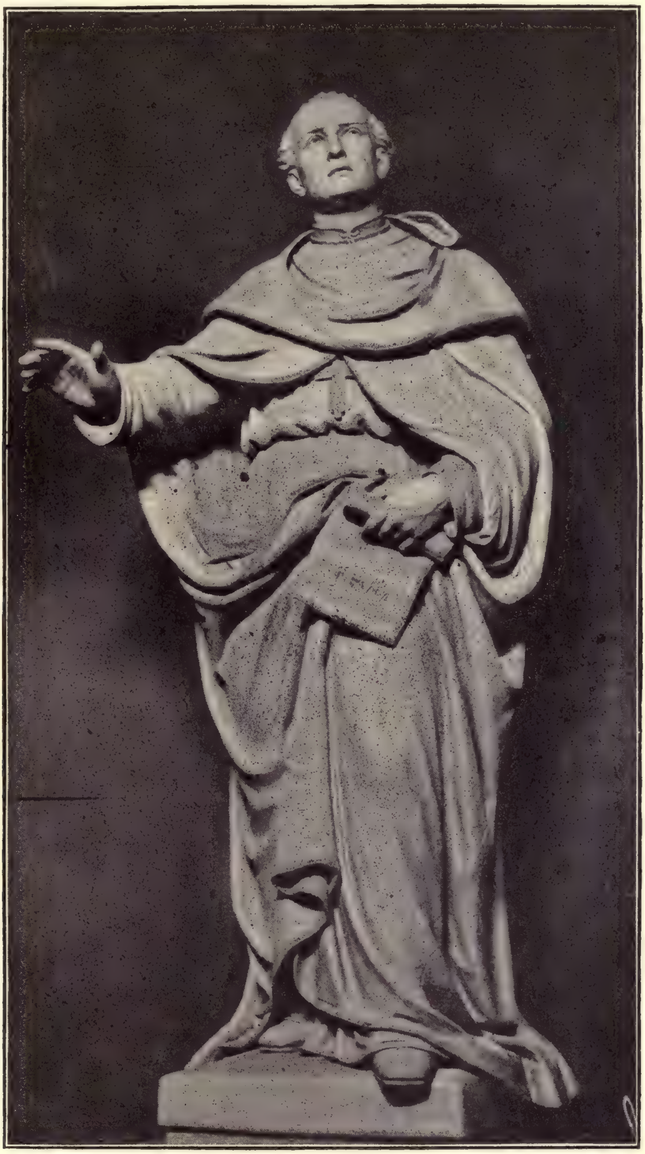
With the usual contrariness displayed by the parents of great men, who never seem to recognize the inherent talent of their children and their marked leaning towards some certain calling, Aureli's father destined him for quite another career than that of a sculptor; and one, moreover, in which all his artistic talents were completely wasted. But his lady, Art, had marked the youth for her own, even at an early age, and his intense distaste for the profession proposed to him caused his father to withdraw his opposition and grant the dearest wish of the boy's heart to become a student in a sculptor's studio. Of course we can understand, in a way, the father's unwillingness that his son should follow an artistic career, for these early leanings towards art often turn out a bitter disappointment in later years, spoiling many an otherwise promising career, and the brilliant future that lay before the lad in thus following his true vocation could not be foreseen. Cesare Aureli became a pupil of the Accademia di San Luca (the great art school of Rome) and studied under the famous sculptor Tenerani. Afterwards he was a student in the *ateliers* of Professors Bianchi and Müller, both of them celebrated sculptors, the latter being the sculptor of the famous statue of "Prometheus," now in the National Gallery of Berlin. Provided under their tuition with a splendid art-training, Aureli set up a studio of his own and began serious work as a sculptor, starting from the very outset of his career with the lofty principles and singleness of purpose which have characterized him both as man and artist. Needless to relate, success crowned his efforts; and, as the young sculptor's statues began to attract attention, they were admired by an art public perhaps the most critical in the world, for their exquisite fineness and delicacy of execution, their imaginative power and their striking realism. As the sculptor's mind grew, his power increased, perfected by sedulous application to his work and the earnestness with which he went about it.

"I like to make my statues according to my principles," was a remark Aureli once let fall to a friend, in discussing some artistic topic; and that this is the keynote of his life



St. Thomas Aquinas.
The Seminarians' Jubilee Gift to the Holy Father.

and the maxim which has governed his work, will be seen by the successive statues which have leaped into life under his chisel: for after nearly forty years of ceaseless toil and patient, untiring energy, Cesare Aureli can point with pride to one and all of his family of marble children, now scattered in many lands, knowing that in not one of them has he been false to



ST. BONAVENTURE.

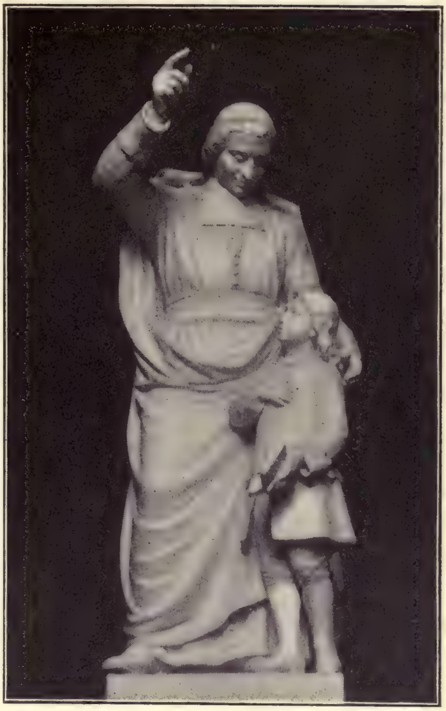
This statue won for the sculptor the decoration of the Order of St. Gregory.

his principles or to the faith which is dearer to him than life; not one but can "rise up and call him blessed"—a blameless record indeed, in these days of unbounded license in matters of art!

But do not imagine that this sculptor of lofty ideals is a recluse from the world, a dreamer in a land of purest dreams far from the stress and hurry of every-day life. He is one of the most practical of men; keen, clear-sighted, strong in thought and action, a man of deeds as well as thoughts, whose vigorous intellect fully realizes that the church's battles must now be fought in the world more than in the cloister, and that we Catholics must be in the thick of the fight—not lagging in the rear, but armed at every point with skill and knowledge ready to fight our enemies with their own weapons. Indeed, the fond boast of Cesare Aureli's later years is that his fellow-citizens have elected him as *Consigliere Communale* in the City Council of Rome, where his prudent and sagacious counsels make him a valued member and where he keeps the interests of the church well to the fore.

This may not seem an extraordinary thing, that a man should be able to mix in public affairs, be before the eyes of the world, and yet keep a sincere and practical Catholic; but any one who knows the Rome of the present day, with its irreligious government and strong anti-Catholic feeling, can realize to what temptations an artist and a man of genius like Aureli is exposed, since the enemies of the church strive by every means in their power to draw such as he to fight under their banner, knowing what a valuable ally he would be. But the loyal son of the church has passed unscathed through the ordeal and still remains strong in his high moral principles.

For them he has paid the price. Aureli is by no means a rich man, as he might easily have been had he ever sacrificed the integrity of his principles and given in ever so little to the spirit of irreligion. But his entire honesty and single-heartedness brings its own reward, and he is esteemed and loved by countless friends of every class and every shade of opinion. Liberal, atheist, and free-thinker as well as those of his own religion seem to turn instinctively to this broad-minded man, recognizing in him the true ring of native worth. Another example shows Cesare Aureli as a man of works; and that is his interest in the Catholic Working-man's Club, which is one of the finest institutions in Rome for young men of the artisan class, art-workers, etc., bringing them together and keeping them true to their creed. Realizing the terrible dangers to faith and morals to which young men of this class are exposed, Aureli lent his valuable aid to the organization of the club, called "La Società Artistica-Operaia," in which men of the highest rank and influence in Rome take the greatest interest. Three gallant workers championed this most philanthropic cause: the well-known Cardinal Jacobini, who is ever zealously to the fore in works of charity; Count Vespignani (the architect of St. Peter's), and Cesare Aureli, the sculptor. They were, in fact, the co-founders of the club, which was to accomplish such a work of apostolic charity in a quarter where it was sadly needed! Aureli is the general secretary, and is most indefatigable in his efforts for the cause, giving to it all the time he can spare from his profession and his duties as "Consigliere" in the City Council.



BLESSED LA SALLE.
In the Church of St. John Baptist at Rheims.

There is still another side to this highly gifted nature—another field in which Aureli's brilliant intellect plays its part, and that is the realm of literature. Besides his many other occupations, the sculptor is a literary worker, a poet and novelist of no mean merit, with a tender poetic fancy and power of description which would do him credit if his profession were that of literature alone. Always a profound student and thinker, his studies have served him in good stead, and though his lighter literary works teem with graceful fancies and true feeling, their moral standard is always high, and a deeper minor note of purpose and restrained power runs through the lighter vein in which he writes.

Aureli's principal work is a historical novel, *Giovanni Battista Pergolesi*, being the life-history, beautifully woven into a romance, of the great Italian musical composer Pergolesi, who composed the music of the "Stabat Mater" and made his name immortal. The author has treated the subject with consummate charm and ability, as well as infinite pathos. Only an artist could have written the exquisite closing chapters, where he describes the sad death of the young musician at the early age of twenty-six, amid scenes of earth's fairest loveliness, completing the last stanzas of his grand hymn with his last breath!

Another work is a romance called *Adéle*, in which the writer gives vent to his strong feelings against the law of divorce. He has also written a series of critical essays, a biographical sketch of *Raffaelle Sanzio*, another historical romance, lately translated into French, called *La Stella di San Cosimato* (The Star of Saint Cosimato), and a graceful little legend of Greek origin, *L'Origine della Pittura* (The Origin of Painting). From this short list of the works of his facile pen it can be seen that the sculptor has some claim to literary merit.

However, all that is best and greatest within him turns instinctively to sculpture, and the mistress he has served with such complete devotion has rewarded Aureli for his faithful service with a power beyond that of his fellows.

One cannot realize the full merit and great originality of this sculptor without seeing him in his native element, among his works in his Roman studio; and one of my most pleasant recollections is that of a recent visit to the quaint old *atelier* in the historic Via Flaminia, outside the Porta del Popolo, where most of Cavaliere Aureli's artistic work has been accomplished. Though outside the city gate, his studio is not far from the centre of Rome, being only five minutes' walk from the principal thoroughfare, the Corso, although remote enough from the stir of the city to be a quiet retreat where he can mature his ideas in the retirement necessary for their perfect development.

A hearty welcome from the genial master awaits all visitors who find their way to Cesare Aureli's studio; for, like the true Roman gentleman he is, his unfailing courtesy is not one of the least of his good qualities. The unpretentious entrance bears the mystic name "Aureli—Scultore" on its portals. Cesare Aureli is a man of fifty-four, of medium height, rather spare in frame and not at all robust in appearance, having the nervous organization so often possessed by artists; with grizzled hair and an earnest, open face whose kindly eyes look out at one with a frank expression. Like all true artists, he is exceedingly modest and diffident about his work, and unwilling to descant at length on his achievements; but one cannot listen long to the bright, cheery conversation without feeling that his whole soul is in his work—that first great essential to success of any kind. He forms the most delightful cicerone to his own studio;

CESARE AURELI, SCULPTOR.

but beforehand we warn any one who expects a fancy studio with artistic decorations, stained-glass windows, etc., that he will be highly disappointed at the reality of this one, for it is a veritable *studio*, where the real life-work of the sculptor's art goes on, and not one of the pleasant show-rooms with costly furniture, bric-a-brac, Turkish rugs, etc., that delight the eye in some artists' studios. It is Spartan-like in its severe simplicity, without the least attempt at decorations; and the walls are literally lined with models and casts, antique and modern, bas-reliefs and sketches and portrait-busts, while all around stand models in plaster of the sculptor's various works. In the centre is the work on hand, or a figure in process of modelling in the rough gray clay, closely veiled as yet from the eyes of the curious. The most prominent object which meets the eye on entering the outer studio is the beautiful statue of the Blessed Virgin, destined for the mother-house of the Sisters of Charity at Emmitsburg, Md., which has been in hand for some time and to which the finishing touches are now being put. It is executed in the finest Carrara marble from the marble quarries of Serravezza, in the Carrara Mountains, and is of a most exquisite quality; pure, smooth, snowy white, and so fine that when it is struck with any object it gives out a metallic ring like bronze. Another quality of this particular marble is that it will not discolor with time, as so many marbles do, but remains pure and white as it is now. The figure represents the Immaculate Conception. Our Lady's foot is placed on the head of the serpent, and the earth and stars are beneath her feet. The expression on her face is spiritual and devotional to a degree, breathing such a spirit of tender piety and virgin purity that as we look upon it we feel that the Daughters of St. Vincent at Emmitsburg have indeed secured a treasure for their beautiful church.

To our untrained artistic eyes the statue seems perfectly complete in its exquisite finish, and we wonder when the sculptor tells us it requires nearly twenty days more to finish, it being placed on a thick pedestal which must be hewn off it, that work alone requiring fully five days.

We asked the professor how long it takes to execute a statue like this, and he replied five or six months; so it can be imagined what an arduous calling is his, for the statue is by no means a large size, though in exquisite proportions.

Not far from this is the large plaster cast of the statue-group which is perhaps Cesare Aureli's most famous work, "Milton and Galileo." It represents the visit of the English poet Milton, then in the prime of his manhood, to the aged philosopher and man of science, Galileo, in his exile at Arcetri, near Florence; and is a splendid group of masterly conception and workmanship, full of life and vigor and animation. The aged Galileo is seated with a globe in his hand, demonstrating to the young poet, who stands beside him, the laws which govern the motions of the planets and stars. Truly marvellous is the contrast between the two faces; that of the youth full of manly vigor and strength, giving all the attention of his powerful mind to the philosopher, whose aged countenance, unmoved and calm in the serenity of an old age which had more than its share of care and sorrow, has something exceptionally noble in its physiognomy. Altogether, it is a group on which Aureli might be content to rest his reputation as a sculptor had he executed no other important works, which is far, however, from being the case.

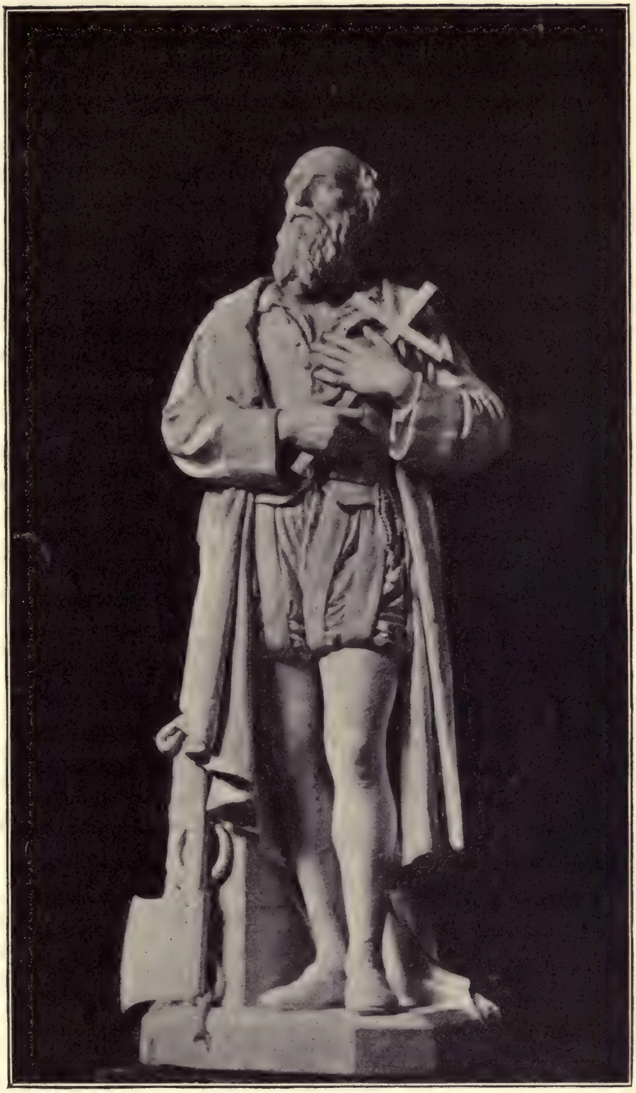
LUCA DELLA ROBBIA.

Another statue in plaster stands near the Galileo group—a single figure representing a venerable old man, clad in sixteenth century costume and standing beside an executioner's block; his hands clasped over a crucifix on his bosom, his eyes raised to heaven with a look of dawning rapture on the saintly face, as if beyond these earthly mists he saw the lights of heaven shining! Noting our admiration of it the sculptor smiled, saying gently "Beato Tomaso Mora" (Blessed Thomas More), and laying his hand on the statue with an involuntary caressing gesture, for it is one of his own favorites and an early work, proceeds to tell us how he conceived the idea of executing it.

From a boy Aureli has always taken a special interest in Blessed Thomas More; it is a character in its intrepidity and grand loftiness of purpose that singularly attracted him. As a boy he acted in the play of "Sir Thomas More," by Silvio Pellico, taking the part of one of his companions, and from that boyish interest in England's martyred chancellor arose the splendid statue he has now given the world. He told us an anecdote of how some critic had objected to the chancellor being represented with a beard, when in all his portraits he is clean-shaven; but Aureli, well up in his subject, retorted with the famous story that Sir Thomas's beard having grown in prison, the martyr, serene and tranquil to the last, when he was brought to the block to be beheaded, gently moved it away with a smile, saying, "This at least has done no treason, so why should it be beheaded?" And the sculptor intends to represent Sir Thomas the moment before his execution. This statue was sold to an English gentleman, and is now in a private collection in England.

Another fine cast is the figure of Luca della Robbia, the great Florentine artist and inventor of the famous Florentine terra-cotta work in bas-relief. All those who admire the exquisite bas-reliefs of Della Robbia will be interested in this portrait-statue; a nobly-thoughtful figure in Florentine costume, holding in his hand one of his beautiful medallions of the Madonna surrounded by garlands of fruit and flowers. The original of the cast is in the "Esposizione delle Belle Arti" in Rome.

A statue-group of Blessed La Salle is another of Aureli's recent works, which has brought him the highest commendation for its vigorous treatment and the lofty principle it implies. It is a living embodiment and might stand for a symbolic statue of "Apostolic Charity"—that grand work of souls to which Blessed La Salle gave up his life, and which is carried on so nobly by his spiritual children, the Christian Brothers, over all the civilized world. A grand ceremony took place at the benediction and erection of this statue in the Church of St. John the Baptist at Rheims, on the 28th of July, 1895, in the presence of Cardinal Langénieux, Archbishop of Rheims. A special interest attaches to it for Americans on account of the fact that



BLESSED THOMAS MORE.
The sculpture represents the moment before his execution.

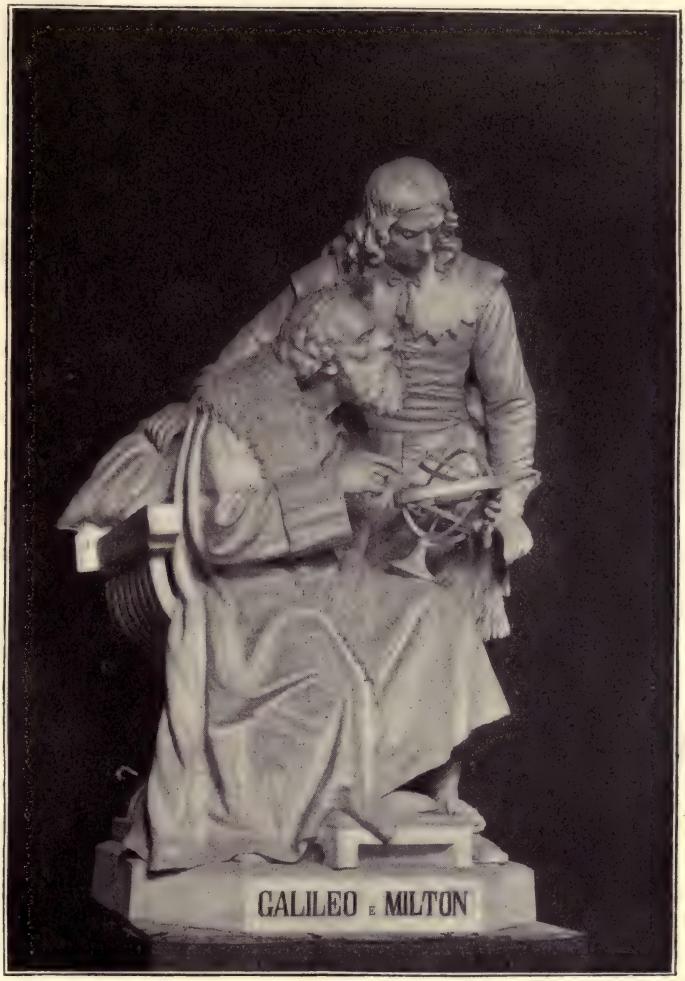
Cardinal Gibbons and Bishop Foley, of Detroit, were present on the occasion, and by the special wish of Cardinal Langénieux the new statue was blessed by our American cardinal. It was offered to the church in the name of the Institute of Christian Brothers throughout the world, by their superior-general, Brother Joseph, as a memorial of their saintly founder. Monsignor l'Abbé Landrieux, the vicar-general of Cardinal Langénieux, pronounced a beautiful discourse, in which he made a graceful allusion to the distinguished American visitors and to their country, which also shared in the act of homage they were paying Blessed La Salle through the Christian Brothers, who are so well known and valued members of our Catholic ranks. A replica of this beautiful statue was erected in May last over the tomb of Blessed La Salle at Rouen.

In the inner studio is the grand statue of St. Thomas

Aquinas which adorns the new wing of the Vatican Library, a gift to our Holy Father Leo XIII., on the occasion of his episcopal jubilee, from the seminarians in all parts of the world. They chose a statue of St. Thomas for their jubilee gift, thinking it would be most appropriate for a Pontiff who is the restorer and faithful exponent of the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas; and they gave the commission to Aureli, knowing that he would enter into the spirit of their offering. That he has thoroughly done so will be recognized by all who have seen the intellectual force and profound erudition he has represented in this wonderful statue. Professor Aureli told us how the Pope had highly approved of the idea, taking such a paternal interest in the statue that, having decided it should be erected in the Vatican Library, he called Aureli to the Vatican to execute it there, and came down thrice himself to choose a position for it. From this circumstance arose a rather curious mistake which caused a great sensation in Rome, for it was bruited abroad that the Pope had been out of the Vatican to go to Aureli's studio, the fact not being generally known that the sculptor was executing the statue at the Vatican.

Not far from it is a subject quite different from the sombre majesty of the Doctor of the Church. It is a tiny cast in *gesso* of one of Aureli's most successful minor works, representing "The Pompeian Maiden," the heroine of Bulwer-Lytton's *Last Days of Pompeii*. She is represented sitting in a quaint Roman chair, with the nosegay her lover, Glaucus, has just sent her in a vase beside her; and in her hand she holds writing-tablets, while meditating what answer she will give to his letter. The youthful grace of the rounded figure and the fair young face with its Grecian knot of hair are most charmingly portrayed, as well as the expression of maiden hesitation and the shy delight of her first love. This statue was not executed for any special commission, but a friend coming into the studio and greatly admiring it, begged him to send it to the Berlin Exhibition, then taking place. The sculptor demurred, on the ground that so small a thing would never be noticed among so many larger works, but he ultimately consented; the statue was sent to the exhibition, and within a few days of its arrival Aureli received a telegram saying it had been sold immediately at the price he put upon it.

Still another variety of subject is the cast for the monument of Cardinal Massaia, the famous Franciscan cardinal and Abyssinian explorer, which is erected over his tomb in the beautiful little church of the Capuchins at Frascati, near Rome. This statue is a striking example of faithful portraiture; a really life-like figure, vigorously executed—the grand old man



"THE AGED GALILEO, WITH HIS TIME-WORN FACE."

resting after his life of toil and action, but with his mind still fresh and vigorous.

From this we turn to another grand and inspired work: the model of the statue of Saint Bonaventure, erected as a monument to the saint in his native city of Bagnorea; and as it stands in the chief square of the town it is almost of colossal size, and has beautiful bas-reliefs on the base of its pedestal, representing scenes in the saint's life, one of them being the infant brought to St. Francis of Assisi by his mother, and St. Francis, blessing it, exclaimed "O buona ventura!" by which name the child was hereafter known. A circumstance relating to this statue of St. Bonaventure, which Cavaliere Aureli with characteristic modesty did not tell us, is that the Holy Father conferred upon him the order of "Commendatore of St. Gregory," in token of his appreciation of its sculptor's skill. There are many other things of beauty around, but we cannot notice them all; but must not leave without looking at the exquisitely lovely cast of the statue of "Saint Geneviève," executed for the venerable Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris, Cardinal Richard, and presented by him to his titular church of "Santa Maria in Via." It represents the saint with her foot on the head of a dragon, while in her hand she holds a lighted candle.

We also particularly admire in the studio a small cast in terra cotta for a statue of Joan of Arc; the pure young face of the maiden-warrior perfect in conception, with its rapt, spiritual expression looking upward as if in one of her visions of the "Voices," while she clasps a battle-standard in her hand. Professor Aureli laughingly declares he will reproduce this cast in purest Carrara when the "Maid of Orleans" is raised to the honors of the altar!

The most striking thing about Aureli's sculpture is the splendid naturalness of their pose; so strikingly realistic, with none of the mannerisms and stiffness which cling to the work of even some of our finest sculptors, for under Aureli's skilful hands the cold marble seems to take the flexibility of life. He tells me that by long association with them, and their being so intimately connected with the story of his life, these ideal fancies of the sculptor's brain are very near their maker's heart, and it costs him quite a pang when he is obliged to part with them at last. Two of his statues have gone to South America—one of the Blessed Virgin and one of St. Joseph; but the Madonna for Emmitsburg is his first commission for the United States. However, it is a certainty that when it is seen by our art-appreciative public at home this will be by no means the last. Already he has two orders from the Lazarist Fathers, and we ourselves feel sure that Aureli's work needs only to be seen to be appreciated; and we sincerely trust that when his statues are more widely known in America, it will be the beginning of many other commissions for the sculptor, who is undoubtedly a man of the highest ability and irreproachable integrity.

As our gaze wanders around upon all the different types his versatile genius has created, from the aged Galileo, with his time-worn face, to the placid beauty of St. Geneviève; from the rugged Traveller-Cardinal and the pure Madonna, with her compassionate smile, to rest upon the calm, strong intellectuality of St. Thomas and the inspired grandeur of St. Bonaventure, we feel that they all bear the impress of the sculptor's individuality and infinite variety of treatment.

The pleasant hour in the studio passed all too quickly. With grateful thanks for our reception, we take leave of the sculptor on the threshold of his studio, with his courteous Roman salutation of "*A rivederci*" ringing in our ears, as he stands bareheaded there at the feet of his beautiful "Madonna," which is to be a link between him and America. We carry away with us a not-easily-to-be-forgotten mind-picture of this Roman sculptor, who is one of a thousand—a simple, honest, manly man, with a high ideal he conscientiously follows; an artist to the finger-tips, and without any professions or Pharisaism, a sincere and practical Catholic, not ashamed but glorying in his faith. A man, in short, of whom we wish there were many in the working ranks of the church to-day.

A PURE SOUL.

BY HARRISON CONRARD.

OFT I have yearned that with material eyes
An immaterial soul I might behold,
Holy and pure, with graces manifold,
Bound unto earth, yet longing thence to rise
On wings untethered through th' ethereal skies—
From its own chords of heaven-tempered gold
Unto its glorious Object clear and bold
Pouring the measures of its symphonies;
And yet, methinks, in God's own image made,
So wondrous its divine-reflected light,
That as the glooms before the sunshine fade,
Were sense corrupt to meet so pure a sight,
Perish must I before that soul, arrayed
In the warm splendors of the Infinite!

PADRE FILIPPO'S MADONNA.

BY MARGARET KENNA.

I.

"PADRE FILIPPO!" The young mother pushed the door open, but the music of her voice floated in before her, deep and tremulous and low.

Padre Filippo started. He had been thinking of the Madonna. Had she appeared to him in the dusk, this woman with her great eyes glowing like black stars, and her blue veil folded pitifully about the bambino in her arms?

"Padre Filippo!" The voice quivered and the stars fainted from her eyes. Then he knew it was Maria, the flower-woman.

"Maria, can I help you?" he said, advancing and reaching unconsciously for one of the baby's hands.

"Yes, padre—perhaps."

She sank upon a stool and laid the child across her knees. Padre Filippo looked at her fearfully. Her face was wan and her breath came like sighing. Dust and wayside flowers were pressed into her rude shoes. She had come far and with little hope. Her husband had been lost at sea the night the baby was born, a month before. Of the twenty fishing-boats that had gone forth over the waves only one had come back. Now the village was starving. Padre Filippo was poor too—the poorest being in the parish. He had only pity to give. Often, when he had emptied his pockets for his people, he gave his supper to the birds; for the village, although so poor, was still frequented by the birds, and the broken-hearted, music-loving women lived in dread lest the song should be starved from their throats.

More than hunger and thirst and sorrow was told in Maria's attitude now. In her heart a great wistfulness was burning, and in the silence of her tranquil being she could feel her very soul shedding tears. From her birth she had been as an angel to the village. Her mother was dead, long years. Her father had touched her always as he might touch a little requiem flower. The men and women of the village had early learned to take their lesson of life and death from the girl's holy lips. Even Luigi Roseti, the laughing sailor, had hung upon her prayers. Always she stood alone, and none guessed the pain of it to her. Her simplicity seemed imperiousness, but it veiled a child-like heart. Padre Filippo himself would never accuse or admonish. She had a terrible question to ask him now; yet she knew that it would be she who must answer it, and with simple, sad humility she knew that she would be strong enough to answer it. It was anguish to the shy creature to be strong against the world!

"Padre, there is a painter in the village. At the market this morning he bought forget-me-nots from me. He wants to paint me as the Mother of Christ. Padre, I am afraid of his dark eyes, but the bambino must die if I refuse."

Padre Filippo's white cheek flamed.

"I am poor, Maria my child, but I never thought to see you sell your beauty to a cheap painter—a man who has no reverence in his heart."

"You need not fear that I am deceived in the man, padre. I know that Raffaelle is not come again. And the village is an innocent place—only Margherita Brumini and me have been as far as Naples to the *festa*. The men may forgive me for sitting to this painter, but the women—never! I know it all, padre; but there is Luigi in his grave"—through the window Maria pointed to the sea—"and here is little Luigi at my breast. There is the little Jesus in the church with no altar-flame to cheer him, and you, padre, with no wine for the Living Sacrifice, and here am I, Maria, with my beauty."

"Here are you, Maria, with your beauty?"

She clasped her hands to her lips, but they fell, startling to a murmur the baby on her knees.

"I must sit to this strange painter. All else has failed—the fisheries are wrecked, the fishermen dead."

"If I had strength left, Maria, I would go to Rome; but then I must be here to minister to the dying. The painter's gold means life and hope to the village. The women's hearts may bleed, but to the pure of heart all things are pure."

"I love the women," murmured Maria, with tears on her cold cheeks, "but I would let their love go to put bread in the mouths of the babies. If the painter does not paint a holy picture of the sweet Mother!—you know, padre—but, padre mio, it will be joy to me to see color in your cheeks once more! Joy, yes—I will pay for the joy with my heart's blood a thousand times! I will sit to this painter"—she rose with the child in her trembling arms—"yes, by the first kiss the Madonna gave her Bambino and by the last!"

II.

Then straightway Padre Filippo left her and, climbing to the church tower, rang the bell.

The women and children and the old men were kneeling in weary groups before the Madonna's shrine in the street. Now and again a child's hands flashed toward the stars in pitiful pleading, or a mother, worn with praying, rested her cheek against the wall and let her tears fall upon the dying leaves of the vines that trailed about the niche.

It was Padre Filippo's way to call them together by the bell, and they had forgotten all but obedience to the angelic old man. The scents of spring-time drifted through the windows of the church, just as blithely as if the fishing-boats had not been lost at sea and old Madre Pellegini had not forgotten the stitches which served the village well, fifty years ago, when the fishing failed and the women lived by lace; but the altar-lamp was dark.

"My children," Padre Filippo said, "Maria Roseti is going to sit to this strange painter. She is to be the Mother of God in his picture. The bambino at her breast is hungry. I have not food to give her, nor have you. She is a flower-woman, even so lowly a thing as a seller of forget-me-nots in the streets, and you know, one and all, she has lived by her flowers as long as she could. Will forget-me-nots bloom in a soil which the good God has forgotten?

"We have lived a life of holy dreams. There is scarce a man of us who would not lose his way in Rome, but we have seen the City of the Soul, as few have seen it—we have seen it in visions. I would die rather than break the dream, but God has sent us sorrows, more than the leaves on the tree, and we are all crucified together.

"Maria Roseti may be raised up as an angel of deliverance. She is to be the Madonna in the picture, and by the love you bear that divine Mother, cast no reproach upon this innocent child."

He stood a moment while his words went home to their souls.

III.

The young artist came to the square in front of the church to paint. There too came Maria Roseti, in a fresh blue homespun which she had washed that night in the cold brook.

Maria introduced Padre Filippo, and the painter said some gentle words; Padre Filippo did not speak, but a smile lighted his face. The painter might remember it afterwards, as a judgment or a blessing. Padre Filippo carried the tiny Luigi into the house, as he was not needed the first day.

"You must eat, Madonna, or I cannot paint you," Signor Giovanni remarked, laying a flagon of wine and a napkin on Maria's knee. "You tremble so that I could never catch the outline of your cheek."

Maria untied the napkin with swift fingers. It was full of olives.

"Please, signor, may I go to the padre a moment?"

He nodded and she ran away, but she might have known that Padre Filippo would not eat her olives. He was fierce in his refusal. Then she ran down to the village. A great fear overshadowed her that the women—those sweet, shy women, who had not been out of the village for centuries and had looked upon the Madonna until their own faces had taken on a very ecstasy of tearful modesty—might not speak to her; but she did not know what Padre Filippo had done for her in the church. They kissed her with a trembling reverence.

Maria gave them all the olives, and kept her hand in her great pocket, making it seem that there were more. When she went back to the painter he said to himself that his olives were already starting the pink in her cheeks.

"Do not be afraid of me," he murmured, seeing her tremble as he touched her veil.

"I have a mother at home who would love you, and I think of her as I work."

She smiled.

His fingers moved among his colors, as she had seen Padre Filippo's move over the keys of the organ in the church. She knew, as she saw him touch his passionate crimsons and plaintive blues, that he loved them as Padre Filippo loved the throbbing notes. Resting her chin in her hand, she regarded him now with the soft interest of a child.

"You would not dream how beautiful this land can be, signor, with the sky blue, and the babies' eyes blue, and the forget-me-nots. Now the sky is cold, and the same chill that withers the flowers seems to have fallen upon the lovely eyes of every bambinello in the village. Signor, it is sad!"

"You will bring back beauty to the village, Madonna. I will work and work, and the angels will help me."

It was not often in his warm young life that he thought of the angels, and he looked from Maria to the sky.

All day the brush toiled on in his hand. Faintly, and yet more faintly, he captured the lights and shadows of the flower-woman's sad loveliness. When Maria spoke, it was but as a fragment of music, or the voice of a bird, and he forgot to answer. The sun set, and he stretched forth his arms as if to bid it stay. But night was come. Dimly, Maria saw on the canvas the woman she had never seen before, except on wash-days, when she chanced to look into the brook, when the ripples were still.

In his little house Padre Filippo was wetting the baby's lips with his last drops of altar-wine and praying in his heart for Maria. He had baptized her, had heard her first innocent, funny little confession, had given her her First Communion, and married her to Luigi Roseti, the sailor, his little Mary-lily.

IV.

The bambino was set, like a living child, upon the mother's knee in the picture; but Giovanni came to Padre Filippo in great grief of heart, saying that he could not paint Maria Roseti. The body had fallen away from the soul, and he could not set down in crimson and blue, in human passion and pathos, the spirit trembling beyond the flesh. He had grown old at his work, and—yes, the padre, who loved truth and hated a lie, could not deny it, he had failed!

"If what the painter says is true, padre mio, you may lay the village people in one great grave together."

"And plant myself as a cross to mark the spot," said Padre Filippo.

The painter gazed at Maria. Why had he painted only the human mother, when the divine one was before his eyes, pale and pure and dolorous beyond his dreams?

"Marry me, Maria, and come home with me across the sea."

"O God!" said Maria, touching the baby's brown hair, "have I not been once married?"

Padre Filippo stood before the picture. His head was in darkness, but the sunlight played with the fringes of his old cassock. As he turned away his sleeve brushed the Madonna's eyes and lips. *He blurred the smile with tears!*

When the painter saw it, he fell on his knees, for the padre's touch had wrought a miracle upon the picture.

V.

Padre Filippo journeyed to Rome with the painter and the picture, and the Holy Father sent for Maria Roseti. The padre went back and brought her and the bambino. They travelled all one summer day, and at night he found shelter for them with a good old madre by the way, while he rested outside with the donkeys. When the Holy Father saw them standing in silent holiness at his palace gates he must have thought of the Flight into Egypt.

Padre Filippo passed through the marble halls, between two lines of Swiss soldiers, Maria walking humbly behind him, with the peace of one who has tasted life and death. She did not know that the world was at that moment kneeling before the new Madonna. She only knew that she was in the palace of princes and peasants alike, and that in her lowliness she was welcome there. When the padre led her to the Holy Father, she laid the baby in its swaddling clothes on the floor, and fell at his feet.

"Behold Maria Roseti!" said the voice of Padre Filippo in the twilight of the room.

The Holy Father pushed the blue veil from her head and laid his hand on her hair. She looked into his eyes. A tear glistened on his frail hand, and she wiped it away with her own little handkerchief.

"Maria Roseti, you have saved your people and given the world its divinest Madonna. The padre says the painter painted the picture, and the painter says the padre painted it. Tell me, child, was it the painter, or was it Padre Filippo?"

"Holy Father, the painter painted the picture of me, but it was Padre Filippo who changed it from me to the Madonna."

"Then shall Padre Filippo have the name and the gold!"

"Give the painter the name and the gold," said Padre Filippo. "Give me only bread for my people till the ships come home."

"And, Holy Father," cried Maria with radiant eyes, "bless the bambino."

She lifted Luigi in her arms. Padre Filippo knelt beside her.

"Maria Rosetti," the Holy Father's voice trembled with his great weariness, for it was the last blessing he ever gave, "may God give this child his mother's strong faith and perfect love! May God give his mother grace to see with her dying eyes the vision of the Holy Mother, which her love has wrought for the world—and may Padre Filippo know his own in heaven!"

Padre Filippo went out from the palace gates with Maria and Luigi. He carried a little bag of gold, and they rode away into the sunset.

Giovanni writes to offer Maria his laurels and his love.

Padre Filippo takes a trembling pen to answer the letter. "Signor," he says, "Maria Roseti bids me write to you, in her name. She has written few letters in her young life, and she feels timid with ink and paper. She is at the brook now, washing the altar-linens, as the Madonna washed the swaddling clothes of the Bambino beautiful. Maria thanks you for your faithful love, but she was married for life and death to Luigi Roseti, the sailor, and she is but a poor flower-woman in the poorest village in Italy. The Holy Father's blessing has come back from Rome with her. The hills are in deep bloom. One would think Our Lady had trailed her blue robe over the cold earth. The fishing-boats have come home and the grapes are ready for the wine-press.

"To-day is Maria's birthday and the women have crowned her with roses. She sends you this little cross and the one white rose. It is the gift of a simple heart.

"The birds must sing Vespers for me this evening, for I am weary. Glory to God, signor, and good-night.

"PADRE FILIPPO."

THE WEAPON OF FICTION AGAINST THE CHURCH.

BY WALTER LECKY.

AFTER reading a book of short stories whose only object was to blacken the Catholic Church, the thought a journalist expressed years ago came to me at its full worth. "The best weapon," said the man of the pen, "with which to fight Rome in America is fiction. A novelist can do more damage with one popular novel creating prejudice than a historian who has written the full of a library of books. Of course the historian is good in his way. His books are gold, to be sure; but it's the novelist that coins his gold and puts it into circulation, else it might lie in his mint known only to himself and a limited few of his friends. Circulation gives power, and power creates prejudice."

This journalist had long felt the pulse of the common people and knew how easy it was to form prejudice in their minds. It was only a question of getting them to read, as what they read was, in most cases, believed without even the proverbial grain of salt. They had no time to examine, simple belief being much easier; their betters, the expert novelists, had gone to fountain-heads and it was not their province to question the masters.

CONTROVERSY RUN TO SEED.

This journalist believed in his thought, as was evidenced from his continual preaching, both by mouth and pen, the praise of those books wherein, to phrase after his manner, "the harlequin Rome was painted in the darkest color." He believed he had a message—most wielders of the pen do. His was to keep an eye on Rome for the sake of the beloved Republic. We should not wonder that message-bearers feel the importance of the message so keenly that they are incapable of losing sight of it, even when their work requires its forgetfulness. In every book-review that this journalist begot—and like all his race he prided himself on his competency to say a word of enlightenment on every book that passed through his hands—message-absorbed and republic-loving, he took care to hint that the reader of the book under review would do well to consult Mortimer's *Jesuit*, Lea's *Disclosures of Romanism*, or Miss Hunter's enthralling romance, *The Abbess Joan*. Perhaps his most memorable feat was in reviewing a book on ostrich-farming in California, and conveying his message in the shape of a eulogy on the *Chronicles of the Schönberg Cotta Family*, proclaiming that book to be pure history thrown in the form of fiction, the better to perform its mission, which was also his, to keep a check on Rome. "If ostriches could be acclimatized and successfully raised, what a boon to the Republic! They would be its saving. Catholicism was its destruction." It was his opinion that the enemies of Catholicism would soon discover that fiction was the most powerful weapon that could be employed against their old foe.

FICTION HOLDS THE MONOPOLY.

While dismissing him, I cannot but be just and allow him to retire with the honored name of prophet. Fiction has cornered the century and no genius is above its adoption. The poets who, in the days of old, wore the crown and were the lords of the earth and occupiers of the first benches, have retired, not only in favor of the three-volume novelist but even to make room for the short-story-teller, and novelist and story-teller, as well they may, have fallen deeply in love with their dignity and importance. The clamor of the commonplace is enough for most men to rest their dignity and importance upon. Now, to show these qualities, which were never held in as much esteem as we lovers of democracy hold them, their happy possessors, full of the wisdom that cometh by intuition, reject all creeds prior to their reign as childish and superstitious, supplying at the same time their own creed, which is modern, scientific, and expansive. In doing this they have to clear away the *débris* of the past, a most difficult undertaking, as even the greatest amongst them admit. But, when we know that this *débris* happens to be the Catholic Church, should we not read their books with less complaining about fair play? What should it matter what way an old building is pulled down, and yet "we," say the novelist and story-teller, "go about tearing down this useless and antiquated eyesore in the most approved fashion. We always begin with the columns and arches." To turn their allegorical language into simpler speech, they do not attack the common Catholic people, but their leaders, the priests whose portraits, no matter in what country produced, bear unmistakably the same mint-marks of prejudice and dishonesty.

PRIESTLY EXCEPTIONS.

If any good quality is found in a priestly portrait, it will be limited by the caution that he is not like other priests, that he is a man of science, a liberal, and getting ready to cast off the old absurdity. French fiction in depicting the priest descends to the most degrading art. An artist of the power of Hugo revels in drawing the most brutalizing characters as priests. Lesser artists outrage every canon of taste in order that their enemies, the preachers of religion, should be held up to the reader without a single redeeming quality. And since the days that Victor Hugo drew the priest of Notre Dame, French fiction in handling this character, and somehow or other it has become a pet figure, becomes more and more disgusting. Nor can one wonder when the animus of the writers is well understood and the morality of the race of readers to whom the vile caricatures appeal. French fiction is at its lowest ebb, godless and soulless; the finer characteristics of man are entirely swept away for the "half-savage human animal, without dignity, decency, or drapery." Poetry is banished, ideals smashed, beauty unknown; man is a sensual brute, and if there be a class lower than another, it is the teacher of ideals of the spiritual and beautiful—the priests. Now and then a romance writer may rise above his level and in a sentimental mood draw an Abbé Constantin—hugged, I am sorry to say, by not a few Catholics as a fine specimen of the priesthood. I should pity the future of Catholicity if the weak-willed, simple abbés of the Constantin type were to be its standard-bearers. If one characteristic more than another is to be found stamped in the lives of those who were the seed-scatterers of the gospel, it is virility. That did not make them a whit less gentle when gentleness was more needful than strength. It kept them from ever being thought weak; and of all failings what could be more deplorable in a leader of men than weakness? The French school is well aware of this fact, and in painting the priesthood skilfully shows it through their own malicious brain-puppets to have no backbone, to be irresolute and weak, willing to sell everything for a government stipend.

"How," asks this school, holding the portrait close to the reader's face, "can this little abbé, whose body and soul I have put in your possession, be your leader either here or to the spiritual dominions over which he claims such gigantic power? If he believed in his mission, would he become a statue in his own home, reading his breviary and mumbling prayers for better days, while those who own my sway carry off his sheep, train his lambs to dread him as a wolf? That was not the way of his predecessors. But," continues this school, with sympathy in its voice, "the wonderful old church, like all human things, has had her day. She is fading and perishing from the face of the earth, and soon must be gone; and this, her last race of teachers, but tell of her corruption and decay."

FRANCE IS RETURNING TO MORAL SANITY.

To these vile pictures—scattered broadcast through translations found wherever men read—what antidote has Catholic France offered? It is hard to admit that the land of Bossuet and Dupanloup has had to go begging to other than Catholic writers for a defence—hard to think it must content itself with the half-hearted utterances of a Brunetière! Catholic France is dumb while her enemies call her but carrion, and hover over her as a flock of buzzards darkening the sun. And yet to the keen observer there are not wanting signs that France desires to rise from her long demoralization, to turn away from the voluptuous, monstrous, and morbid, the dishes on which she has so long fed, were there a voice of Catholic criticism to lead her to taste and morals.

The recent publication of a brace of books dealing with clerical life from the point of the cleric, and the enthusiasm that greeted their appearance, leads us to believe that, despite the long clerical campaign, there are many who still hold the true idea of the priesthood and want but the magic touch of a leader's hand to make its beauty known. And the priesthood should prepare for this leader, to help him to raise France again and subdue her with that larger life once her boast, now a fading remembrance.

THE TEUTONIC IDEA OF THE PRIEST.

German fiction has also tried its hand on the Catholic priest, as should be expected from the land of Luther; but the characterization, if duller than that of her Gaelic neighbor, is less vile. The Teutonic mind is readily capable of rough epithets, as Luther long ago substantially demonstrated, but it is just as incapable of the filthy refinement of the French mind. Germany could never produce a Zola. The priest of the German novel is cunning and full of casuistry, two qualities long held by German divines to be found in all those who were in any capacity affiliated with Rome. The Reformers found them, and their brethren ever since believe in keeping up the good old tradition. This style of portrait may be best seen in a writer like Felix Dahm, who pretends, under the guise of fiction, to draw historical pictures which shall be both truthful and accurate to the times. It is, however, but a hollow pretence, unsuspiciously as it may read. In his *Last of the Vandals* he draws with imposing strokes Verus the priest, polished, astute, cunning, and soulless. He is a Catholic priest, but to Gelimer, the Vandal king, he passes himself as an Arian. When Gelimer is in the hands of his conqueror, Verus, the traitor, looks for his pay; and here is the edict read to him by the emperor's general, Belisarius:

"'Imperator Cæsar Flavius Justinianus Augustus, the pious, fortunate, and illustrious ruler and general, conqueror of the Alemanni, Franks, Germans, Antians, Alani, Persians, and now also of the Vandals, the Moors, and of Africa, to Verus the Archdeacon:

"'You have preferred to carry on with my saintly consort, the empress, rather than with myself, a secret correspondence in regard to the overthrow of the tyrant by our arms and with the aid of God. She promised, in case we should conquer, to request from me the reward which you desire. Theodora does not ask in vain from Justinian. Since you have established the fact that your acceptance of the heretic belief was mere pretence, that in your heart you remained a steadfast adherent of the true faith, and were recognized as such by your Catholic confessor, who was empowered to grant you a dispensation for the outward appearance of this sin, your standing as an orthodox priest cannot be questioned. Therefore, I command Belisarius by virtue of this letter to proclaim you forthwith the Catholic Bishop of Carthage. Hear, all ye Carthaginians and Romans! I proclaim, in the name of the emperor, that Verus is the Catholic Bishop of Carthage—'to set upon your head the bishop's mitre and to place in your hand the bishop's staff.' Kneel down, Bishop.'"

This extract is sufficient to bring out the German idea of the priest as he steps through the long, laborious pages of the romance. This idea tallies with what English history, purporting to be real, paints the Jesuits to be after the success of the Reformation. The extract is sufficient to show how much Professor Dahm knows about the office he attempts to portray, a fact which has not gone unchallenged in the fatherland. Germany is a land of criticism, and the hideous caricature that may go unrebuked in a Latin country will be ridiculed and shorn of its venom by German scholarship. And this scholarship is confessedly high among German Catholics. Their critics are as much at home in polite literature as in the literature of knowledge.

THE CRITICISM OF UNNATURAL NOVELS NEVER TRANSLATED WITH THE NOVEL!

On this account the work of Dahm, Ebers, etc., challenged on its first appearance by a searching and salutary criticism from literary journals as able as any in the empire, loses its venom, no matter how masterly directed. A critic of the knowledge and force of Baumgartner or Hettinger will always be held in consideration by even the most audacious mud-slinger.

German Catholic criticism—or, for that matter, any kind of foreign Catholic criticism—is rarely, if ever, produced in English, while the novels it criticises are quickly turned into that tongue, proclaimed masterpieces, and placed on some counter in every hamlet of our land, to instil their poison without the slightest protest. Because Catholics have not bought the many hundred volumes of emasculated trash, published under the high-sounding name of Catholic Literature, the libel has gone out that they are not book-buyers. Nothing could be more absurd. They buy these translations, in most cases done into a very readable English, well printed, tastefully bound, and eagerly read them. The "Introduction" artfully enfolds a tale of the author, half biographical, half critical, the biography romantic, the criticism laudatory. The Catholic reader, knowing no better, having no guide to direct him, believes that the priests over the seas may be "curious," as I once heard one of them, with a grave head-shake, remark. The novel that had begot this shake had been thoroughly criticised and flayed by a Catholic critic, but as he wrote in German, his work was, of course, unknown to English readers. Yet, no sooner had I put before this reader the salient points of the review, wherein the novelist's reason for depicting the Catholic priesthood with ill-favor was shown in all its ugly nakedness, than he made the old query: Why don't we have something like this in English? Who would write it? I thought; and if it was written, who would publish it? The other day a bookseller declared that only two classes of books can sell amongst us—pious fiction and piety; and as his vindication, triumphantly pointed to Brownson lying on his shelf for many years, unhonored and unknown.

MODERN ITALIAN FICTION.

Italian fiction is in many respects similar to that of France, and it could hardly be otherwise, as France is the fertile mother from whence it sprung. Once Italian fiction was little less than charming, under the magic influence of Manzoni. Manzoni, however, is no longer a name to conjure with; other gods have arisen—the Pragas, Steechettis, and Vergas. Their battle-cry is realism at any price, and realism of the French school. Mr. Howells, who has long been engaged in introducing "Realists" to English readers, writes of one of Signor Verga's books "as one of the most perfect pieces of literature that I know"; and again: "When we talk of the great modern movement towards reality, we speak without the documents if we leave this book out of the count, for I can think of no other novel in which the facts have been more faithfully reproduced, or with a profounder regard for the poetry that resides in facts and resides nowhere else."

This, to be sure, is but Mr. Howells' opinion, the opinion of one of Verga's school, but it is sufficient to sell the book. What is Verga's attitude towards the priesthood? Whatever it is, it will be found to be the attitude of his school, and books of his school are the only books to whom the honor of translation is awarded.

In his acknowledged masterpiece, *The House by the Medlar Tree*, Signor Verga draws the Italian conception, as held by his school, of a Catholic priest. Don Giamara is narrow and bigoted, a man of neither education nor piety, indolent and careless in the exercise of his official duties, flinging two or three asperges of holy water on a bier, muttering prayers between his teeth, or exorcising spirits at thirty centimes each. There is no love between him and his parishioners. He is not their father, but a cunning official who sells his offices at the highest price. Provided that his larder is full, the sorrows of the fishing-village in which his lot is cast trouble him little. He is, in fine, what we cannot think of in connection with the true priest—worldly. This picture of Don Giamara, repulsive as it is, may be taken as the most favorable of this school. It is not flattering, but then it is not further debased by immorality.

SPANISH FICTION IS ON THE DOWN GRADE.

Spanish fiction, while not as degrading as that of French and Italian, is nevertheless on the downward course. The younger followers of Galdos and Pereda look to Paris for their inspiration. The priests that play in their pages are scarcely, if ever, an honor to the priesthood. They are weak, bigoted, and uneducated. Novelists of the power of Coloma and Bazan, and their rank is in the first class, in some way redeem Spanish fiction by their exquisite pictures of Catholic life and the delicacy with which the Spanish priest is drawn, in the midst of his flock, ministering to their wants. When the *Pequenaces* of Coloma was lately published in Germany, it was found that all the purely Catholic phrases that were not cut out were so twisted and toned down that the author could not have known his own work. This is but a specimen of the way in which the enemy grind all grist in their own mills.

Spain has, like Germany, a critical tribunal, by which readers may know the value of any study, whether of priest or people. The most eminent of Spanish critics are dutiful sons of the church, watching and dethroning the literature that would usurp her sway. Their criticism, brilliant and needful as it is, unlike the novels against which it is hurled, is unknown out of Spain. The novelists, on the contrary, find in every land sponsors whose highest ambition is to preach the greatness of their favorites.

THE PROLIFIC HUNGARIAN JOKAI.

Another country must not be passed over, and that on account of the genius of one of its sons, whose books are now widely read in English. Hungary has given us Maurus Jokai, who boasts a library of his own books of more than three hundred and fifty volumes, "bound, according to the caprice of the publisher, in a variety of sizes." Of this enormous literary production, the constant work of fifty years, about two hundred volumes have been translated into English. As Jokai tells us in his literary recollections that he came early under the influence of Sue and Hugo, this might be a sufficient index of the style of portrait in which his priests would be drawn. It is not, however, and this, possibly, is owing to the influence of German literature to which he has been passionately attached. His clergy are after the German pattern: weak, clumsy, superstitious, cowardly, shrewd, cunning, ambitious, close to the soil or walking in the skies as it is necessary to stamp the puppet. You feel that he knows nothing of their real life and that he owes them a spite, that no opportunity must pass without his spleen coming to the surface.

His methods of doing this are often amateurish, and suggest the efforts of the weekly sensational story-writer rather than the trained novelist. The whole scene of the Mass travesty in the cellar of the Countess Thendelinde's castle, and the simplicity, superstition, and cowardice of Pastor Mahok, as found in his novel *Black Diamonds*, is a point at instance.

Criticism so loses its head when the character of a priest is to be weighed that justice flies the scales. I have heard this scene praised as a masterpiece, an immortal creation, and a great many other phrases from the current language of criticism, a language used without the slightest appreciation of its value.

The Hungarian novelist has caught the trick, when drawing a priest with some favor, of impressing on his readers that this puppet is better than the other puppets on account of the ribbons he wears around his neck. Behold, says Jokai, he is both liberal and scientific, and these admirable qualities are his badge of honor. It does not matter if in the course of the novel the puppet lose the character with which the stage-master introduced him to the audience. That was but a gentle lapse of the novelist, who did not keep clearly in his eye that the puppet was labelled liberal and scientific, and so allowed him to fall into the common class.

Here is the way Jokai puts upon the stage a priest of this description. It is not without humor to the intelligent Catholic reader, who will at once scent the game of the novelist, which is to praise qualities ordinarily found in every priest, as making extraordinary the one in which they are found. This can have no name but that of dishonesty:

"The abbé was a man of high calling; one of those priests who are more or less independent in their ideas. He had friendly relations with a certain personage, and the initiated knew that certain articles with the signature 'S,' which appeared in the opposition paper, were from his pen. In society he was agreeable and polished, and his presence never hindered rational enjoyment.

"In intellectual circles he shone; his lectures, which were prepared with great care, were attended by the *élite* of society, and, as a natural consequence, the ultramontane papers were much against him. Once, even, the police had paid him a domiciliary visit, although they themselves did not know wherein he had given cause for suspicion. All these circumstances had raised his reputation, which had lately been increased by the appearance of his picture in a first-rate illustrated journal.

This won for him the general public. So stately was his air, his high, broad forehead, manly, expressive features, well-marked eyebrows, and frank, fearless look, with nothing sinister or cunning in it. For the rest, there was little of the priest about him; his well-knit, robust, muscular form was rather that of a gladiator. Through the whole country he was well known as the independent priest, who ventured to tell the government what he thought."

The literature of Russia and Norway, so much in vogue and so enthusiastically preached by a band of critics, who happen to control the leading reviews both in England and in this country, have no Catholic priest portraits in their literature. In one country he has never had a footing, from the other he had vanished long before the rise of its fiction. The novelists of Holland and Belgium but echo the tunes of Paris. Poland has but too recently opened her treasures, but these, as was to be thought of so Catholic a land, give the true spirit of clerical life.

The priest of English fiction, whether he figures in the pages of Disraeli, Thackeray, or Lever, is too well known to discuss. He is one of two types: cunning and polished, with Rome in full front of his eyes, or rollicking and devil-me-care.

THE PRIEST IN AMERICAN FICTION.

American fiction has of late entered this domain and given us a series of priest-portraits drawn from the libels of France, but considerably toned down, as our tastes are not as yet so piquant as the Gallic.

The books in which these portraits appear have had a large sale, and the critics of the same mind as the authors have not hesitated to proclaim these fancy caricatures as genuine portraits of the American priesthood. And as faithful transcripts will not the readers accept them? inasmuch as the authors or their friends, in crafty forewords, declare that they are but æolian harps registering impressions. If a favorable tune had been played on the strings it would have been all the same, but it was not so; what was played was registered without the slightest bias one way or the other. These writers never violate the impersonality of art; like Flaubert, they would rather be skinned alive. Their greedy, unthinking readers never question their fallacious theory; they accept lovingly the tyranny of their fiction.

As warfare, then, is proclaimed by the most powerful and insidious foe—the fiction art—against the Catholic Church, and that in the most seductive and effective manner, by the breaking of her idols, the Catholic priesthood, it behooves the church to listen no longer to those who have been so long preaching the little influence wielded by the novel, but to awake to the power of the foe that so relentlessly confronts her and do him battle. She cannot even save her own from his rapacious maw by putting him on the Index, and yet she is not totally unprepared to give him battle.

It is a trained soldiery, not ammunition, that is lacking, not only to drive the enemy back and retrieve the allegiance of those who have wandered from her fold, but also to capture and convert to her standard many of those who now do her incessant battle. And how can this be done? There is but one way conceivable. "We must acquire," says Dr. Barry, "what an admirable priest of the French Oratory, M. Labertonnière, calls 'the concrete living knowledge' of our own generation. We are not," says this same writer, "left destitute of the principles on which to distinguish between good and bad. We, too, as Catholics, have our science of morals, our laws of the beautiful, our scales and weights of justice, our patterns laid up in heaven."

Why cannot we use these to sift, to weigh, to choose? By these may we not know the wheat and brand the tare? In order that this may be done, what can be more desirable than that for which Dr. Barry pleads so ably—an international society of "well-trained Catholic men of letters, whose task it should be to watch over the movement of literature as a whole," to judge it by Catholic principles, and proclaim its value, no matter where produced?

Fiction met in this way, world-wide as it is, challenged by a criticism as world-wide, would no longer have the tyranny it now wields. It could no longer hoodwink the public by playing puppets as men, nor, under the guise of being true to nature, caricature truth. Neither would it be able to lean against its old safety-prop, impersonality in fiction, and spit spleen and prejudice on nobility and beauty. The critics who heedlessly shout its glories and make its least duck a stately swan, would either find their occupation gone or else be compelled to write that which was legitimate criticism. A Dahm, Zola, or Jokai could no longer offer his priestly caricatures in open mart, and find men to unwittingly buy them as bits of truth, for such a critical tribunal as Dr. Barry outlines would have heralded to all that read the literary and ethic value of their portraits.

"PATRICK'S DAY IN THE MORNING."

BY DOROTHY GRESHAM.

ACROSS the lough, over the park, up to my windows in the first flush of the bright March morning comes the shrill sound of the fife-and-drum band heralding the national festival. The well-known air, dear to the Irish heart all the world over and fraught with a thousand happy memories, is thumped and whacked and murdered with delightful originality, which makes one's spirits and humor run up with exhilarating velocity. I am on the floor and, regardless of creature comforts or inflammatory rheumatism, throw wide the windows to get the full benefit of the tune.

I see the boys tramping down the road in elaborate green decorations. The "big drum" is having it all his own way, and his musical, poetic soul is being spent to sound effect on his ponderous instrument. Never mind, it is glorious; and I feel an irresistible desire to execute a few steps across the room to the jiggy melody. In the breakfast-room I find a huge shamrock on my plate, which I proudly fasten on my jacket. Kevin is also so adorned and looks imposing, while even Nell is an Irishwoman for the day. There is an unusual brisk air over the establishment, gay laughs and subdued jokes echo everywhere; the band has roused them all, and filled them with coming expectations of still more exciting performances. It is a Fair Day in the village, and after Mass all the retainers will have the day, winding up with festivities at home. As I hurry out on my way to Crusheen to be in time for Mass, I meet the postman and pick out a letter from Kitty, to be shared with Aunt Eva on our way to the chapel. The day is lovely, carrying out the old adage that "March comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb." The sun is quite warm, the mountains throw back their rays in glinting radiance, the lough is still as glass and blue as the cloudless sky above it. The fields below me are yellow with golden daffodils, and I mentally contemplate a floral feast on my return, if the children are not before me to carry off my treasures. The road is crowded with loaded cars and carts going to town; the country is deserted for the sights and amusements of the fair. Con is waiting as I come out on the lawn. Evidently I am behind-time—"a true St. Thomas," as Aunt Eva calls me, and I cannot deny the affinity, protesting, however, that it is well to be saint-like in something. I pull out Kitty's letter while we drive down the avenue, and as I read it is almost like a peep at her sunny self. After paragraphs of teasing and banter, she becomes serious and says: "Are you by this time Paddy enough to rejoice with us in our peculiarly happy—glorious, so I think—feast? To me, since I can remember, Patrick's Day has always brought me a feeling of joy and pride different from all the other feasts of the year—joy that such a great soul was sent to plant the faith on our beautiful island, and pride that our forefathers never made the saint sorry that he had come among them. The flag he unfurled five hundred years ago floats to-day as radiantly after yearly, daily, even hourly onslaught from the enemy. I glory in being Irish for that reason above all others! In preparing my meditation this morning these thoughts came to my mind, and I send them to you versified as a souvenir of your first Patrick's Day in Ireland:

"Oh! Catholic land, my island home;
Bright emerald gem 'mid ocean's foam,
Loved by thy children where'er they roam,
My faithful, thorn-crowned Ireland!

When Famine stalked throughout the land,
Not checked by God's mysterious hand,
And smote in death each noble band,
Still lived the Faith in Ireland.

To crush thee persecution tried;
With hate and crime was power allied,
When fiercely raged the battle-tide
For the grand old Faith in Ireland.

Like brilliant star on sullen night,
Trembling and glittering, radiant-bright,
Rejoicing the pilgrim with its light,
Shone out the Faith in Ireland.

As a beacon-light o'er the stormy wave,
Shining aloft to guide and save
The mariner doomed to an ocean grave,
Flashed out the Faith in Ireland!

When the ruthless sword shed martyrs' blood,
And hallowed thy soil with a crimson flood,
Ready and bold her brave men stood
To die for the Faith in Ireland.

Gone are those days of woe and dread,
Mourn'd and shrined the immortal dead;
And Hope exultant lifts her head
To crown Thee, faithful Ireland.

No longer in cave or mountain pass
Gather by stealth brave lad and lass
At break of day for holy Mass,
As when penal days cursed Ireland.

When Freedom's light bedecks thy hills,
And rapture every bosom fills,
When with new life the nation thrills,
May Faith still reign in Ireland!"

We are by this time going through the village street, and the crowds are so dense that Con has hard work to steer through the cows, horses, donkeys, and men. Around the chapel gates the throng is greatest. The country congregations for miles are filing into Mass, and when at last we find ourselves inside, the sight is magnificent! Not a spot unoccupied; men, women, and children are packed together, adorned with green ribbons, Patrick's crosses, and the whole is one sea of surging, emerald shamrocks! Father Tom comes out to begin Mass with bowed head, and as he faces the congregation to read "the Acts" and the long "Prayer before Mass" always said in Ireland, his eyes light up at the great, enthusiastic crowd assembled to thank God for the great gift that is in them. After the Gospel he speaks to them, as a father to his children, as a pastor to his people, a shepherd to his flock. Few, simple, and earnest are his words. Clear and forcible the old priest's voice falls on that unlettered throng.

"One of our dear Lord's last words to his Apostles before he left them was, 'And you shall give testimony of me because you have been with me from the beginning,' and to-day, my children, I repeat them to you. Those true Catholic forefathers of ours of happy memory have edified the world by the brave show they have made of the Irish faith that was in them—and we, their children, are too often on this glorious feast their shame and degradation! Our spirits are high, and alas! get the better of us, and when we are in the public house and on the village street we give poor proofs of the faith of our fathers. Let us change all this to-day. I appeal to you all before the altar. Let every public house be closed after four o'clock this afternoon, and half an hour later you will all meet me here for the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Then, when our Lord has blessed you, I expect you will go to your homes, happy and holy Irishmen, and hold your rejoicing with your family, and God, I know, will be with you."

We stream out when the crowd has somewhat dispersed, and Con drives slowly through the village that I may see everything. The cows have been sold for the greater part or sent home, and the games and meetings of friends have begun. Country girls in holiday gowns, with their mothers, cousins, aunts, and sisters, parade up and down, bright, rosy, and blissful. The game of Aunt Sally attracts crowds, gingerbread stalls line the streets, a ballad-singer shouts out some topical song to a popular air, and the country boys hang on every line, loudly applauding a good hit at some local landlord or Dublin Castle. Children stand open-mouthed before the shop windows, telling each other what they should like of all the treasures so alluringly arranged behind the glass. On their right shoulders is fastened the Patrick's Cross, and the merits of each one is warmly discussed. The cross is made of a round piece of paper pinked and gilded; down the centre is a cross of bright ribbons, a marvel of coloring, the very thing to charm a child, and their little, transparent faces tell of the fascination. I see many of my old friends among the crowd, but they are too far off and engaged to take any notice of me. We drive out of town to Shanbally, where we are to lunch with Mrs. Baily. We have not met since the ball, and she is loud in her laudations of my donkey-driving, and is more Shaksperean and classic than ever. I have learnt to laugh now at my nocturnal adventures, and Aunt Eva does not spare me. Not a point lost, not a look missed, and we have much fun over my steed and myself.

Some hours later, going back to the chapel, the town presents an utterly changed appearance; the shops are closed, the streets are deserted, and every one is either on the road to his distant home or on the way to Benediction. We find the people waiting and praying as we enter the chapel; and after comes the Rosary, nowhere so beautiful as in Ireland, the wail of the "Holy Marys" rising like a mighty prayer to her who is indeed their Queen and Mistress.

The *Tantum ergo* rings softly through the old building. With clasped hands and bowed head the old priest prays for his people before the Prisoner of Love enthroned above the kneeling congregation. What a sight in this age of scepticism! —the poor plain chapel, the venerable saintly priest, the ardent, devotional, impetuous people, who have cheerfully curtailed their pleasures and shortened their long-looked-for amusement to come here at the simple word of an old man. Oh, the wonderful power of a good priest, on whose very look and act hang the salvation of many souls! We linger till the last echoing footsteps have died away, and then steal away, awed, edified, enchained. Back to Dungar with the dying sun, Uncle and Aunt Eva coming for the evening to be present at the drowning of the shamrock. Great preparations for kitchen festivities have been made. Crusheen sends all its household, and a large party of the servants' friends come for Patrick's night by long-established custom. Father Tom arrives for tea, to show his approval of home-rejoicings to-night. The fun waxes merrily down-stairs, and sounds of hilarity and laughter come gaily now and then to us in the drawing-room. At nine o'clock Father Tom wishes to say good night, and Kevin suggests that he should see the visitors before he leaves. To speak is to accomplish, and we all assemble in the great old hall, Father Tom in a huge chair in the centre. With shy, roguish, smiling faces they gather round him and he has something pleasant to say to each one. Many *bon mots*, bulls, flashes of native wit greet his descent on them. Con is radiant at the *dacent* way the neighbors behaved this blessed and holy day, and as Father Tom's eyes fall on him a smile lights up his old face. Turning to Nell, he says, "Have you ever heard Con sing his 'Irish Jig is the Dance'?"

"Never," she answers in surprise, "and I should be delighted to hear him."

"Well then you must; you could not do so on a better night. Come, Con, stand out there and let Mrs. Fortescue see what you can do." The poor old fellow protests, but Father Tom's word is law, and he timidly strikes up, to an accelerated measure of Moore's "One Bumper at Parting," the following words, as well as I remember them:

I.

Me blessin's upon you, auld Ireland,
  The dear land of frolic and fun!
For all sorts of mirth and divarsion
  Your like isn't under the sun.
Bohemia may boast of her polkas,
  And Spain of her waltzes talk big,
But they're nothin' but limpin' and twisting,
  Compared with our own Irish jig.

CHORUS.

A fig for those new-fashioned dances,
  Imported from Spain and from France;
And away with that thing called the *pollka*—
  Our own Irish jig is the dance!

II.

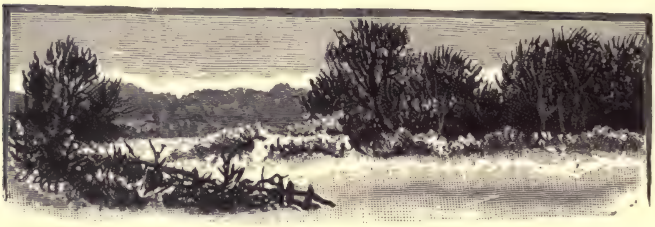
The light-hearted daughters of Erin,
  Like wild deer on their mountains they bound;
Their feet never touch the green island,
  But music springs up at the sound.
To see them on hill-side and valley,
  They dance the jig with such grace
That the little daisies they tread on
  Look up with delight in their face!

III.

This jig was greatly in fashion
  With the heroes and great men of yore;
Brian Boru himself used to foot it
  To a tune they call Rory O'More.
And oft in the great halls of Tara,
  As the poets and bards do tell,
Auld Queen O'Toole and her ladies
  Used to dance it and sing it as well!

Bravo, Con! never heard you better, is the universal verdict that drowns the old man's last notes. We are all charmed. Even Father Tom is excited, and cries out: "Now, Con, let Mrs. Fortescue see for herself what a real Irish jig is like, and after that she will think very little of polkas and waltzes, I promise you. Come, Thade, give us 'Paddy O'Carroll' on that fiddle of yours." The dance begins, and the light step, agility, and poetry of the octogenarian are marvellous. The enthusiasm of the days long dead, when he revelled on the cross-roads and joined the village gatherings, when he footed at wedding and Patron, return to his old way-worn feet, and the sight is inimitable.

I have seen many jigs on the stage, very good ones indeed, but they were, after all, nothing but acting. Here in this ancient Irish hall, with a genuine Irish audience, Thade's native music, the old white-haired priest and Con, the central figure, will always stand out as one of my most racy, enchanting traditional pictures of pure poetical, whole-souled Irish life.



MEMENTO; HOMO, QUIA PULVIS ES.

REMEMBER, son of man, that thou art dust,
And unto dust returnest: bow thy head
In token of submission; hath God said,
And shall it not be done? Then let thy trust
Be in His mercy, who will never thrust
Thy suppliant soul from Him; thy only dread
Be of offending Him whose blood was shed
That thou, too, might'st be numbered with the just.

Remember, man, death cometh, slow or fast,
And, after dark, the judgment, just and sure,
Of God, the upright Judge; wouldst thou secure
His favor, and a crown, when death is past?
Remember still thine end; live true, live pure,
So shalt thou rise from dust to life at last.

Mother Mary de Sales Chappuis.

A VISITANDINE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

ON the 27th of July last the Mother Mary de Sales Chappuis who died at Troyes, France, in 1875, was declared Venerable by the Court of Rome. Thus the preliminary step has been taken towards the canonization of one whose long life was a continual marvel of heavenly benedictions and divine communications. Like St. John Berchmans, she is a type of the "extraordinarily ordinary" saint, who arrives at so high a degree of sanctity by the performance of every-day duties in a spirit of love of the divine good pleasure. Like her holy founder, St. Francis de Sales, she studied the Divine Model, she entered into his Heart, and she portrayed to the world in her life and teachings that the secret of sanctity is none other than to follow Him who is the "Way" in the path of his will, in performing our least action in union with him, despoiling ourselves of self, in order that the spirit of the Saviour may animate us. She leads us to an entire confidence in him, and distrust of self, depending upon him every moment. Thus all Christians have in these latter times a model of sanctity for every-day life in this gentle exemplar of the sweet spirit of St. Francis de Sales. How many associate with the idea of sanctity those penitential rigors which few can support, and yet *all* are called to sanctity, which, in reality, is nothing else than the love and accomplishment of the divine will in all the details of life. A perusal of her life, published at 79 Rue de Vaugirard, Paris, will delight and edify all lovers of sacred literature.

The good mother, as she was familiarly styled by her contemporaries, was born in the little village of Sayhières, of the diocese of Bâle, Switzerland, on the 10th of June, 1793. Her parents were staunch confessors of the faith, concealing priests who sought refuge during the horrors of the Revolution, their home being a true sanctuary of Christian piety. Of the ten children of Monsieur and Madame Chappuis, seven consecrated themselves to the service of God. This devout family rose every night to assist at the Mass which was said in a place of concealment, and the little Teresa, then only four years old, perceiving that something secret took place, and suspecting that it pertained to the worship of God, begged to be allowed to accompany the others. As she was prudent beyond her years, this privilege was granted her, and at the elevation she comprehended all, the good God revealing himself to her soul in an ineffable manner. Later she was sent to complete her education at the Convent of the Visitation at Fribourg, Switzerland, and there the attraction she had felt from her tenderest years for the things of God developed into a religious vocation. But her affectionate heart, her attachment to her native mountains, her sweet family ties caused a terrible struggle between nature and grace, which lasted four years, reminding one of St. Teresa's struggle, in which she declares her soul seemed torn from her body, so that death itself could not have cost her more than her effort to correspond to the voice of God calling her to religion. Thus generous souls who are destined to do great things for the divine honor are early distinguished by the renunciation of self at a terrible cost, while weaker souls must have the cup of sacrifice sweetened or disguised under sensible consolations, else they would never have courage to drain it. Too often such souls ascend Calvary under the delusion of finding Tabor, and when they realize where they are, they cast aside the wood for the holocaust and descend to the low valley of human comforts, frustrating forever the designs of Eternal Love.

Notwithstanding her great interior sufferings, our generous Teresa Chappuis at length consummated her sacrifice by making her religious profession in the monastery of the Visitation of Fribourg. The victim, all through her long religious life, of physical maladies, she became more and more conformable to the likeness of her Crucified Spouse. Gifted with extraordinary lights for the guidance of souls, her subsequent life proved her divine mission to spread abroad the merits of the Saviour, and to enable souls to profit by them.

Chosen for superior at Troyes, and later at Paris, these privileged houses saw the inspiration, birth, and progress of those marvellous works of charity which have since been revealed—works which in the four quarters of the globe are making the Saviour personally known and loved.

She revealed to the Bishop of Fribourg the intimate communications of the Saviour and the divine operations in her soul, and his recommendation to her was to submit everything to the church in the person of her confessors, and to this advice the good mother faithfully adhered, even when obedience was, morally speaking, almost impossible.

For thirty-five years the confessor of the convent was the Abbé Brisson, who is *now* the venerable superior-general of the Oblates of St. Francis de Sales; *then* he was an incredulous young Levite, with an attraction for study and a zeal for exterior good works that gave him little inclination to remain some hours every day listening to the recital which the good mother made to him of the operations of God in her soul. "Who will deliver me from this woman?" he would sometimes exclaim in the bitterness of his soul, and he did not conceal his repugnance; but the humble nun must needs obey, and continued her manifestations, in which, against his will, the young confessor was destined to play so active a part. One day, at Mass, he prayed that if these manifestations came from God, a certain girl, a half "natural," who would confess to him that day, might recite passages he would select on going out from Mass. He took down a volume of the *Summa* and wrote at random three phrases, which he carefully placed in his pocket. On entering the confessional, before making the sign of the cross, the girl recited the phrases word for word, of which she knew neither the pronunciation nor meaning. This and numerous other marvels failed to satisfy him or cause him to yield that co-operation in the works that our Lord desired of him. One morning the good mother assured him that he must no longer oppose the will of God; but

> "He that complies against his will
> Is of the same opinion still,"

and feeling his liberty attacked, as he ingenuously relates in his beautiful life of the good mother, he declared he would not yield even if he saw the dead raised to life. Raising his eyes in the heat of his vehemence, he saw our Saviour, and this vision touched and softened his heart and will, which henceforth became all enamored of the divine will. The foundation of a school and home for working-girls, whose faith and morals are always so exposed, was one of the results of these divine communications, and which developed into a congregation of religious sisters, the first of whom received the habit from the hands of Monseigneur Mermillod, when he desired to have a colony of them in his diocese of Geneva.

These fervent sisters of St. Francis de Sales are intermediary between the cloister and the world, and devote themselves to all kinds of exterior good works, leading at the same time a life of close union with the Saviour. Of the working-girls formed to piety in their first house over fifty entered various religious communities.

Thus we see fulfilled by these daughters of the good mother the first intention of St. Francis de Sales in founding the Visitation, which, according to the designs of God, had developed into a cloistered order, best calculated to preserve the traditions and teachings of the sainted founders. But the mission of our good mother to spread abroad the merits of the Sacred Heart of the Man-God saw its fulfilment in the establishment of an order of priests, the Institute of St. Francis de Sales, which gives to God and the church truly apostolic men, who for thirty years have, in various parts of the world, labored to propagate the spirit and teaching of their great saint, and the merits of the Saviour. The *Annals Salésiennes*, a monthly bulletin published at Rue de Vaugirard, gives the most interesting and edifying accounts of these works, their foreign missions, their conquests *of* and *in* souls, proving their divine mission more eloquently than words. They labor first at their own sanctification by a union of their own souls with the Saviour, and hence their work in the souls of others bears marvellous results. Their great glory is to practise the teachings of the good mother, to profit by the lights she received so abundantly for them. It was for them that she suffered and prayed and received the divine communications for so many years before and after their establishment. It was the predilection of her heart, this great means of making the Saviour known and loved; and the rebellious young confessor, now full of years and merits, was the corner-stone in this new and beautiful edifice of the church militant, destined to grow and increase and fulfil, shall we say the prediction of the Abbé Bougaud?—that the true "devotion to the Sacred Heart," which means the *utilization* of the merits of the Saviour, "will not reach the acme of expansion until the twentieth century, when consummate evil will find its perfect remedy."

This chosen soul also co-operated with Monseigneur Ségur in forming the Association of St. Francis de Sales for the propagation of the faith, and through her influence the Roman liturgy was introduced into the seminaries of Troyes, banishing from the diocese the last vestige of Gallicanism.

Numerous congregations and confraternities are indebted, either in their origin or progress, to the co-operation of Mother de Sales, notably among them the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, the Sisters of Bon Secours, the Little Sisters of the Poor, etc., her universal, broad-minded charity being the resource of all the religious communities far and near, who undertook nothing of importance without first consulting the good mother, and if, as sometimes happened, God gave her no light on the subject proposed, she would simply say, "I do not see," and nothing could induce her to give *her* opinion. On her deathbed she said: "I can say with truth that I have never wished to act of myself, but have always let our Saviour act in me; never doing anything but by his movement."

Notwithstanding the great numbers of all classes and distinctions that constantly had recourse to the lights and counsels of the saintly soul, and the apostolic works which engaged her attention, nothing diminished her devotion and zeal for the perfection of the interior spirit of her own communities. Gifted with a great capacity of mind and heart, with her entire dependence upon the Saviour, she knew how to multiply herself and find sufficient time for everything. Like her holy founder, she was never hurried nor precipitate, never in advance of grace in her dealings with others, but in all awaiting the moments of the Lord. All her direction tended to the exact fulfilment of the rule, according to the letter, but much more according to the spirit. Each order in the church has a *distinctive mission,* and consequently a peculiar spirit of its own. Hence the sanctification of each individual in particular, and of each community in general, depends upon the careful fulfilment of its own vocation, according to the words of St. Paul, "Let every man abide in the vocation wherein he is called." However good a thing may be, if it is not in accordance with one's vocation, it is contrary to the mind of the church, and certainly not in conformity with the will of God. We see St. John of the Cross inculcating this principle in the early Carmes, urging them to follow their own peculiar spirit and not that of other orders—good for them certainly. St. Francis de Sales and St. Chantal strongly insist upon this fundamental principle, clearly defining the peculiar spirit of the Visitation to be that of sweetness, humility, and retirement, since it was instituted "to give to God daughters of prayer, interior souls, who would be found worthy of serving the Infinite Majesty in spirit and in truth, who would have no other pretension than to glorify God by their abasement," "to honor the hidden annihilated life of the Saviour." Mother Mary de Sales had applied herself from her novitiate to the profound study of this spirit, and possessing it in its plenitude, she possessed likewise the gift of imparting it and making it loved. How she loved that spirit of lowliness, so recommended by her holy father, and which the Saviour did not disdain to follow during the whole course of his mortal career! All her chapters and instructions tended to the destruction of the spirit of self-exultation, to the consideration of our nothingness. "Souls who hold themselves as little nothings will have no evil days; they will walk in peace and always be contented in the Lord," she was wont to say, and her modest and humble demeanor, which was at the same time so sweet and gracious, convinced all that she experienced in herself the truth of her words. The very sight of her inspired devotion, and even when a child the neighbors would say of her "Let us go to look at the little saint of M. Chappuis." She knew well how to spiritualize the least actions, saying "there is nothing we have to do in which we cannot unite ourselves to God." "My Saviour, lend me your merits for this action; of myself I can do nothing." She received special lights with regard to that most necessary but material of duties performed in the refectory, our Lord showing her the graces he bestows in this place, when the refection is taken with purity of intention and in conformity with his will.

Her teachings, and above all her example of fervor, have been, as it were, a tidal wave which has swept over the whole Institute, reanimating souls to labor at their perfection by the perfect observance of their rules, which is for them the divinely appointed means of sanctification.

When the good mother was elected superior of Troyes, she found that the work of the academy was not in accordance with the retirement and recollection of the cloister, and consulting our Lord, and referring to Annecy, to which, in deference to the wishes of St. Francis de Sales, all the houses of the Visitation owe a cordial dependence, she established certain regulations which, consulting the true interests of the pensioners, retrenched their "goings out" to three times a year, cutting off all that distracted them from their studies. This caused considerable commotion among the friends of the academy, as the Visitation was much loved at Troyes, and the daughters of the most distinguished families were educated there. The superioress was charged with "indiscretion," "ignorance of French customs," "ruining the school." The bishop was appealed to at a banquet by the Baroness of ——, who declared she would withdraw her daughters and nieces from the academy rather than submit to such regulations. But Bishop de Hons was a man of eminent spirituality, and had consented to these reformations, so in conformity with the sacred obligations of these cloistered religious and with the spirit of God, however much at variance with human prudence. He regarded his religious as the chosen portion of the flock of Jesus Christ, of which he must render a severe account at the day of judgment, and he did not consider it as the least of his duties to study their rules and their distinctive spirit, that he might lead them "beside the still waters" of their peculiar vocation.

The reopening of the school found only four pupils returned, and this number did not increase for more than a decade of years. But the good mother remained firm, and her community, worthy of so holy a superior, never uttered a complaint or made the least unfavorable reflection upon the cause of their reduced school. "The kingdom of God and his justice for us is our rule," said this enlightened woman, and the Saviour assured her that the day would come when they could not find accommodation for the numbers who, appreciating at last her manner of acting, would confide their daughters to her. This was fulfilled to the letter, and up to the present day the Academy of Troyes has averaged yearly from seventy to eighty pensioners, who receive that refined and truly Christian education which characterized the brilliant women of the "grand siècle." Their minds and best energies were not wasted upon the straining-every-nerve process of so-called modern progress, which has not yet and never will produce a St. Thomas Aquin, a Scotus, or an Albertus Magnus. "And yet they held their place everywhere, these pupils of the Visitation," said M. Mermillod. Their minds and characters were formed upon the highest Christian ideals, and who can estimate the good which such souls are calculated to do in the world as mothers of families? They indeed spread abroad the sweet spirit of St. Francis de Sales and the merits of the Saviour. A roll of their weekly literary productions fell, by accident, into the hands of a man of letters, M. Colin de Plancy, then Secretary of the Académie de la Haye, in Holland. He was delighted with them and published them, to the great satisfaction of the readers of the *Netherland Review*.

When a great age and greater infirmities rendered Mother de Sales unable to walk, and the physician insisted that she should take the air, a devoted friend presented her with a donkey and little cart. This animal makes by no means a small figure in the annals of the academy, his tricks and adventures having given Madame Ségur the inspiration for her *Strange Adventures of a Donkey*. He would sometimes run after a wayward little one who had trespassed on forbidden grounds, pick her up, shake her vigorously, and carry her back to her mistress. He loved the children and willingly drew them in the cart. Sometimes he would put his head in a class-room window, where he usually received some sweetmeats. One day the confection proved to be gum-drops, which stuck in his teeth, causing him to make such grimaces as produced more hilarity than was desirable during class, so that the mistress unceremoniously chased the visitor away and closed the window, whereupon the donkey maliciously closed the *shutters*. One day, when the good mother had been absent some time at Fribourg, a little one who delighted in teasing the good-natured animal told him the good mother had returned. Seeming to understand her, he trotted off to the side door from which she was wont to emerge for her ride, and not seeing the familiar form he at length walked sadly away.

On being told of this incident the good mother said, "Ah! we must not even deceive an animal."

The children and grandchildren of the pensioners had a special place in her great heart, and each was brought to her to receive her blessing, and all that she said of it carefully noted and regarded as a prediction, which was always eventually fulfilled.

Doctor Recamier had an entire confidence and veneration for this saintly religious, making her, as it were, the protectress of his patients and his family.

Among the many gifts with which God enriched his faithful servant was that of prophesy, of foreseeing dangers and of obtaining by her prayers deliverance from them. Like St. Teresa, she had a great love for the least ceremonies of the church, and for the sacramentals—holy water, Agnus Dei, blessed salt, relics, medals, and for everything that tends to the divine honor, to pilgrimages, the saints, the souls in Purgatory, etc. But the great devotion of this elect soul was for the sacred humanity and the adorable Person of the Saviour. Pressed by him, she made many vows besides those of her religious profession, and among these were to "cut short" all thoughts not of the Saviour or for his glory, to do what she knew to be most agreeable to him, and to love his good pleasure. This was the ruling passion of her life. No matter how painful events might be to nature, she immediately adored in them the will of God. "As thou wilt, Lord. Since it pleaseth thee, it pleaseth me," she exclaimed in sorrowful occurrences. "To become a saint, we have only to say 'yes' to everything," and be "faithful to the grace of the present moment," were her favorite maxims.

Shortly before her precious death two Oblate fathers bore to Rome their rules and constitutions for the approbation of the Holy Father. Monseigneur Ségur was there also in their interest. On meeting them he exclaimed: "Oh! you come for Mother Mary de Sales, and nothing will resist you; with her one can obtain all." Cardinal Chigi was present and manifested the liveliest interest in the new institute. "St. Francis de Sales," he said, "is the saint of my family; it was my uncle, Alexander VII., who canonized him." He knew the good mother, whom he had met when nuncio at Paris, and he testified a true veneration for her. Pius IX. received the fathers with much benevolence, examined minutely into their works, the course of studies pursued in their colleges, and expressed his entire satisfaction; and within six months the rules and constitutions received the desired approbation.

Seeing at last the accomplishment of her mission, the good mother declared that her work was over; and in effect her end was near, for after several months of extreme suffering she yielded up her pure soul to God. After her death four sisters were employed in touching the holy body with beads, pictures, linen, etc., brought by the faithful for this purpose and which they piously preserve as relics.

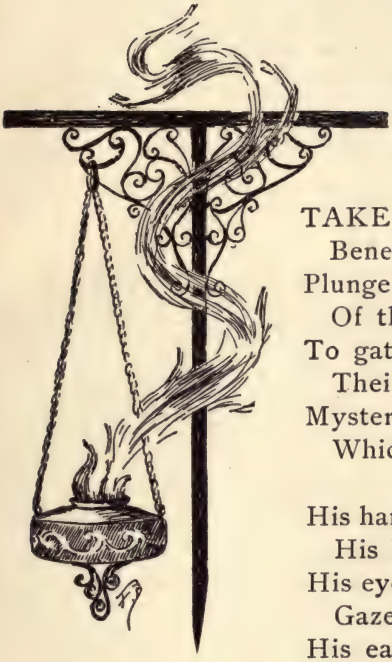
In the convent cemetery a simple cross marks the last resting-place of the good mother, with the following inscription: "Our venerated Mother M. de Sales Chappuis, who died in the odor of sanctity October 7, 1875, aged eighty-two years and three months."

Terra-cotta statues of the seven angels who assist before the throne of God stand round this humble tomb, the gift or votive offering of those who have experienced her special protection, and commemorative of her devotion to these blessed spirits. There Monseigneur Mermillod went to pray, and obtained the conversion of an apostate priest; and there favors known and unknown have been obtained without number, through the intercession of this humble Visitandine, "whose good odor, in pleasing God, has overspread the hearts of the faithful."

GETHSEMANI.

"MY pain seems greater than my heart can bear,
Yet love greets suffering gladly, though it kill."
So Jesus in Gethsemani, in prayer
Drained deep the chalice of His Father's will.

BERT MARTEL.



THE PASSION-TREE.

TAKE me, blessèd, sorrowing Mother,
  Beneath His Cross with thee;
Plunge me in the lucent shadows
  Of the mystic crimson Tree,
To gather from its dripping branches
  Their ripe fruits of mystery—
Mystery of love, sweet, cruel,
  Which Jesus wrought for me.

His hands and feet are pierced with nails,
  His brow with thorns is crowned,
His eyes, through clouds of clotted blood,
  Gaze heavily around.
His ears with jeers and mockeries
  Are tortured, till the sound
Drives in through all the quivering soul
  In shrinking anguish bound.

And who is He that suffers thus?
What evil hath He done,
That He should hang condemned and scorned
As a most guilty one:
Abandoned to such grief as that,
May be consoled by none?—
God's co-eternal, well-beloved,
And own and only Son!

Creation's God, the Lord so great,
And yet so good is He
As other ne'er had power to grow;
Loved us so passionately
He longed to die—for after death
Transpierced His heart would be,
To drench our lives in quenchless depths
Of love's infinity.

Justice hath now her rights—nay, more
Than justly she demands;
The sacrifice is Mercy's work,
Who brooks nor bounds nor bands.
His Mother, in her pity's strength,
By Jesus bravely stands,
Clasping Life's Tree that blood-dewed flowers
May blossom in her hands.

Her tears rain grace on Passion-flowers,
Love's blossoms, that will prove
Sweetest of all those living fruits
That we shall taste above,
When up life's glorious Passion-Tree
Our souls in labor move;
Clinging to Christ through sufferings, reach
Heaven's summit of pure love.

And what do we return Him? Oh,
Sad tears of sympathy!
Our contrite hearts crave some small part
In blood-veiled mystery.
Sore-wounded doves, we'll nest to mourn
In the fragrant Passion-Tree,
Till love in death lifts joy's light wings,
And we fly in Christ's sun-life free!

FOLLOWING.

In grieving wonder, dearest Lord,
  Our sad steps follow Thee
Along the track of crimson drops
  That winds up Calvary.
Alas! what burden bearest Thou
  By such a dolorous way?
What sacrilegious hand hath dared
  On Thee disgrace to lay?

Our feeble hands have fashioned, Lord,
  This shameful cross of Thine;
Our weak hands woven cruel thorns
  To press Thy brow divine.
And yet, forgive Thy children's wrong,
  And draw them yet more near,
Until upon Thy throbbing heart
  Love's sacred sighs they hear!

Contrition's tears their gems for Thee;
  Their prayers, contrition's flowers;
Their little strengths, sweet Christ, with Thee
  To share this Cross of ours,
Patiently, almost merrily—
  Yes; for Thou dost impart
Most sweetly to Thy Cross-bearers
  The secret of Thy heart.

A STUDY OF THE AMERICAN TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

REV. A. P. DOYLE, C.S.P.

IN studying methods of prevention the more logical way is first to diagnose the disease.

Though drunkenness is known the world over, yet it is attended in America with peculiarly aggravating symptoms that make it a moral disease so alarming in its character as to demand the consideration of the best minds in order to devise remedial methods.

I take it for granted in this paper that there is a full appreciation of the extent to which the vice of intemperance prevails in the United States, so that I need not delay either to present the abundant statistics that are at hand proving the virulent character of the disease, or to quote statements from men of light and leading who have made this matter the subject of their closest study. We take it for granted, because the Church, usually so conservative, has selected this vice for special condemnation and antagonism, that there is a great deal more drunkenness than there should be.

The fact that intemperance in America assumes the proportions of an almost distinctively national vice is due to the active agency of various causes, among which three may be selected for special mention.

NEURASTHENIA CONDUCES TO INTEMPERANCE.

First of all, there are exciting conditions in the American climate and in the character of the American people which are peculiarly conducive to intemperance. We are told by the medical fraternity that neurasthenia is a peculiarly American disease. As Cardinal Satolli once put it, in a letter commending total-abstinence work, in "the exciting business life and the sparkling, brilliant atmosphere of ardent America" there is need of special efforts to suppress intemperance. The bright flashing skies, an atmosphere surcharged with electrical influences, the eager strife for pre-eminence created by our peculiar commercial relations, the enormous tempting fortunes within the grasp of the stoutest runner, the anxious and worrying search for the golden fleece leading to overwork and strained vitality—all combine to create a condition of physical nature that craves for the stimulus of alcohol. The fast living of an electrical age, as well as superheated houses, and the quantities of indigestible food prepared by unskilful cooks and bolted without sufficient mastication on the ten-minutes-for-lunch railroad style, produces a dejected and a depleted physical vitality that regularly demands the goad of the stimulant in order to keep the pace that civilization sets for it. This rapid and unnatural way of living, contrasting so unfavorably with the staid and simple life among European nations, makes the use of alcohol almost a necessity. People who live a perfectly natural life out-of-doors, with plain, nutritious food, may awaken natural energies sufficient for the demands that the daily routine of life makes on them, but the American people, with their overwrought nerves, must have the tightening of nerve-cords that will keep vitality up to concert pitch; so that, while other nations wherein these conditions scarcely exist, or if they do exist, exist in a small degree, may content themselves with light wines and beers, Americans must have their stimulants with forty, fifty, and sixty per cent. of alcohol in them.

ADULTERATION A CONTRIBUTING EFFECT.

Besides the aggravating tendency inherent in the American climate and the character of the American people as here and now constituted, there is a still further incitement to over-drinking in the systematic adulteration that is openly and avowedly followed. The art of adulterating liquors has in this country reached the precision of an exact science. While in every other land there exists governmental inspection, securing a pure, healthy drink, little or no attempt has been made in this country to inspect and control the sources of the drink-supply and maintain in purity the nation's beverages. Laws are made to inspect the food that is eaten. The Department of Agriculture has special charge of the cereals and food products. The various boards of health in every city in the country will, with keen analysis, subject the water and milk used to the closest scrutiny. As yet we have had no far-reaching and systematic endeavor made to maintain in their purity the wines, beers, or whiskies that are put on the market. But, on the contrary, the intoxicating drinks of the people are, with an ingenuity that might be saved for better purposes, adulterated with many poisonous and deleterious substances—one to give it one quality, another to hasten the chemical changes that in the laboratory of nature can only be brought about by slow and natural fermentations. So, as a result of all this, it is noticed that the character of drunkenness in this country is different from that noted elsewhere. In other countries too much drink makes a man happy, it rejoices his heart, it awakes social qualities, and when surfeited nature rolls under the table, it quietly sleeps off the heavy potations; but in America over-stimulation awakens the beast within a man. He seizes a knife to slay his wife or he dashes his infant's brains out against a doorpost, or, like a madman, he runs amuck through the streets of the city until, captured by the police, he is put in the strait-jacket or the padded cell until the wild-eyed delirium passes off.

THE AMERICAN SALOON.

But in all probability the greatest cause of intemperance in America is, I do not say the saloon, but the peculiar character of the American saloon. The American saloon with all its accessories and concomitants, including its peculiar political and social power, the outcome of our political life with its manhood suffrage, is a unique institution. It is quite true that liquor is sold the world over, and every nation has its place where refreshments are dispensed, and these places differ as the characteristics of nations differ, for I suppose there is no place where human nature is so without disguise and free from restraints as in the drinking-places of the world, and consequently no place where the natural characteristics come out in stronger relief. The gay Frenchman has his cabaret. The stolid yet domestic German has his beer-garden, where he will gather with his family and sit the hours through quaffing his lager. The English have their gin-palaces; the Italians their wine-shops. In the East is the khan.

It is related of a great French explorer that, while pursuing his discoveries in unknown countries, he leaped for joy when he caught sight of a gallows, because to him it was a sign of civilization. So the public house has been erected in all civilized countries; but among them all the American saloon is *sui generis*, and there is a personality about the American saloon-keeper that differentiates him from his cousin in any other nation. His importance began with the era of large cities. After the war a peculiar conjunction of circumstances heaped the masses of the population together into cities. Thousands of loose, unattached elements, who had no home-life, but who had been accustomed to the wild scenes of camp and the roving excitement of a soldier's life, came home from the battle-fields to earn a living for themselves. For them the quiet country had no attraction. Simultaneously with this set in the immense tide of immigration, when the growing cities became a place of refuge for the oppressed of all nations, too often a dumping-ground for outcast fragments of European peoples, and a gathering-place very often for the shiftless and criminal. The majestic city, with its immense wealth and its opportunity for social enjoyments, also drew unto itself all the health and vigor of the country.

At the same time reviving industries began to stimulate this motley gathering to unwonted activity. The smoke of a thousand factories seemed to darken the sky in a day, and steady streams of ready money began to pour into the hands of the toiler. Here was the wonderful spectacle that presented itself during the past generation: a gathering of immense masses of people, bringing with them the ideas and customs of all races, huddled together in unsafe, untidy, and unhealthy tenements, largely devoid of the responsibilities and sobering influences of the family, and knowing little of the quiet and retirement of home-life, and at the same time, through the manhood suffrage guaranteed to them and the ballots put into their hands, holding the reins of government, controlling the sources of legislation and law, and ambitious to fill offices of trust and power. The voting power the cities possessed was so influential that it became the dominant factor in national politics. The city political boss was the builder of party platforms, and set in motion and controlled the machinery that dominated the great movements of national politics. To be the local politician controlling votes, and to be able to deliver the requisite number of ballots on election day, was a tempting, at the same time a remunerative position.

AS A POLITICAL FACTOR.

To become such THE SALOON gave a man his opportunity. Through it he could pander to the appetites of this motley mass of urban population. It afforded him an easy way of making money, and at the same time it gave him the chance of controlling votes. It was a facile road to political preferment. As a consequence, ambitious, place-hunting men seized this way of riding to mastery over their fellow-men. The saloon often became the working-man's club. It was the centre of the social life of the district. Its absolute freedom from all restraints made it the resting and lounging place of the homeless. It possessed the peculiar advantages of an utter lack of ethical standard, and this made it free to do as it wished entirely regardless of the moral welfare of the nation or the social well-being of the people. It consequently became the germ-centre of lawlessness. While it debauched some of the people with drunkenness and took from them that knowledge necessary for an intelligent ballot, it snapped its fingers at the law made for its restriction. Nothing was too sacred for it to blight with its degrading influence; the honor of the judiciary, the efficiency of the executive as well as the integrity of the legislature, went down before its threats or yielded to its fat bribe or coercing mandate. It became the unscrupulous and conscienceless tyrant of American politics.

Hence, the American saloon-keeper is a personality unique, whose counterpart cannot be found in any other land under the sun, and the saloon is not simply a legitimate agency for satisfying the thirst of the people, as it is in other countries where drunkenness does not prevail, but its avowed purpose in America is TO CREATE AND FOSTER THAT THIRST. By methods known to the business it deliberately sets out to get people to drink. It makes itself the centre of social life; it cultivates the habit of treating, with the tyrannical compulsion to drink when one does not want to do so. By the political pull the saloon-keeper has and by the office-brokerage he carries on he holds his slaves within his grasp; by salted drinks, of themselves provocative of thirst; by a fierce competition due to the over-multiplication of drinking-places, which brings it about that there are more saloons than butchers, bakers, and grocers put together; and by a multitude of other ways, with ramifications in and out of the life of the people, THE SALOON DEVELOPS A CRAVING FOR ALCOHOLIC DRINK, and it is this unnatural and overstimulated thirst for intoxicants that is at the bottom of most of the intemperance in the country. These, then, are the principal agencies, with some minor contributing elements added to them, which have created a condition of affairs in America that has made the drink evil one of the most serious problems we have to deal with in our civic as well as our spiritual life.

METHODS OF PREVENTION.

In order to cope with such rooted as well as wide-spread evils, methods of prevention as well as of cure must be commensurate with the disease. We can scarcely hope to change the nature of the American climate or the character of the American people, or to completely eradicate the American saloon, founded as it is in our political institutions; still, conditions may be placed that to a very large extent may neutralize the agencies that tend to intoxication. Like the cure of consumption, many remedies are suggested and different schools of medicine have their own way of dealing with the disease. New remedies are proposed every day, and, if we believe their advocates, are "sure" cure every time; but still consumption exists and counts its victims by the thousands. So various communities are at work applying what they deem a panacea for the drink-plague. In New York it is the Raines bill; in Pennsylvania, Brooks laws; in St. Louis, Missouri law; in Maine and some other States prohibitive state enactments; in South Carolina the Dispensary law; in the West and elsewhere high license is thought to be the remedy; in still other places local option is in favor, and in many others they say the introduction of light beers and wines will replace the drinking of ardent spirits. The constant agitation kept up in the discussion of these problems and in the enactment of these laws has undoubtedly done a great deal of good.

As we look back over the history of temperance work during the last fifty years, he who runs may see the onward and upward trend of the movement. There has been a constant and steady rising of the tide of public opinion. A half-century ago drunkenness was considered but an amiable weakness, and for the drunkard there was nothing but pity or sympathy; to-day it has been stripped of its false disguise and it is pilloried in the open mart as a horrid and disgusting vice, and in place of pity and sympathy the drunkard receives condemnation and punishment. A generation ago the drunkard-maker moved in the best society, his friendship was courted, he held the first seats in the synagogue; to-day there is none so poor to do him honor; he is ostracized from the refined social circle, his business is put under the ban, and even in the ordinary standards of legal morality it is surrounded with abundant safeguards, so that its evil-producing power is restrained as much as possible. Time was when it was thought that alcoholic drinks were a necessity for one's physical well-being; now it is known that the best health is compatible with total abstention from intoxicating drink. Within our own remembrance it was not dreamed that the social circle could be enlivened without the flowing bowl—it had its honored place on every festive occasion; now the advance wing of the temperance body has debarred even the social glass. In the world of ideas the energetic, determined, and advanced leaders of public opinion in temperance matters are forging ahead, and close to them hurries on a resolute band of followers, ready to accept and defend the position the leaders carry by assault.

This progressive movement is primarily the result of the educational work that has been going on during the last generation.

Even the methods of warfare are changing. The temperance sermon of twenty years ago was a realistic description of the horrors of drunkenness; to-day the world no longer wants to be convinced that intemperance is a dreadful monster, ruining families, destroying the peace of society, breeding vice, poverty, and destitution, because it knows it only too well. It knows now the disease and the extent of its ravages; it wants to know the best and most efficacious remedy. This is the great problem to be solved. And as public conviction as to the nature of the drink-plague has come through educational work, so too the public will be persuaded of the best remedy through that same educational work.

VALUE OF LEGAL ENACTMENT.

Undoubtedly the legal enactment has a distinct province in the work of suppressing the drink-plague.

Many leaders in spiritual things, because they have considered that they have had at hand an easy remedy for all or any moral evil in the grace of God and the sacraments of the church, have ignored the influence of the law in restraining drunkenness—have held themselves aloof and have left the legislators and the executive to their own devices, and as a consequence have deprived the law of just that ethical influence necessary for the attainment of its best results. They have overlooked the fact that there are other sides to the temperance question besides its moral side. As its evils are physical as well as moral, as its ravages are sociological as well as spiritual, as its effects are just as disastrous in this world as is its soul-destruction in the next—so other remedies besides those from the spiritual pharmacy of the church are to be applied to the universally blighting evil, and other methods besides the ordinary ministrations of the sacraments are necessary. In fact the ordinary ministry of grace proves inoperative, because intemperance in its last stages so destroys the natural man in his reason, his will, his physical fibre, that the spiritual forces have nothing to take hold of or to do their work with. Drink deprives a man of intelligence. With the spark of intellect quenched what can grace do? Drink enslaves a man's will. Without free will he is not a moral agent. Drink plants the lowest animal desires in his heart. Without a God-fearing heart how can grace supernaturalize?

Moreover, the strong arm of the law is often absolutely necessary to cripple the agencies that antagonize the temperance sentiment. The law, with a large proportion of our citizens who have no authoritative moral teacher, is the only standard of morality, and therefore its condemnations can often render a thing disreputable. The law can restrain the vicious and can take away the stones of stumbling from the pathway of the weak. Though it may not make a people sober and legislate drunkenness out of existence, yet it can remove far from a man the temptation to drink, and thus allow him of himself to sober up. It can cripple, and even entirely destroy, the agencies that make a people drunk. The province of the law is to protect the weak and keep the vultures from swooping down on those who have fallen by the wayside.

A study of the wonderful mass of legislation that concerned itself with the liquor question during the last fifty years is like delving into a geological work, and as many curious specimens may be discovered there as a geological museum could show forth.

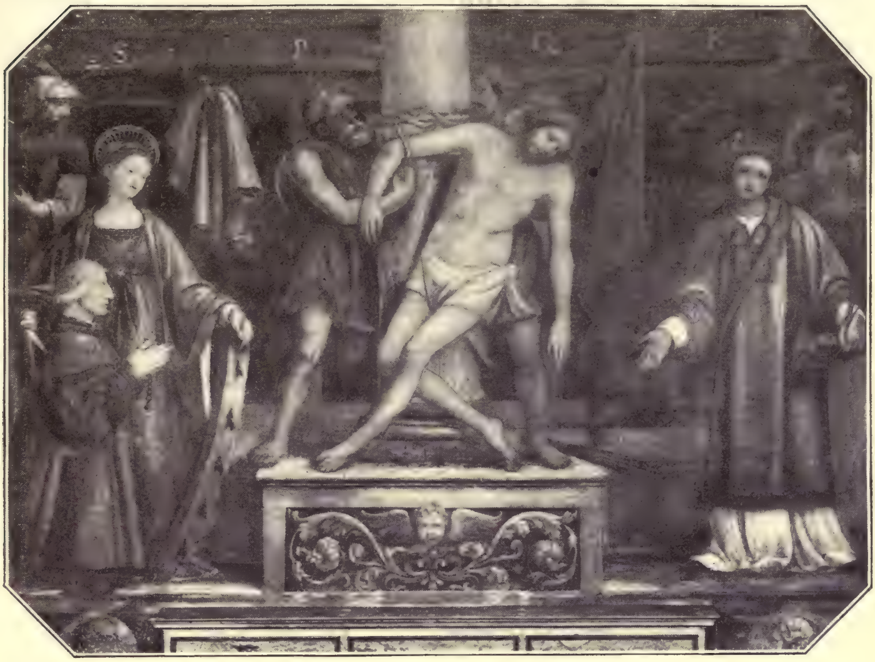
LAW MUST BE BACKED UP BY PUBLIC SENTIMENT.

Legislation has undoubtedly failed to accomplish results commensurate with the efforts put forth. And one reason why legislators have not succeeded as they should, is because they have forgotten that the source of intemperance is often within a man, starting from springs of action that are not and cannot be reached by any legislative enactments. Effective temperance work, while the agencies that incite to drink may be crippled by legal enactments—effective temperance work must originate largely in influences that will reach into a man's soul and get at the springs of his personal action. A bird flies with two wings, a rower propels himself with both oars; with one wing or with one oar neither the bird nor the rower can make any progress. So if temperance work is confined exclusively to legislative enactments, or even to religious influences alone, failure will undoubtedly result.

In America the most potent weapon lies in the sentiment of the people. Public opinion is America's god. It can do all things, and nothing is hard or impossible to it. At its shrine the greatest leaders bow down and adore. He who attempts to antagonize it is baring his breast to the thunderbolt, he who opposes it on him will it fall and crush him. Everything, then, that feeds and strengthens public opinion in its condemnation of the vice of intemperance is doing effectual work.

It is just on these lines that the great Catholic movement known as the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America is doing its work. Politically it leaves its members free to follow any stripe of temperance reform they choose. The country is wide and different sentiments prevail in various places, and as in the vegetable world what will grow in the South will not grow in the North, and *vice versa*, so as all reform must be the outgrowth of local sentiment, the National Union says to each and every one, "You may be what you want—prohibitionist, local optionist, South Carolina dispensary man, or what not, but first, last, and all the time you must be a temperance man"; that is, while the public position is taken in opposition to all agencies that foster intemperance, a private reformation of one's own personal habits is needful.

So vigorously has the great Catholic Temperance movement grown that, in spite of the fact that it demands very high and often heroic standards of its members, it stands to-day as one of the greatest Catholic fraternal organizations in America. It numbered at its last counting 77,254, having added 21,841 new members in the last four years. It has succeeded beyond all expectation, and its future is rich with promise.



"Was ever Suffering like unto this Suffering!"
Christ at the Pillar. Bernardino Luini.

THE SCOURGING AND THE CROWNING WITH THORNS IN ART.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

"WHAT have I done to thee, O my people, or in what have I grieved thee? Because for thy sake I scourged Egypt with her first-born, hast thou delivered me to be scourged?" is the cry which comes to us in the Reproaches chanted on Good Friday, the music of which has come down to us from the fifth century. An exceeding bitter cry and one which has found a response in every generous soul, every sympathetic heart, from the first reading of the Gospel pages on which it is said: "Then Pilate took Jesus and scourged him." For there is an ignominy in scourging which has been resented by the people of every civilized nation for their mariners on the high seas; an ignominy which the Roman governor would not have dared to inflict on any freedman of his own nation, which was held in reserve for slaves, and in after ages for Christians; yet it is this very scourging which our Lord predicted for himself.

The dull thud of the whip, its heavy leathern strands falling on the quivering flesh, has sounded during the half-hour of meditation through whole ranks of religious in their stalls on the morning of Good Friday, all down these eighteen hundred years; through adoring hearts that gather, as silently as shadows, around the repository so soon to be dismantled, so soon to be deprived of its one Guest on his way to his mystical crucifixion. Other sufferings of our Lord have appealed almost altogether to the eye, but this one haunts the ear, as it does the imagination, of every son of Adam, of every daughter of Eve, on the morning of that day whose gloom no sunshine can dispel.

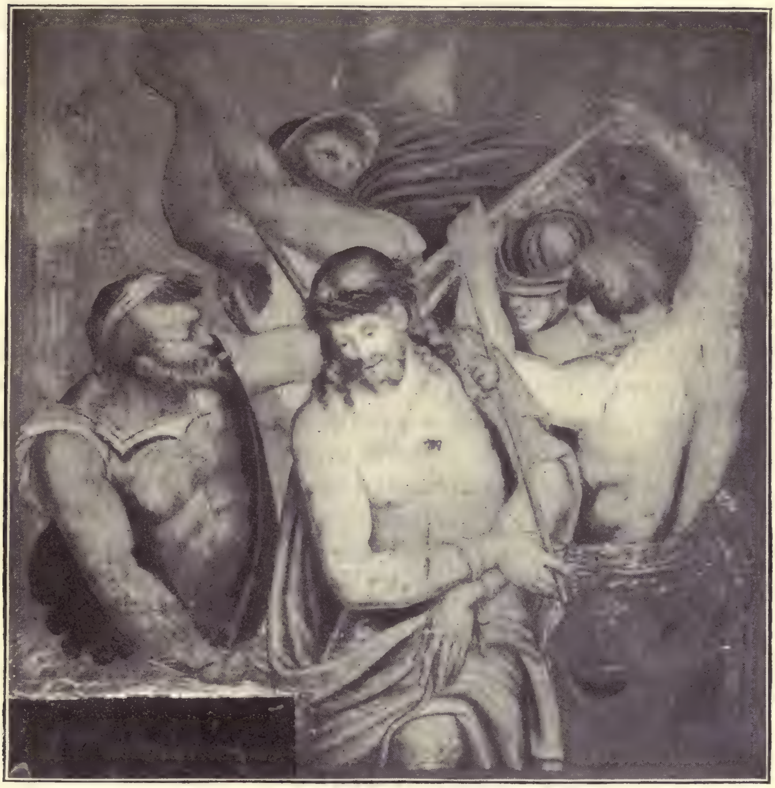
We read that Peter and his companions were scourged at the command of the council for preaching that "Jesus is the Christ"; that Paul, "five times, received forty stripes save one," since in the law it was written: "Forty stripes he may give him and not exceed; lest if he should exceed, and beat him above these with many stripes, thy brother should seem vile unto thee." We do not read that Roman executioners limited the stripes given to our Lord by any clause of the Old Law, while traditions unite to prove that a scourging was given cruel beyond the law, almost without measure, as if some demon had instigated those who found the Wonder-worker, the so-called King of the Jews, actually in their power. In fact, from first to last, we realize, with every fresh reading of the Gospel story, that each incident of his Passion had an exceptional cruelty, either for heart or soul or body, and this scourging has always been accounted without limit as to the number or ruthless severity of the stripes save the fear of depriving the cross of its prey. This tradition has been observed, and held fast to, from the time that Christian art was free to assert itself—free to illustrate the Sacred Text on convent walls or in those illuminated missals in which deeply meditative souls could venture to express their inspired convictions.

It is well known that the events of the Passion, even those of the crucifixion, were omitted on the walls of subterranean cemeteries. It was not until Christianity emerged from her hiding places that the cross, blazing forth in all the splendor of mosaic, gave the artist an inspiration to treat the subjects connected with the Passion of our Lord; and even so, this inspiration confined itself to the illuminating of the details of the Passion, as given in the Divine Office, in the parchment folios which still make the treasury of renowned convents and monastic centres in Europe; later on, to certain metal plates, still to be seen at Aix-la-Chapelle, and to ivories. It was not until the Tuscan genius asserted itself, under the inspiration given by St. Francis of Assisi, that we find the scenes in our Lord's Passion taken up by series, as by Duccio of Siena for the altar of the cathedral in that city, by Cimabue, and still more notably by Giotto of Florence. It was on the walls of the church of St. Francis of Assisi that Cimabue began and Giotto finished a series of pictures representing the scenes in the story of the Passion, bringing in the scourging of our Lord; and this, too, in a way to be deeply revered, giving proof of the traditional treatment of this subject in the missals and antiphonals. It is represented as taking place in the immediate presence of Pilate, who is on the judgment seat with his mailed attendants, while scribes and Pharisees and Saducees stand opposite, witnessing the administration of the sentence as our Lord is tied to a pillar in the hall, his Sacred Face turned toward us. A certain barbarity of action is almost precluded by the circumstances under which the sentence is executed, and with all its humiliating conditions our Lord is venerable and worshipful under the cruel blows, while a look is made to pass between him and one of his executioners which seems almost to paralyze the arm uplifted to give the first blow. Singularly, this very look is found in Fra Angelico's picture of the scourging, although the surroundings are altogether different. In this is no crowd, not even one cruelly fascinated spectator. He is alone in the vast hall with the two flagellators, and neither seems vicious, only obeying cruel orders, while the Lord of heaven and earth stands with an ineffable calmness, and the deep gashes tell the tale of the pitiless stripes by which we are to be healed.

The famous picture of the Flagellation, in a chapel at the right hand as one enters the church of *San Pietro in Montorio*, in Rome, was painted by Sebastian del Piembo, and its design is generally ascribed to Michael Angelo; although, had Michael Angelo painted it, we may be certain it would have maintained a hold on the imagination which it does not possess from the hand of Piembo. A tradition is gathered from all the well-accredited representations of our Lord in his sufferings, that the Divine Face must not be concealed—that Face on which all must look and read their weal or woe at their private as well as at the general judgment; that Face, too, which is to make for us the peculiar joy of the Beatific Vision. In the example before us this Divine Face is concealed, as if he were overwhelmed by the violence of the blows. Altogether, the picture is degrading to the dignity of our Lord, whose deepest humiliations certainly must not be allowed to make him in art "a worm and no man." It is a misfortune that two such names as Michael Angelo and Piembo should attract visitors who are sure to be repelled by this picture, and many of whom may regard this as an authorized type of the Flagellation.

But in that Lombard school, founded by Leonardo da Vinci, over which his lofty but serene spirit seems ever to preside, we can look for a perfect type of that most difficult of all the scenes in our Lord's Passion to render according to its realities, for these realities belong not only to the manhood but to the Godhead. Of all Leonardo's devoted pupils and ever-admiring disciples none received his spirit so fully as Bernardino Luini. Both may be said to have drunk from the same fountain of eternal beauty, and the "Divine Proportions," of which Leonardo wrote so eloquently, taught with such enthusiasm, became a part of Luini's heart as well as of his mind and was one of the dominating forces of his imagination. Yet there was a quality in the genius of Luini as individual as any in that of Leonardo; and this was sympathy, the coming in touch with the most interior and subtle combinations of suffering; and Rio tells us that, while Leonardo was called to Milan in its days of joy, Luini continued with the Milanese people in their days and years of mourning, of bereavement—bereavement by war and by pestilence; so that he was entreated to paint what would comfort them under their multiplied and, during his life, ever multiplying sorrows; while this quality of his genius of which we have spoken rendered him a true consoler, lifting them above their own individual distresses to a region where they could be mystical consolers to our Lord himself.

To the fulfilment of this task he may be said to have bent himself with the best resources of his art as to its technique and his æsthetic intuitions. Never has a tenderer, more sympathetic hand delineated the sufferings, the sorrows, the interior desolations of Him who came to bear the iniquities of us all in his own body, giving his cheek to the smiters, his flesh to the scourgers. The moment chosen by Luini is not that of the actual flagellation. Some one has said, that we should never take in the actual torture of our Lord upon the Cross but for the vehemence of the Magdalene at his feet, or the horrors of the Last Judgment by Orcagna, in the Campo Santo, but for the angel cowering and hiding the sight of it from his eyes. It is by this same delicate intuition that Luini makes known to us the awful brutality inflicted upon the most sensitive, because the most perfectly organized, humanity of Him who was not only holy but was holiness itself. Not one nerve had been deadened by sensuality or hardened by selfishness. The spirit of sacrifice quickened every sensibility, asking for no alleviation, yet pervaded by a calmness, an actual serenity which would baffle our dull perceptions, but for those who surround him. The column, from which he has not been altogether detached, is streaming with blood, some drops only trickling over the Body and over the linen cloth that wraps the loins; the feet slip on the blood that is on the base of the pillar, and the drooping form, one arm only released from the ropes that



"A SUPREMELY SUPERHUMAN PATIENCE."
Jesus Crowned with Thorns. Luini.

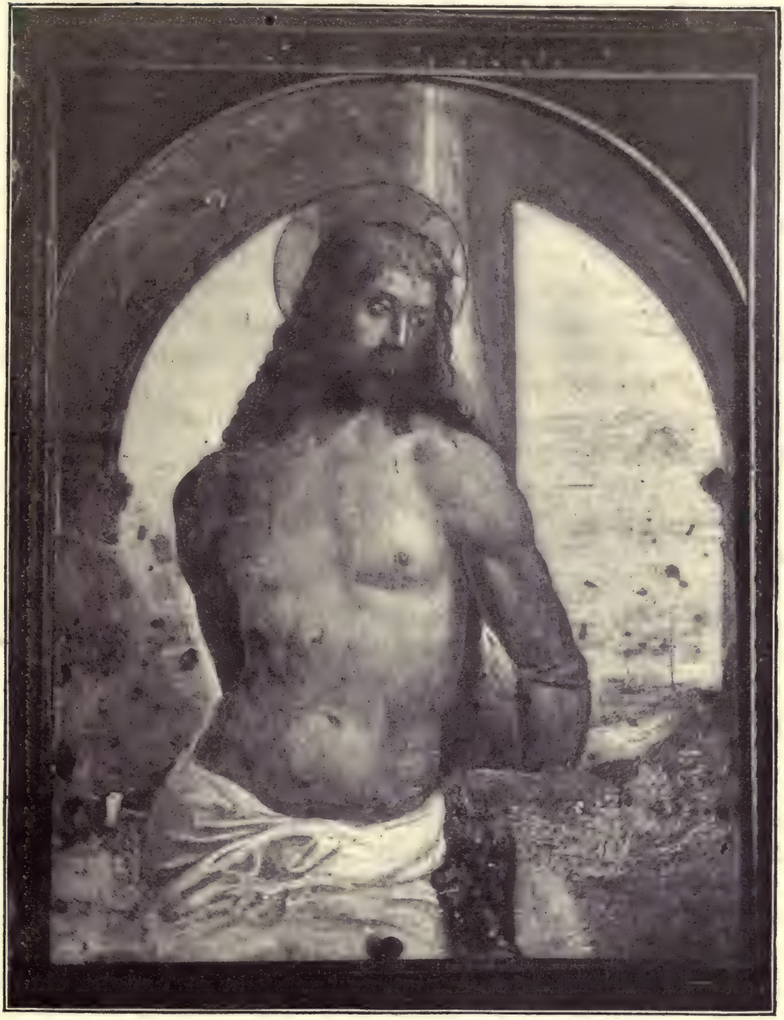
bound it, rests on the hands of one of the flagellators, while the other minion fiercely tries to undo the coarse knots. The marks on the Sacred Body cannot be called bloody, but livid, and the beautiful head, turned fully toward us, sinks on his own shoulder. It is exhaustion following unspeakable anguish, the limp figure in its divine beauty dropping one hand until it nearly touches the bloody bundle of twigs at his side. All this shows the lassitude succeeding the sharp suffering; but at his side stands St. Stephen, his first martyr, in his dalmatic, with book and palm in one hand, the other extended toward the Master, for whom he had himself suffered, saying, with gesture and voice and the compassionate eyes, "Was ever suffering like unto this suffering!" And here is the key to the picture.

In the near background are Roman guards; but on the right hand, opposite St. Stephen, is St. Catherine, one hand with its palm resting on the wheel which is her symbol, the other resting with gentle, womanly sympathy on the shoulder of the aged donor of the picture, who, on his knees, his prayer-beads in his hands, is contemplating the same Redeemer, compassionating the same sufferings, as St. Stephen, and the beautiful face of St. Catherine shows the traces of tears as if Faber's lines were in her heart, when he says:

"While the fierce scourges fall
The Precious Blood still pleads;
In front of Pilate's hall
  He bleeds,
My Saviour bleeds!
  Bleeds!"

As we read the story of the Passion in any of the Gospels, we have not time to recover from the shock given by the mere announcement of the scourging before another scene comes before the eye, which instantly recalls that antiphon from one of the most poetic offices of the Breviary: "Go forth, O ye daughters of Sion, and behold King Solomon with the crown wherewith his mother crowned him while she was making ready a cross for her Saviour."

This crowning was not predicted, in so many words, by our Lord, like the scourging, but it has been taken up by art in a way to show how deeply this injury has affected the imaginations of the people in every clime. Of all insults mockery is



"THE BEAUTY OF THAT BLOOD-STAINED FACE IS INEFFACEABLE."
Christ at the Column. Sodoma.

the hardest to bear. Malice, under a pretence of honoring, is doubly cruel, and this malice showed itself in the Crowning with Thorns with an intensity which may well be called diabolical, but which has inspired both art and poesy to make a reparation which has given not only masterpieces to the eyes, but hymns that will breathe through countless ages a spirit as consoling to the heart of our Lord as honorable to humanity. The office of the Breviary * to which we have referred might of itself inspire galleries of masterpieces, if it were ever read, ever pondered upon, ever made familiar to the imaginations of Christian artists. For all these subjects an atmosphere is wanting in our age, certainly in our country, which is necessary to the manifestation of sentiments which spring from a supernatural compassion. As we recall a miniature* said to have been painted on ivory by Guido Reni, and even if a copy certainly one to be coveted almost beyond price, the pictures in print-shops of the so-called Guido Reni's Crowning with Thorns, or *Ecce Homo*, seem so vulgarized that we turn from them with closed eyes, and never can we be guilty of placing them on our walls or in our prayer-books. Yet, almost from the first to the last of these representations, spite of certain barbarous renderings of the subject in certain quarters, the most exquisite delicacy of feeling has presided over Christian genius.

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* The Roman Breviary, translated out of Latin into English by John, Marquess of Bute, K. T.

What we have said already of the representation of the scenes in our Lord's Passion during the early Christian ages is true of this scene; but when Giotto painted it in the Arena Chapel at Padua examples had not been wanting in conventual libraries which guided him to a most reverential treatment of this scene, which, like the scourging, is dwelt upon among the mysteries of the Rosary. The reality of the Godhead, as it stood in the light of Giotto's faith, dominates his conception, and we see our Lord with his hands not bound, the robe even gorgeous in its texture, and the thorns of the crown delicate—piercing, indeed, but not barbarously large. This feeling concerning the crown of thorns prevails in the Italian schools, and especially in Fra Angelico's scenes of the Passion. In the one representing our Lord wearing the bandage through which his omniscient eyes still behold, as through gauze, the insulting gestures of those who deride him, and set him at naught, clad in the purple robe, in his right hand the reed sceptre, in the left the round world, the large cruciform nimbus encircling a majestic head, perfectly according to the traditional type, and bearing a crown of thorns, these thorns are as delicate as long briars, setting their points into the head, not otherwise touching it. This may be called an instance of extreme slightness of the thorns; but no one will accuse the Angelical of a lack of sensibility to his Lord's sufferings. In truth the two figures of unrivalled beauty, sitting on the steps of the improvised throne, tell us how deeply the Angelical meditated upon the injuries inflicted on our Lord in his Passion. One of these is Saint Dominic in the habit of his order, the shaven head with its nimbus, over which scintillates the star which marks him in art, the index finger touching, with ineffable grace, the chin, the eyes bent upon the unclasped tome on his knees, the whole figure instinct with meditation ; the other is that of the Mother of Sorrows, one hand touching her cheek, so plaintive, so tender, the other just raising the fingers and palm towards the Divine Victim of man's feeble malice, while she looks towards us from the picture, as if asking for our sympathy—our sympathy for Him, thus maltreated for our sakes! The same crown of thorns, under the hand of the Angelical, rests on the sacred head upon the cross, the head bowed in death. Both pictures are unsurpassed in their meditative grandeur as well as tenderness.

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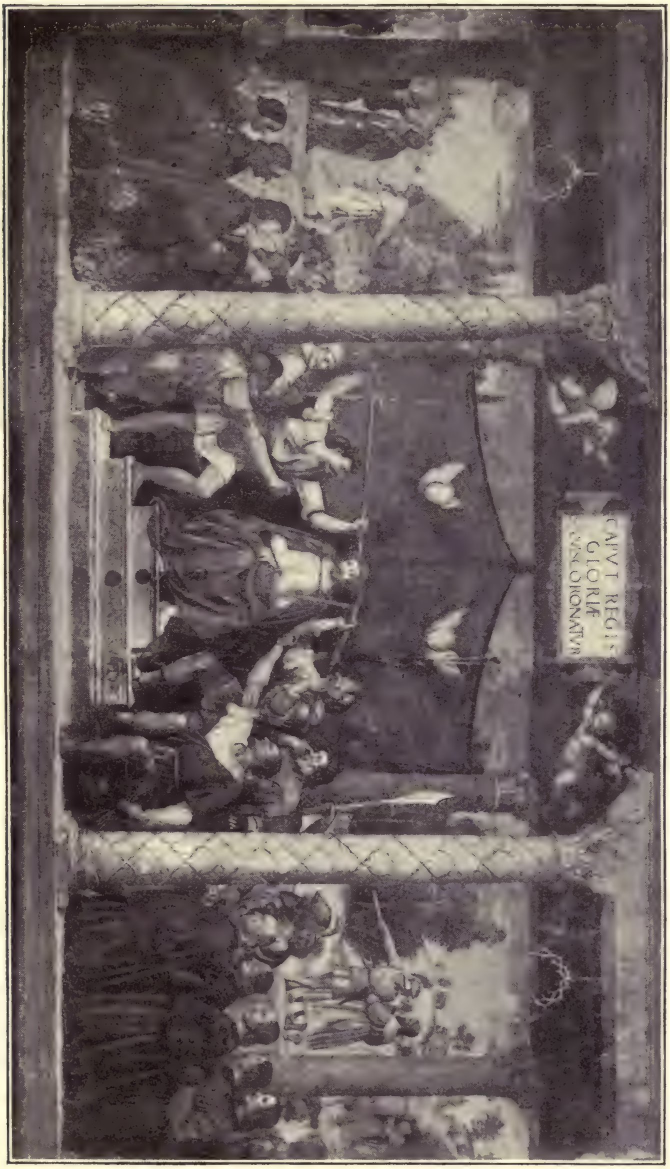
* This picture was shown in nearly every city in the Union, with the hope that some opulent Catholic would feel its value and purchase it of a family in distress—but in vain!

But we turn again to our Luini as the artist of the Passion, and we find two pictures from his hands which would, of themselves, fill the *rôle* of treatment for the crowning of thorns. The first gives the one drooping figure with his merciless executioners. The hands are bound, yet one holds the reed sceptre. One tormentor bears down the heavy crown with its thorns on the unresisting head with his full force ; the other seems to have paused, and looks intently, almost inquiringly, into the holy, closed eyes of the patient sufferer, as if saying, "Can this be a mere man?" while two other heads appear in the background as if assisting in the bloody deed. The livid marks of the scourging are still seen on the figure, which, from the thorn-crowned head to the tips of the fingers, in the yielding curves of the body expresses a supremely superhuman patience ; the beautiful face self-contained under inexpressible anguish.

The second representation is a very large picture in the *Pinacoteca Ambrosiana*, Milan, and is divided, by pillars twined with thorns, into three grand compartments. The side compartments give the members of the family or families of the donor, and may be regarded as portraits ; all are kneeling, contemplating the awful scene. Far in the background, to one side, we see St. John meeting and telling the tragic story to the heart-broken Mother, the almost frantic Magdalene, and two other holy women in a lovely landscape. On the other side, the distance gives us a Roman soldier telling the story to one who may be Simon of Cyrene, afterward to bear the Lord's cross, and others, all interested, sympathizing, and still another fair landscape makes a background. The middle and principal compartment is filled with a composition that lifts the imagination of the spectator above the actual scene, which is still given with a realistic incisiveness that must stamp it for ever on the memory. The architrave between the Corinthian columns in front is left open to admit a tablet, on which is inscribed *Caput Regis gloriæ spinis coronatur;* while a charming young angel on each side tells, with joyful gesture, the glory of this crowning with thorns. From the inner architrave directly below the tablet is suspended, by a single ring, a curtain which extends to the column on each hand which support this architrave, where it is fastened; and against this drapery, above which wave fair trees in the spring air, two cherubs' heads, winged, not sorrowful but sweetly grave, plane above the tragic scene below, investing the whole with that strange play of heavenly light, of mysterious joy, an exultation born of pain, which gives such a charm to the hymns, invitatory, and responses of the office for this "Feast of the Coronation of our Lord," celebrated as it is in red vestments.

Our Lord himself is seated on an improvised throne with steps, clad in the crimson robe, his hands bound with cords, holding in one his mock sceptre. The crown of plaited thorns is on his head, and two most cruel soldiers press it with all their might on the bleeding brow, while two others mockingly bend the knee, crying "Hail, King of the Jews!" Other soldiers are seen with their military weapons raised aloft; but under the brutal pushing down of the thorns, with the insulting mockery added to the anguish, and the array of soldiery, the Lord of heaven and earth, he who made the world and determines its times and seasons, sits unmoved; the exquisitely beautiful face, absolutely Godlike in its humanity, is turned fully toward us, the eyes almost closed, and with those attributes which make this representation of our Lord, alone in all the world, in the least divide the honors of perfection with that by Leonardo in the Last Supper. It is as if compassion for the creatures he has made had overcome his sense of their ingratitude, and we feel that the ejaculation on the cross, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," is in his divine heart if not on his sacred lips.

While this grand coronation, by Luini—embodying, as it does, all the realistic cruelty, all the injurious mockery of the actual Crowning with Thorns, voicing the praises of men and of angels, the glorification of the ignominy, the salvation wrought by humiliations—must be regarded as the one masterpiece of the world representing this mystery, there are two

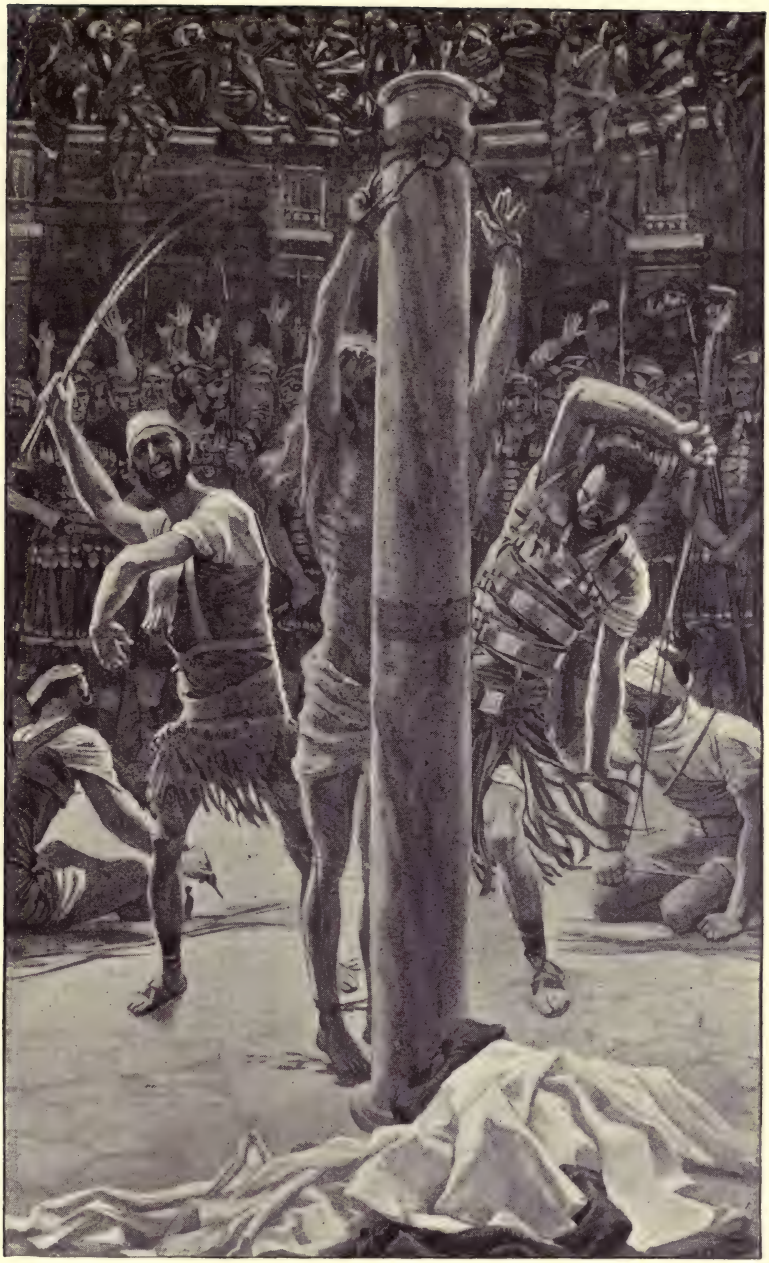


"THE GLORIFICATION OF THE IGNOMINY."
The Crowning with Thorns. Luini.

pictures which demand our special mention: the *Ecce Homo* by Overbeck and "The Christ at the Column" by Sodoma.

The first of these, by Overbeck, makes one of that magnificent set of "Forty Illustrations of the Four Gospels" which might, of itself, immortalize this greatest artist of our own century. Two soldiers are leading our Lord forward on the balcony from which Pilate shows him to the crowd below, howling their welcome like hungry wolves as Pilate exclaims, "Behold the man!" Their cries can be heard from the picture, but our Lord's step is as firm as when he walked the stormy waves of Gennesareth. One soldier, with a heavy club, carries the end of a rope tied around our Lord's neck, the other hands him the sceptre of reed, which he accepts without a gesture, while the other hand of the soldier with a pair of heavy pincers fastens, still more securely, the crown of thorns on the sacred head. The eyes of the Holy One are cast downward, but not closed; there is no blood anywhere, but pride dies out of the heart that meditates upon Overbeck's *Ecce Homo*.

In the picture by Sodoma, although it is entitled "The Christ at the Pillar," we see our Lord crowned with thorns, jagged and sharp. Blood from the cruel scourging is on the body; blood trickles from the thorny crown, drips on the shoulders, and bloody tears overflow the open eyes—open and looking out on the awful sin of the world which he is still to expiate on the cross. No other picture we can recall has a certain desolation in it like this by Sodoma, of that deeply meditative, tenderly compassionate school of Siena. The Christ-type is perfectly preserved, the beauty of that blood-stained face is ineffaceable; but we see the thirst, even before he ascends the tree of the cross, in the parted lips, and the cry of David in the heat of the battle with the Philistines comes to mind: "Oh, that some man would bring me water from the cistern of Bethlehem which is at the gate!" Yet we know that, like the cup of water brought to David, it would have been spilled on the ground. Thus we have, in this wonderfully inspired figure of our Lord, his scourging, his crowning with thorns, and his thirst. There is a look, too, which appeals not only to one's compassion but to one's faith; and we shall never forget what was said of it by one whose faith was more of the heart than of the head: "No argument for our Lord's divinity has ever done so much to convince me that he was truly both God and man as this picture by Sodoma of Siena."



THE FLAGELLATION. *J. J. Tissot.*

By courtesy of Bayan's Monthly Visitor Co.

James Tissot is the great French artist whose "Life of Christ" in painting commanded the unqualified praise of the artistic world when first exhibited in 1894, in the Salon of the Champ-de-Mars.

Quid Sunt Plagae istae in medio Manuum Tuarum?

—ZACH. XIII. 6.

BY F. W. GREY.

WHAT are these Wounds in those dear Hands of Thine?
Lord of my love, who thus hath wounded Thee?
Whose hand hath nailed Thee to the bitter Tree,
Or wove the thorns that round Thy Brow entwine?
What answer falls from those pale Lips Divine?
"The wounds wherewith My friends have wounded Me,
Those whom I loved the most; behold, and see
If there be any sorrow like to Mine."

Whence came Thy Wounds, O Lord? My sins have driven
Deeper the nails that pierced Thy Hands and Feet,
Mine was the spear by which Thy Side was riven,
That made Thy wondrous Sacrifice complete:
What may I do, but give Thee, as is meet,
The life for which Thy Sacred Life was given?

"THE DIARY OF MASTER WILLIAM SILENCE."*

BY REV. GEORGE McDERMOT, C.S.P.

THE work which bears the title at the head of this article is, in some respects, the most remarkable study of Shakspere that has appeared. It purports to be the diary of an English country gentleman who tells the story of life in his home and his amusements in the field; but the materials are taken from passages in the poems and plays controlled or illustrated by writers on field sports who lived in Shakspere's own time, and by more recent writers who have made them a special pursuit. Judge Madden, though a great chancery lawyer, was, and still is, so essentially a hunting man that he contrived, notwithstanding a practice at the bar which would seem to leave little opportunity for other studies, to make himself acquainted with the allusions in Shakspere to hunting, hawking, coursing, the forming of packs of hounds with reference to special purposes, and the training of the varieties of hawks to strike the peculiar game of each. The minute and exhaustive information is made as interesting as a novel. We enjoy the pleasure of vivid conception of men and things in the form in which the work is cast. It is a diary kept by a young barrister whose name, as an Oxford student, we find in Justice Shallow's greeting of his cousin Silence:† "I dare say my Cousin William is become a good scholar," for in those days all who could count descent from a common ancestor, even though they had to go back to Adam—as Prince Hal says—were a man's cousins. Then in England each one of the name was the poor cousin of the great man of the place, as in Scotland and Ireland every clansman was related to the chief and as good a gentleman as he, though in the intervals of hostings and wars he ploughed, tinkered, or made shoes for man and horse. Fussy, pompous, and rather incoherent, then, as Shallow was, he had one clear and compelling principle which could only belong to an ancient gentleman, a pride in and affection for his own blood on the male or female side. However remote, it was possibly "inheritable blood," in the technical English of black-letter law, under the description of "right heirs" on the failure of heirs of limitation; so that the small yeoman, Greenfield, who wore hobnailed shoes and pulled the devil by the tail on that outlying farm of sour land called Little Marsham, might by some curious turn of the wheel become lord of the manor and wear velvet, owing to his descent from one Reginald de Grandville, who had spurred by the Conqueror's side over the downs of Hastings.

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* By the Right Hon. D. H. Madden, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Dublin. New York and London: Longmans, Green & Co.

† Henry IV., Part ii. act iii.

A PERFECT REPRODUCTION OF ELIZABETHAN COUNTRY LIFE.

In Judge Madden's work we are back in the reign of Elizabeth. His perfect knowledge of social conditions, coupled with the gift of historical intuition which he possesses in a degree that would have placed him on the same bench with Gibbon or Thierry if he had employed himself in their pursuits, enables him to put the reader in the midst of the country life of a time when the term "merrie England" had not yet lost all meaning. We can form some slight judgment of this knowledge and the power of using it; and we venture to say that the autobiography of William Silence is full of the life which Shakspere lived or witnessed around him in his early days, to enjoy a breath of which he went, later on, year after year to his native place, and amid whose scenes and influences he closed his eyes at last. We do not think that any confirmation of this opinion is needed, but for all that we may inform the reader that the "proofs" of the work before publication were read by Dr. Ingram and Dr. Dowden; still we venture to say that both of those great scholars would admit that at least in the archæology of English sport—stag-hunting, fox-hunting, falconry, the management of dogs of chase, and the technical education of haggard or eyas—scattered through the works of Shakspere they could have learned something from him. It has been said to us that Skeat will have to amend his meanings owing to this book; and we even go the length of saying that Sir Walter Scott's knowledge of these sports—particularly hawking—and of much that belonged to rural life bears to Mr. Madden's something of the comparison which the general and unprecise knowledge of an able man who has not pursued a study with analytic insight bears to that of a specialist who has taken every part of a subject to pieces and reconstructed it in accordance with scientific principles.

HISTORY AS A BASIS FOR SOCIOLOGY.

Whoever desires to know something worth knowing of social science is bound to look to successive stages of life as well as to contemporary differences. On the surface such a work as the one before us would warn off the host of ambitious men who ask in connection with every study, "Is there money in it?" which is the equivalent of the older form, "To what does it lead?" We have no intention of answering this question—we understand men going to the bar ask it about classics and mathematics in connection with the study of law; but, rightly or wrongly, we are stunned by the clamorous energy of men pursuing a phase of what is called the science of sociology. We say to them—and they number tens of thousands in this country—that the sociology which confines itself to economics without regard to the individual and family, and to statistics of contemporary phenomena arbitrarily classified, can have no result. We say that the only science that will lead to anything is that of the comparison of social and political systems in their effects, and that for such a comparison the social life of any one period is a valuable chapter, and we have this in the work before us. We are not speaking in the air; we are not, on the other hand, stating a commonplace. The inutility of historical studies in relation to social science was almost baldly insisted upon in a correspondence with us by a man of distinction in this country in that department of learning. We are quite sure he represents the prevailing opinion of sociologists on the point, and we shrewdly suspect that those who might say our observations in support of the opposite view amount only to a commonplace, would say so simply because they cannot escape from their force. This is one aspect of the value of this book; there is another to which we shall refer later on, namely, the light it lets in on thousands of passages which professed Shaksperean students did not understand, on many passages that commentators tried to mangle into meaning. It puts Shakspere himself in a place before us that few indeed had appreciated. Fancy the author of "Lear" and "Hamlet" crying "Hunt up! The hunt is up!" or, as we should say in the case of a fox, "Stole away!" Fancy him running with the perfect confidence (because "Bellmouth" gave tongue) with which knowing fellows to-day keep their eyes on the huntsman, rather than the master, as on a guide to the death. Our author mounts the stranger on a pony such as Irish hobblers rode, a variety which seems to have been as much desired in England as were casts of Irish hawks. Our own idea would have been to make the divine William follow the hunt on "shank's mare," like so many good fellows of narrow fortune, with the aid of a long pole to leap hedges or help in climbing a steep place, the latter offering a short cut that crossed the segment of the hunt; but be this as it may, we find the stranger knew all about hunting, loved the cry of the hounds, the shouting of the countrymen, the clever handling of good bits of horse-flesh by the farmers, who thereby hoped to attract purchasers, the vanities and eccentricities of dandies from town and 'varsity, the "bull-riding" of titled fools, with more blood than brains, at walls as high as a church or at double banks like mountains, and so hedged that not even a wren could get through; the steady steering by old hands on clever hunters doing everything without seeming to do anything—how Shakspere must have enjoyed it all, and yet he drew Shylock!

SHAKSPERE AS A GUIDE TO THE STUDY OF SOCIETY.

However, as we have been saying, there is value in the exact picture of social life, and inestimable value to the critical student of literature in the aid this work affords to his seeing thoughts hitherto folded in an unknown tongue. We think there can be no serious question as to the second proposition; we hint a reason in addition to those already suggested to support the first. There was unquestionably at the time in which Shakspere lived a far greater pressure on the artisan and laboring classes than in the corresponding period of the previous century. It required four times the number of days' employment in the later era than in the earlier for a tradesman or agricultural laborer to earn subsistence sufficient to maintain him for the year. Still, life, as reflected in the plays, was upon the whole easy for those classes; and Judge Madden's work gives body to this opinion. No doubt a pamphlet appeared in 1581, which was universally attributed to Shakspere,* from which it would seem that a life of sordid poverty such as the last and the present century exhibit as the lot of a large proportion of those classes was the life of the village tradesman and the laborer then. Apart from the consideration that comfort is a relative term, we are of opinion that the pamphlet dealt with strongly-marked phenomena of a transition period and not with the social fabric as a whole. There is evidence of general comfort in the work before us, and it does not require special insight to perceive that it can be relied upon. We have evidence that in the country the orders of society melted into each other financially, though the distinction of rank was observed by custom as well as recognized in legal documents. There was, over and above all subordinate distinctions of rank, the broad gap that separated the man of gentle birth entitled to wear coat-armor from all below him, however rich; but in the sports of the field all were united with a heartiness of sympathy which, for the time, effaced distinctions so far as certain usages and practical good sense permitted.

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* We now know that the author was William Stafford.

THE SOCIAL SIDE OF SPORTS.

After a hunt, the lord of the manor or the master entertained yeoman and farmer, village shopkeeper and tradesman, as well as esquire and gentleman;* but the former sat below the salt. Our author in referring to the messes, as they were called, supplied to those who sat below the salt, slyly asks: Is that the origin of the term "masses" as contrasted with "classes" which a distinguished statesman is so fond of using? We think not, for it strikes us the gentleman in question is more familiar with the Heroic age of Greece than the Elizabethan age. But passing from the social aspect presented by the book, we think it beyond anything we have seen in its instructive and charming way of converting dry-as-dust information into a chapter of polite letters.

It interprets allusions apparently of no value in their place in such a way that they are search-lights into character. Shakspere is seen through them in a manner which Macaulay's fine turn of imagination did not enable him to seize to the full extent. Anachronisms and solecisms which Macaulay truly regarded as immaterial, because truth to nature was never violated, are explained by what we have set before us in this work, namely, the exclusive and intense sense of English and England which dominated Shakspere. He was English to the very core, not London English, but the English of the woods and fields, of the small town and the squire's "peculiar" river, of the manor-house and the deer park, the yeoman's gabled front, the moor and the mountain. Every change of sky was upon him, and its influence followed him to Troy in the twilight of the world. The sea which Edgar saw so far below the cliff of Dover was that which he made wash lands remote from any sea.

SHAKSPERE'S NATURE STUDIES.

Every one has recognized Shakspere's love of external nature, but indirectly as accessory to the play of character. Criticism has expended itself on the world within him, which revealed itself in the countless forms of wisdom and folly which take life in his men and women. In the shades of folly, from Cloten's upward to something that is almost more appreciative in insight than intellect itself—to that of Lear's fool and that of Touchstone; in the shades of wisdom, descending from the supreme majesty of Henry V.'s knowledge of man and society, down to Iago's craft in the small affairs of his own interest, students of Shakspere have followed him with discernment; but somehow they seem to have missed the key to that nature which is the informing spirit of all his creations. Almost no one, with the exception of Professor Dowden, has seen him in his creations except in the vague way that every one knows that something of the author must be in what he shapes. All the moods of fantasy, passion, suffering by which man recognizes man, mocks him, laughs with him, feels for him, hates him, are seen in those creations as they would be seen in real life, but never with full knowledge of the shaping influence which impresses the stamp of a complete and rounded life on each. Mental health is the all-pervading character of his conceptions. Hamlet would be a madman, pure and unmixed, with Goethe; Armado would be a conceit more stupid than Sir Percy Shafton, despite Scott's genius, if that great author had attempted to body forth the euphuist whom Holofernes so well described. Could any one else have made out of Mercutio anything but a harebrained buffoon, instead of the thorough gentleman he is? Whence is this strong, solid, underlying common sense? We think our author has found one spring of it, and that a considerable one, in Shakspere's ample, large-hearted enjoyment of country life in his early days. A sportsman and an Irish gentleman as well as a scholar, Judge Madden has used the divining-rod to the purpose, as we shall show by-and-by, in the contrast between Ben Jonson, the other contemporaries of Shakspere, and Shakspere himself, in their references to hunting and hawking—to the whole realm of rural life in fact. Those were not free of the forest, they were wanderers on hill and glade without woodcraft; or perhaps they only saw the moonlight and the dawn, the rising sun and the dew, in books; and thought ideation of reflex images the magic by which real landscapes, written by ten thousand associations on the heart, became idealized in the fancy. Our meaning may be taken from an instance: a copse between a thick wood and tillage land would suggest to Shakspere, along with other associations, the haunt of a stag of ten; to Massinger it would mean no more than part of the possessions of Sir Giles Overreach. The brake at the end of a lake into which or from which the little river flowed, with sallows and willows on the bank and a gnarled oak here, a hawthorn there, would give hint to him of a heron fishing in the reeds beyond the junction of lake and river, as surely as it would make a fowler think of wild ducks and a frosty night to watch, while lying gun in hand. Such a scene would not speak with a voice like this to Marlowe or Jonson, Peele or Greene, though it would have some other music for them no doubt—as, say, to Marlowe it might recall

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* The esquire was of higher rank than the gentleman, though the quality of gentleman was an heraldic attribute which each one who bore arms possessed in common with the king.

> "—the sad presaging raven that tolls
> The sick man's passport in her hollow beak."

But to the divine William of our author it might be the "bottoms" from the upland of the park where Olivia's manor-house stood; or the part of his demesne which Shallow could then honestly say was "barren"; though nowadays we find such land good feeding for bullocks and young horses, if there be a long stretch by the lake and river—or it might be a scene on the line of an army's march to fight for a crown, or a thousand other scenes, but certainly it would form part of the ground over which the Lord, who beguiled poor drunken rascal Sly, hunted to the music of his well-matched, tuneful pack.

THE CHARACTER CREATION OF MASTER SILENCE.

All we know of William Silence is found in the quotation cited from Justice Shallow, and the idea suggested in his next remark, that William would soon be going to the Inns of Court. From this shadow our author has created a character in the mould and form of the time, who is the central figure of many characters, more or less strongly pointed, drawn from the plays. The flesh to make the shadow William Silence a man may have been taken from the young bloods who figure so finely in the plays—Mercutio, Benedick, Orlando, Lucentio, and many more, with a dash from that admirable drawing by suggestion, Master Fenton of the "Merry Wives." Three or four hints enable us to know something about this last-named gentleman, and make us desire to know a good deal more. He was one of the set belonging to the wild Prince, and Poins, a fellow of spirit whose honor had stood the test of Falstaff, the most corrupting influence that has ever been near a young man. This Falstaff was a devil, "haunting" his young companions "in the likeness of a fat old man"—not respected indeed, but surely as much loved by them as the author and others have loved a genial and gifted one gone from amongst us, one upon whose forehead genius had set its seal, and upon whose words used to hang with rapture the two most accomplished audiences of the world—the Bar of Ireland and the Commons of the United Kingdom. Such memories are too sad.

For the young man destined for the Bar a career was open in Ireland, and our author makes the romance of William Silence's marriage turn upon this fact. Lawyers skilful in precedents could advance the interests of the Crown and their own against the titles of the ancient Irish and those Irish who were called the old English. The civilized process of discovering defects in titles was often as effectual as driving one of the ancient Irish to rebel in order to have an excuse for confiscation. If O'Neil rebels—said Elizabeth—there shall be estates for my subjects that lack. That was one method. The system which found that proprietors had no sufficient title against the Crown was another; and it was by being an instrument of such a method that Master Petre hoped his *protégé*, William Silence, would maintain a wife. This Petre in the Diary is an old acquaintance whom we knew as Petruchio. At one time he must have played the part of a Veronese gentleman, if William Shakspere may be trusted. It is more than hinted that Shakspere was on a visit in the neighborhood—where Justice Shallow ruled in his fussy, self-important way—and took his part in the country sports to which, as lord of the manor, Shallow gave the lead. The stag-hounds were the Justice's, and the lands over which they pursued their quarry. Among the notables at the hunt was Petre, and he came some way to know a plainly dressed young man whose face and figure and manners were so much above his appearance as to attract his attention. It may be inferred that the loud-talking, unconventional Master Petre told this exceptionally intelligent stranger of his days abroad, when he sowed his wild oats and bewildered citizens of Padua by devil-may-care ways, more like those of a soldier of fortune than a great country gentleman. The only conflict between what is told in the *brochure* of the time published under the title "The Taming of the Shrew" and the Diary is that the latter seems to make the Katharine of the former the Lady Catherine Petre, daughter of an English earl, seemingly, instead of "a rich gentleman of Padua." However, this may be explained by Shakspere's not wishing to reveal too much. The two accounts may be reconciled by the supposition that Petre met Lady Catherine abroad, that her father had been compromised in some of the plots against the Queen, and, as an

English Catholic of high rank, a sufferer for the faith, was gladly received into a wealthy Italian family. Even if he had been attainted, "the courtesy of England," in the social not the legal meaning of the phrase, would have still accorded the style of Lady Catherine despite the corruption of blood worked by the attainder.* Indeed, in any sense she would be only a Lady Catherine by "courtesy," as all the sons of a duke or marquess are lords "by courtesy"; but passing from that we find her aiding her husband to bring about the marriage of Anne Squeele and William Silence, and defeat our Justice's intention of marrying her to his nephew, Abraham Slender, who figures so notably as the admirer of "sweet Anne Page" in another souvenir of Elizabethan manners known to the unlearned and Mr. Donnelly as "The Merry Wives of Windsor." There is an opportunity for this in a hawking expedition from Petre Manor the day after the Justice's hunt. Our friend Petre's language is so made up of the technique of falconry that he described his successful wooing of Lady Catherine, to the great indignation of that lady, as the manning of a haggard. We fancy his explanation lame, though his wife accepted it, and we suppose the bystanders in the courtyard, before the unhooding of the hawks, thought it satisfactory; it was to the effect that as the haggard when reclaimed made the best falcon, so the spirited maiden when disciplined to the lure made the most obedient wife.

SHAKSPERE'S DETAILED KNOWLEDGE OF FALCONRY SHOWN IN A SINGLE PHRASE.

Really we see in our author how unique was Shakspere's knowledge of falconry. We see it not merely by contrast with his contemporaries, but even Scott, with his exceptional gifts of imagination and antiquarian insight, blunders in the very matter before us—the selection and training of falcons. As to the other imaginative writers who introduce hawking as a sport, we dismiss them with the summary statement that in using terms of art they rely on the ignorance of the readers. The point of Master Petre's compliment to his wife may be gathered from the simple fact that the eyas could never be nurtured and trained so as to achieve the splendid flights and strikes of the reclaimed haggard or wild falcon. Read this into the actor's account in "Hamlet,"* for his having to stroll for an audience: "An aery of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for 't." This may be the fashion of the hour, but though houses are drawn, the children afford scant hope of future excellence. This is the thought running through the complaint, and Master Petre in his wild way meant, if you would have a hawk at once high-spirited, loving, and tractable, you must man and train a haggard. Consequently Bianca, who was an eyas as compared to Catherine, began at the first moment of his lordship over her to disregard her husband's messages.†

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* It may be well to make our meaning plainer to the general reader. "The courtesy of England" means the right to a life estate in the lands of his wife acquired by a husband on the birth of an heir; there are many illustrations of the other courtesy, at least in Ireland. Lord Westmeath's title of Riverstown may be taken as one. His father was always addressed as Lord Riverstown, though it was a forfeited title.

At the hawking we meet acquaintances, as we meet them at the Justice's great hunt: Clement Parkes of the Hill, the sturdy yeoman, against whom Davy favored the knavish William Visor—2d act "Henry IV."—we meet Squeele, who was clearly what we now would call a gentleman-farmer, and learn from the Diary that he had a daughter Anne, but of her anon. We need not speak of Petre or his reclaimed haggard, or of the pompous, overweening magnifico, the Shallow of the "Merry Wives," into whom the fussy, bragging, thin-witted master of Davy blossomed from the time he had lent Falstaff the thousand pounds. Squeele was one of those who heard the chimes at midnight with Shallow when the latter was at Clement's Inn and a rakehelly fellow, as he would want us think. We need say no more of Abraham Slender except that he was again disappointed by the flight of the lady whom he would marry on request—he would do a greater thing on his cousin's request—but simply observe that the heron was raised and the hawks soared, and the party galloped, ran, and shouted, and William Silence and Anne Squeele went off, as on another occasion Master Fenton and "sweet Anne Page" had done.

THE ATMOSPHERE AND COLORING OF JUDGE MADDEN'S BOOK.

The richness of coloring in the book is like an autumn in England before the red leaves have taken full possession, while still there are all the shades of green living in the walls and solemn arches of the woods. It is fresh as the blue sky of late September or the first days of October, when white clouds here and there serve as platforms to measure the immeasurable height. The air is bracing, and the green turnip-tops, amid which a great hart had ravaged the night before the hunt tell us that growth has not yet gone from the soil. We are on the ground seeing the flight of the falcons as the day before we followed the hunt, and in true Shaksperean language berated every defaulting hound, and as on the night before the hunt we accompanied the stranger guest of Clement Parkes, one Will Shakspere, in the night shadows tracing the great hart and finding his slot, or hoof-mark. Why, even political economists would revel in the fancy; one we know of, whose name is mentioned by the author, certainly would transport himself to that sixteenth-century world of Tudor gables, sylvan scenes, still living in the "Faerie Queene," Elizabethan chase, and revelry enlarging life, inspiring adventure, and laying the foundations of an empire the greatest since Marcus Aurelius drew the boundaries of the Roman state.

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* "Hamlet," ii. 2.

† If Scott had known the waste of time in training eyases, we think he would not have made Adam Woodcock employ himself altogether with them, instead of showing what he could do to bring a haggard to fist.

We must pass from the "assembly"—that is, the meeting for the hunt—say nothing of the harboring of the stag, all of which is to be read in the souvenirs called plays and poems left by that visitor of Clement Parkes, nothing of the matching of the voices of the hounds, an art in itself—"My love shall hear the music of my hounds"*—nothing of the minute examination of the performance of each kind of dog and each individual dog, with which the work teems, and to which a reference is made in some passage of the plays or poems of Shakspere. In the light it gives, the meaning of obscure passages becomes clear, passages that were regarded as unmeaning are found to be full of point, passages at which commentators tinkered are pregnant with suggestion in their old form. We do not know whether the author, in providing for William Silence in the happy hunting-ground of Elizabethan lawyers and soldiers now described as that part of the United Kingdom called Ireland, takes a fling at the good old custom by which our rulers keep the "plums" for themselves; but if he does, he is not the first distinguished Irishman who has done so. Berkeley, a Trinity man like himself, and like him a most amiable and accomplished man, was aware that the principal use of Ireland was to provide appointments for Englishmen; nay, that no one could fill the highest dignity in the church, the great place of Lord Primate of Ireland, unless he was born in England, a qualification without which learning, character, and ability were useless, but possessing which, these claims could be readily dispensed with.

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* "A Midsummer-Night's Dream."

Observatory of Georgetown University.

CATHOLIC LIFE IN WASHINGTON.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

TO the west of a muddy and perverse little stream, which bewildered sight-seers persist in mistaking for the Potomac, but which is known to the initiated as Rock Creek, lies the most venerable section of the National Capital—a section which in spite of its incorporation with the city proper is still called Georgetown by the conservative dwellers therein. Traces of its unforgotten individuality yet remain notwithstanding the perennial invasion of enterprising aliens across its obliterated border lines. A vague archaic charm, together with a fast-fading provincialism, haunt the place and mingle like obsolete melodies with the cosmopolitan harmonies of the Republic's heart.

In 1786, before the French engineer L'Enfant had even evolved his majestic plans for the future City of Washington—fourteen years before the seat of government was moved to its present site—Alexander Doyle, surveyor and architect, had begun to erect old Trinity Church in the burgh of Georgetown, upon a lot purchased for the purpose by the Most Rev. John Carroll, first Bishop of Baltimore. This is the first significant fact in the archives of Catholicism at the Capital, the com-

REV. JOHN G. HAGEN, S.J.

mencement of chronicles which are redolent with inspiration and glowing with triumphs.

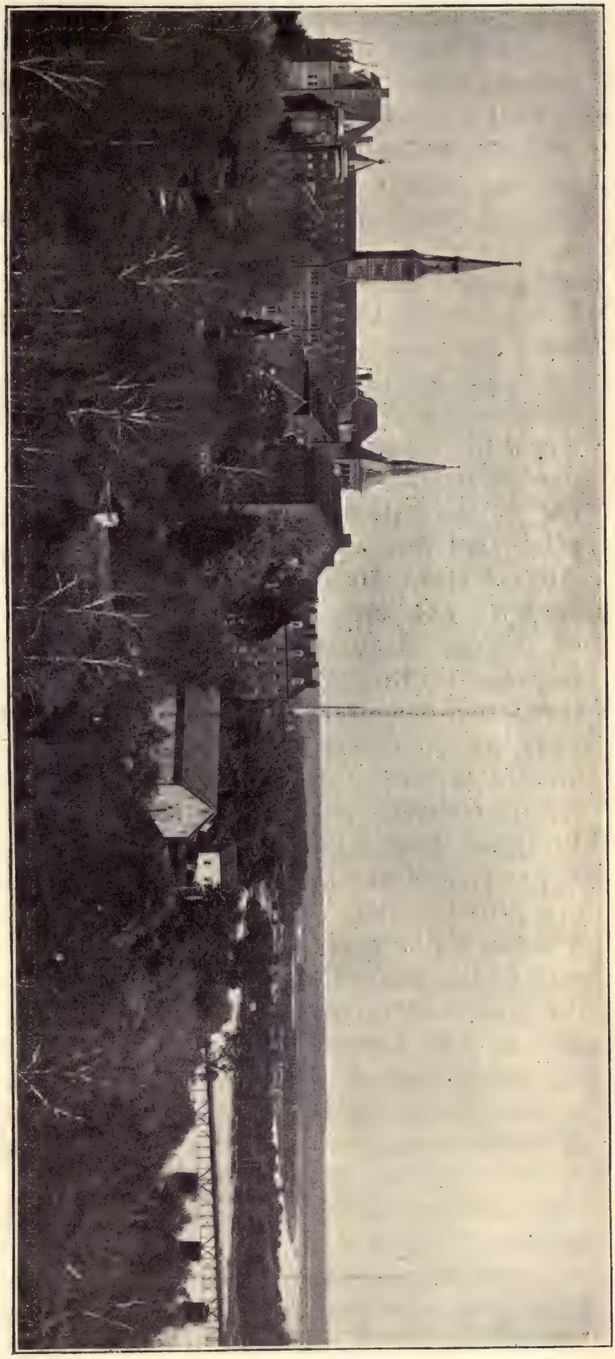
Old Trinity Church is now used as a chapel and Sunday-school; adjoining it is new Trinity Church, a large gray structure which fronts the setting sun and is surrounded by wide, smooth lawns and encircled by veteran trees.

Close to this consecrated spot is the University of Georgetown, whose far-famed turrets rise like sacred beacons above the wooded hills beyond. The progress of this institution is parallel with the progress of Washington itself. For more than a century it has been moulding noble citizens and patriots. Its schools of art, law, and medicine are thronged with eager students, many of them bearing names which for successive generations have appeared upon her rolls.

CENTRAL ALTAR OF HOLY TRINITY.

Generous testimonials of the loyal devotion of her sons are seen in the Dahlgren Chapel and the Riggs Library. The latter, situated in the south pavilion of the main building, was founded by Mr. Francis Riggs, one of the leading bankers and philanthropists of the city, in memory of his father, George W. Riggs, and his brother, Thomas Laurason Riggs, a former pupil of the college. The alcoves are designed to afford shelf-room for 104,000 books; they now contain 75,000. Among them are many rare and curious volumes.

Shining forth from a background of oaks and willows which shadow the winding "College Walks" is the white-domed Observatory, where the late Father Curley's distinguished successor, the Rev. John G. Hagen, S.J., keeps his starry vigils. He will shortly publish



THE VIEW FROM OBSERVATORY HILL.

a most important astronomical chart, which is the outcome of many seasons of observations and toilsome calculations.

As a result of the untiring zeal and executive ability of the present rector, the Rev. J. Haven Richards, S.J., the Georgetown University Hospital is almost completed. By having it and the annexed dispensary entirely under the control of the faculty, greater facilities will be afforded for illustrating, by clinical teaching, the various practical branches of medicine.

The well-known Academy of Georgetown was established in 1799 under the direction of Archbishop Neale. It is the mother-house of the Visitation Order in the United States. Viewed from the street, the convent has a somewhat austere appearance, but at the rear are vine-hung porches overlooking box-bordered gardens, rolling meadows, and wide-wandering paths. From the blessed halls of this sweet home legions of brilliant, pure-souled women have gone forth whose lives prove the success of the sisters' methods. The wives and daughters of many celebrated men have received their education from this revered Alma Mater. Mrs. William Tecumseh Sherman; Mrs. Stephen Douglas, now Mrs. Robert Williams; Mrs. Beauregard, the wife of General Beauregard; Marion Ramsay, who became Mrs. Cutting, of New York; the wife of General Joseph E. Johnston; the daughter of Judge Gaston, of North Carolina; the daughter of Commodore Rogers; Harriet Lane Johnson, the niece of President Buchanan; Mary Logan Tucker, the daughter of General John A. Logan; Pearl Tyler, the daughter of President Tyler; the wife of General Philip H. Sheridan; Mrs. Potter Palmer and her sister, Mrs. Fred. Grant; Harriet Monroe, the gifted author who wrote the "Columbian Ode" for the World's Fair; Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren; Mrs. Roebling, the wife of the builder of the Brooklyn Bridge, who herself finished the great work after her husband had been stricken down with illness; Ella Loraine Dorsey, and a host of other charming and cultivated women, were pupils of this institution. Among the various flourishing schools which owe their foundation to the Visitandines of Georgetown is the Connecticut Avenue Convent in Washington. This handsome building is set in grounds which occupy a whole city block in one of the most fashionable neighborhoods.

A square or two from the Georgetown Monastery are the private art galleries of Mr. Thomas E. Waggaman, president of the Washington Council of the St. Vincent de Paul Society and treasurer of the Catholic University of America. This collection of paintings and oriental ceramics and curios is considered one of the finest in the country. Millet, Troyon, Mauve, Dagnan-Bouveret, Corot, Harpignies, Israels, Fromentin, Doucet, Rousseau, Jacques, Breton, Ter Meulen, Maris, and De Nouville are among the masters represented. Examples of the modern French and Dutch schools predominate, although there are some striking pictures by English and American artists. The latest acquisition is a wonderful canvas entitled "Faith," a work of Sir Joshua Reynolds which formerly ornamented a window at the University of Oxford.

Once a week, on Thursdays, Mr. Waggaman throws open his treasures to the public for the benefit of the poor of the District. Every Sunday afternoon he has informal receptions, where friends and connoisseurs delight to focus.

MR. WAGGAMAN'S ART GALLERY.

The aspect of Catholicism is as vigorous in other parts of Washington as it is in the quaint quarter of Georgetown. One by one the old churches, simple and primitive in design, have given place to stately piles more in accord with the increasing splendor of the city which they sanctify and adorn.

The new St. Matthew's, although at present in a rather crude condition, promises to be a most imposing specimen of ecclesiastical architecture. The plan is cruciform, with a central altar admirably adapted for solemn ritual. One of the side chapels is dedicated to St. Anthony, and is a reproduction of an ancient shrine in Padua. It was the gift of Mrs. M. H.

Robbins, the daughter of ex-Governor Carroll. The cost of the interior decorations, which are of Carrara and Verona marble, executed by Primo Fontana of Italy, was thirty thousand dollars.

St. Aloysius, which, like Holy Trinity, is in charge of the Jesuits, has been a potent factor in the temporal as well as the spiritual growth of north-east Washington. Founded forty years ago, in what was then a suburban swamp, it has now a parish of five thousand souls. One thousand children attend the Sunday-school and seven hundred men in the congregation are monthly communicants. Gonzaga College, which has already passed its diamond jubilee, and the unequalled parochial schools taught by the Sisters of Notre Dame, have converted this section into a fountain-head of religious energy.

St. Dominic's, in south-west Washington, is another great source of Catholic activities. Convents and academies have gathered around this high-steepled, gray-stone edifice of the Dominican Fathers, which, with its richly stained windows, dusky side chapels, and dim aisles, is one of the most picturesque churches of the town.

The white stone church of St. Peter, on Capitol Hill, and St Mary's, the German church, have both arisen in new beauty on the sites of the old houses of worship, which were endeared by so many hallowed memories and associated so intimately with the early annals of the city.

St. Joseph's, the Immaculate Conception, the Holy Name, St. Stephen's, and St. Paul's have large and devout congregations.

It is estimated by authorities that there are from 12,000 to 15,000 colored Catholics at the Capital. Seats are reserved for them in every church; they also have two churches of their own, St. Augustine's and St. Cyprian's. St. Augustine's, the more important, was founded in 1874 by the Rev. Felix Barotti. Upon his death, it was for eleven years under the care of the Josephite Fathers of Mill Hill, England; on their recall from the United States, the cardinal appointed the Rev. Paul Griffith pastor.

St. Patrick's, which was established in 1795, is near one of the big thoroughfares up and down which streams the vast army of government employees on their way to and from the Post Office, the Patent Office, the Pension Bureau, and Treasury Department. Notwithstanding the whirl and bustle without the granite walls, within the church there is always to be

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

found, even in the busiest hours of the day, a goodly band of worshippers prostrated before the towering altar of marble and onyx.

The Rev. D. J. Stafford, D.D., is assistant pastor of St. Patrick's, where multitudes of all creeds as well as unbelievers flock to hear him preach. Although he is but thirty-seven years of age, he has the reputation of being "one of the greatest living masters of expression." His marvellous natural gifts of grace and eloquence have been reinforced by profound study; his acute yet charitable comprehension of modern intellectual anomalies fits him in a special manner to be a champion of the faith. He is constantly being called upon to address audiences of all kinds—labor unions and the Young Men's Christian Association, Jewish congregations as well as assemblies of infidels and free-thinkers. His lectures on Citizenship, Shakspere, Poe,

REV. D. J. STAFFORD, D.D.

Dickens, etc., show unrivalled versatility and wealth of imagination.

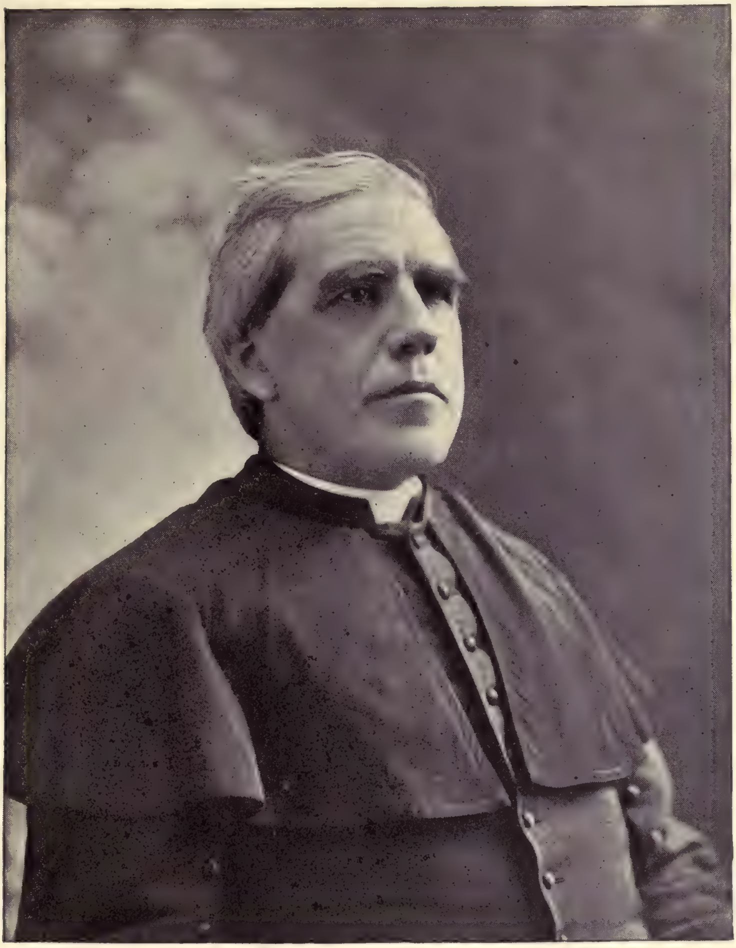
Connected with the churches are innumerable societies for the furtherance of both the heavenly and the earthly interests of the faithful. Each parish has its League of the Sacred Heart and its sodalities, besides many other minor fraternities. The Ancient Order of Hibernians and the Catholic Knights are strongly represented. The Washington Council of St. Vincent de Paul is particularly active, and from time to time there are rumors of centralizing this society at the Capital.

The Tabernacle Society was founded in Washington in 1876 by the Rev. John J. Keane, then assistant pastor of St. Patrick's, late Rector of the Catholic University, now Archbishop of Damascus. Shortly afterwards it was affiliated with the Association for Perpetual Adoration and the Work for the Poor Churches, under the control of the Archconfraternity for Perpetual Adoration, whose chief seat is Rome and whose history is so well known.

Many of the members of the Tabernacle Society are women of social prominence. Mrs. Edward White, the wife of Justice White, is the president; while Mrs. Ramsay, the wife of Rear Admiral Ramsay, Mrs. Henry May, Mrs. Stephen Rand, Mrs. Vance, Mrs. Story, Mrs. Sheridan, Mrs. W. E. Montgomery, and Mrs. William C. Robinson form an indefatigable corps of officers. Miss Fanny Whelan, the secretary and treasurer, has been identified with the organization during most of its existence. The amount of cutting, stitching, and embroidery done by these white-handed toilers is phenomenal. As the result of their arduous efforts, barren sanctuaries blossom into beauty, vacant altars are furnished, and far-away missionaries are clothed with silken vestments. The reports at the meeting of the Eucharistic Congress, in 1895, recorded the distribution of twenty-nine thousand six hundred and thirty-five articles in seventy-six different dioceses. Since that date several thousand more articles have been sent away to needy priests.

The National Capital abounds in solid and superb manifestations of the infallible faith. Reared upon the heroic virtues which are alone found in their fulness in that church "which has covered the world with its monuments," sustained by sacrificial lives, the Catholic philanthropic institutions of Washington offer a subtle and silent challenge to the clamorous altruist of these tangential times.

There are three orphan asylums in the city: St. Anne's, founded in 1860 by the late Dr. Toner, is in charge of the Sisters of Charity, and is the refuge for over a hundred little waifs from their most diminutive day until they attain the discreet age of seven years, when the girls are sent to St. Vincent's and the boys to St. Joseph's, the latter being under the supervision of the Sisters of the Holy Cross.



MONSIGNOR CONATY, RECTOR OF THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA.

St. Vincent's is the oldest charitable institution in the District, having been established by the Rev. William Matthews in 1825. St. Anne's receives an appropriation of five thousand dollars from the government, but St. Vincent's has to depend entirely upon private contributions. As there are from eighty to one hundred girls, between the ages of seven and fourteen, sheltered here, it is much to be regretted that their support is so uncertain. Having been taught many useful lessons in books and out of books, these girls enter St. Rose's Industrial School, which is also managed by the Sisters of Charity, who here train their pupils in fashionable dressmaking and various other arts which enable them to become efficient bread-winners.

A recent addition to the Infant Asylum is a summer home for the babies—a comfortable old house ten miles out of town, where the happy though motherless mites can teeth and tumble in safety.

The girls of St. Rose's are also to have an outing-place, for which they are indebted to the late Mr. Leech, a kind-hearted old bachelor of the city who bequeathed ten thousand dollars for this purpose. The chosen spot for their holiday retreat is Ocean City, Maryland.

Another example of the sublime resolution and compassion for which the daughters of St. Vincent have always been noted is Providence Hospital, which was established in 1862 for the benefit of the indigent sick, but during the war was much used by the soldiers. From lowly beginnings, through the deep-felt and devoted interest of Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, who befriended the Institution on all occasions, and through the gratuitous services of its medical and surgical staff, the hospital has become in all its appointments a model one.

Since its incorporation, in 1864, Congress has appropriated every year the sum of seventeen thousand dollars for its maintenance and treatment of ninety-five indigent persons a day, but the number of poor patients in the public wards averages from 120 to 130. There are about fifty private rooms and several private wards, the proceeds of which form a fund which is dedicated to the relief of the suffering poor of the District.

No cases are refused except those of insanity or diseases of a contagious nature. Patients are admitted to the public wards by order of the Surgeon General of the United States Army.

Connected with the hospital is a wide, airy ward apart from the main building for patients who require isolation.

The operating room with its white marble walls, though it sets a sensitive soul shivering, must be a solace to the medical mind, so perfect is it in all its ghastly equipments. A very youthful and serene sister gives her whole time to its attendance and to the preparation of surgical dressings. Another white-bonneted saint spends her days in the drug-room deftly filling the numerous prescriptions.

Beneath the surgical amphitheatre, with its tier upon tier of seats, is the bacteriological and pathological laboratory. There is also a training school annexed, which is constantly supplying the hospital with a corps of well-drilled nurses who, together with the sisters, are unwearying in the discharge of their blessed tasks.

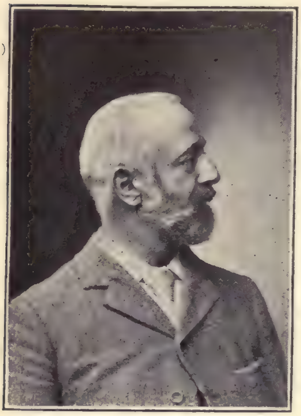
It was through the instrumentality of the beloved Father J. A. Walter, late pastor of St. Patrick's, whose charitable enterprises were almost countless, that the Little Sisters of the Poor came from France and established themselves in Washington in 1871. They now have a well-built and commodious Home for the Aged, in which two hundred old men and women are tenderly cared for. There are only seventeen sisters in the community. Each day four of these go out to beg for their helpless charges, who are entirely dependent upon private alms, as the institution receives no pension whatsoever.

A delegation of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd came from Baltimore to the Capital in 1883—the residence of the late Admiral Smith, U.S.N., having been put at their disposal by his daughter, Miss Anna Smith, who died a few years ago. The order now occupies a newly erected and elegant home on the north-western outskirts of the city. The object of this well-known institution is the reformation of fallen and abandoned women who, desiring to amend their lives, apply for admission or are entered by competent and lawful authority. All applicants are received regardless of nation, age, or creed, and are free to remain as long as they wish; some stay but a short time, but the greater number remain for one, two, sometimes three years.

Congress appropriates twenty-seven hundred dollars annually for the expenses of this great charity. The income of the institution is principally derived from the needle-work of its inmates. All kinds of this work are done, from the exquisite embroidery and hand-sewing for which the House of the Good Shepherd is famous, to the coarse shop-work that simply keeps unskilled hands occupied.

Distinct from the Reformatory is a Preservation Class for young girls and children, whose days are divided between the study of the elementary branches and industrial training. From its foundation in Washington the "Good Shepherd" has admitted 476 persons, the average for the past year being 83.

Two recent and as yet rather embryonic philanthropies in the Capital are the Home for Destitute Working-Men and the House of Mercy, a lodging-place for young working-women where they may obtain board and shelter at nominal rates. The former is under the jurisdiction of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, the latter is managed by four Sisters of Mercy who are valiantly struggling for the advancement of their undertaking.



CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

MARTIN F. MORRIS, LL.D.

MADELEINE VINTON DAHLGREN.

The municipal affairs of Washington are in the hands of three commissioners, who are appointed by the President and confirmed by Congress, and the Capital, though deprived of the dubious gratifications of "local politics," is a most justly and tranquilly governed city—the only grievance of the Catholic citizen being the opposition to the granting of appropriations to Catholic philanthropic institutions.

Whenever the question is brought up for consideration, there is a rumpus among certain estimable representatives and senators who have somewhat squint-eyed notions of equity, and who are disposed to caricature the Constitution in their attempts to prevent the government from aiding hundreds of helpless unfortunates of all creeds simply because they are under Catholic care. The reiterated and convenient plea of "no union between church and state" scarcely sanctions the state's shifting many of its obvious obligations on a church which in its merciful motherhood denies no claim and counts no cost.

The social life of a democracy is necessarily more or less amorphous. Class distinctions cannot but be ill-defined and ephemeral, and any assumption of exclusiveness seems somewhat incongruous and unwarrantable. Nowhere in the United

States are these characteristics so strongly emphasized as in Washington. The perpetual flux of the most influential forces of society at the Capital, the assemblage of so many foreign embassies, each in itself a differing centrifugal element, tends to heighten the instinct of equality. In this city Catholicity is not confined to any particular set or circle, but pervades and kindles every phase of intercourse. This is rapidly resulting in the abolishment of all bigotry.

Numbers of the old resident families, which form the stable portion of the population, are descended from those sturdy pioneers who planted the standard of the cross upon the shores of Maryland, and many of the diplomats from Europe and South America profess the true faith; these facts, together with the presence of the Apostolic Delegate, the Most Rev. Archbishop Martinelli, give an especial dignity and lustre to local Catholicism.

READING ROOM OF CARROLL INSTITUTE.

Among the eminent children of the church residing in Washington is the Hon. Joseph McKenna, of California, who has just resigned the position of attorney general to assume the duties of associate justice of the Supreme Court. His irreproachable character is the outcome of a dearly cherished creed.

The Hon. Edward Douglas White, who is also a Catholic, is a native of New Orleans and one of the most honored of the many brilliant alumni of Georgetown University. After having filled several important offices in his own State, he was elected United States senator of Louisiana; before the expiration of his term he was raised by Cleveland, in 1894, to the Supreme Bench.

Molly Elliott Seawell.

Martin F. Morris was also educated at Georgetown University. His exceptional legal reputation, acquired during his eighteen years of partnership with the late Richard T. Merrick, of Washington, led to his appointment in 1893 as associate justice of the newly formed Court of Appeals. He is a quiet, unassuming man whose wide erudition humbly rests upon the Rock of Revelation.

The genial novelist, poet, and essayist, Maurice F. Egan, occupies the chair of philology at the Catholic University. His popular lectures on literature, delivered not only at this institution but at the various academies of the city, are scholarly combinations of humor, logic, philosophy, and fancy. His home is a veritable "lion's" den, for he and his gracious wife are always entertaining celebrities.

The author of the wondrous *South Sea Idyls*, as professor of English at the Catholic University, has had to resist his nomadic tendencies to explore all corners of the world. His present domicile, dubbed by him "The Bungalow," is full of treasure-troves gathered in his wanderings over two continents. As a rule this itinerant poet and dreamer flies formal function. When Mr. Stoddard is captured by some enterprising hostess and made to grace some festivity, there is much rejoicing among those who have the good fortune to meet him, for the magic charm of the man himself even surpasses that of his books.

Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren, the widow of the brave admiral, has for many years held prominence in the social, official, and literary life of the Capital. At the commencement of her career as a Catholic writer she received the Apostolic Benediction from Pius IX., and her last powerful work, entitled *The Secret Directory*, has been crowned with the blessing of our Holy Father Leo XIII.

Molly Elliott Seawell, a convert, is the author of *The Virginia Cavalier*, *Throckmorton*, *The Children of Destiny*, *The*

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA.

Sprightly Romance of Marsac, and many other stories captivating by their limpid English and delicious wit.

The astute critic, Dr. A. J. Faust, is a familiar figure in the Capital, where he has long been an instructor in St. John's College, which is conducted by the Christian Brothers.

Ella Loraine Dorsey, the talented daughter of the late Anna Hanson Dorsey, is the Russian translator in one of the scientific libraries of Washington. This bright, lovable woman is the author of several delightfully told tales; notable among them are *The Tsar's Horses* and *The Taming of Polly*. The latter has taken pinafored readers by storm.

The limitations of space forbid the recording of the names of hosts of other Catholics whose lives dominate society at the nation's headquarters.

The Carroll Institute is the leading organization of the Catholic laymen in the Capital, and it is one of the most prosperous clubs of the kind in the country. The object, as stated in its constitution, is "to draw together members for social intercourse, physical culture, and improvement in literature, the encouragement of education, and the defence of Catholic faith and morals."

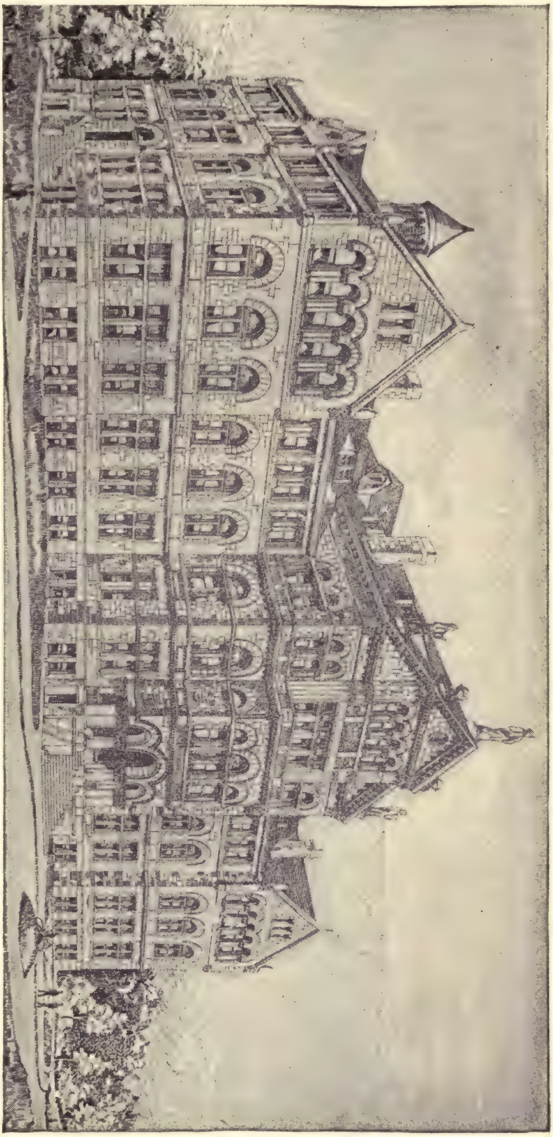
The idea of this association originated with Major Edward Mallet, while president of the Young Catholic Friend's Society. The Institute is indeed an honor to the historic name of Carroll, so illustriously represented by the Most Rev. John Carroll, first Archbishop of Baltimore, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the signer of the Declaration of Independence, and Daniel Carroll of Duddington, one of the commissioners appointed by Washington to lay out the Capital.

From its modest commencement, in 1873, Carroll Institute has grown into a great power for good. In its early days the Rev. John J. Keane was most earnest in his effort to extend its influence; the late Father Walter also gave it his cordial and generous support.

In 1892 the handsome new edifice was erected, on Tenth Street near K, at the cost of $80,000. It combines all the features of an athletic club-house with the quiet charm of a literary retreat. In the basement are the bowling alley, kitchen, and dining hall; on the first floor, the auditorium, with a seating capacity for 600, and the library, containing 4,500 volumes; the reading room, director's room, the gymnasium—presided over by an accomplished instructor—the amusement rooms, billiard rooms, and baths occupy the next floor. The Institute's membership is 540. Its dramatic club, minstrels, and orchestra deserve much commendation for their excellent entertainments. For several seasons past a series of complimentary lectures have been delivered by some of the cleverest men of the District under the auspices of the Institute.

The Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur have purchased a commanding site upon the northern boundary of Washington, close to the Catholic University, upon which Trinity College is to be erected. The founders hope that the fine Gothic structure will be completed and ready for occupancy in about a year. The building will be large enough to accommodate one hundred pupils, with the necessary teachers. The curriculum is intended to supplement the usual convent course.

Higher culture for femininity is one of the shibboleths of the day. While the New Woman, with her head full of vagaries, is reconstructing the universe, Trinity College will offer to her Catholic sisters an opportunity to acquire knowledge which, though adapting itself to all rightful demands of the period, is firmly wedded to that unchanging faith which has lifted woman in all ages to her true position, wreathed her brow, even in the early church, with student laurels, and given her as a model Mary, the Seat of Wisdom.



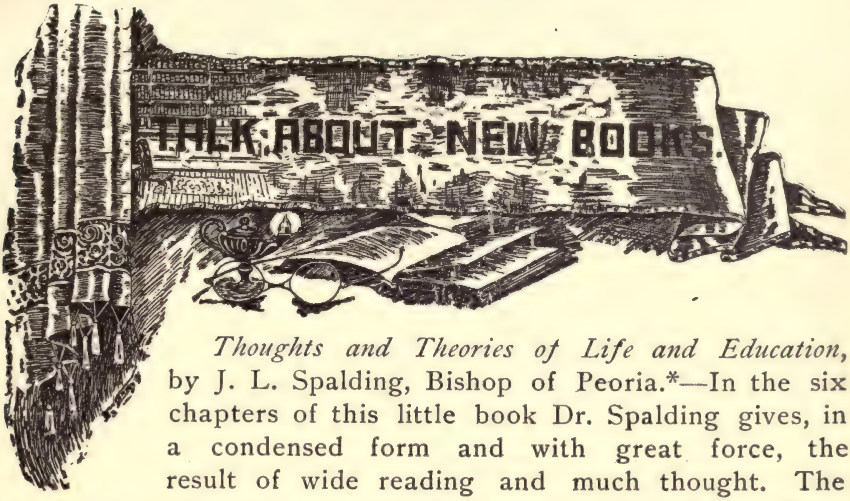
McMahon Hall of Philosophy, Catholic University.

The establishment of the Catholic University of America at the axle of the government is one of the most prophetic achievements of the closing century. In its radiant youth, the institution holds the promise of an incomparable future. Its fructifying spirit has already been felt in all parts of the country. To the people of Washington, who live within sight of its inspiring walls, who can attend, at will, its public lectures, and who have the privilege of personal contact with the profound scholars who compose its faculty, it is a direct and constant impulsion to higher intellectual and religious life.

Unlike the other famous seats of learning in the United States, the Catholic University has no department for undergraduates, its function being the training of specialists in mathematics, physics, chemistry, biology, philosophy, letters, sociology, economics, politics, law, and theology.

The rector, Monsignor Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., is a man whose splendid mental endowments are enhanced by holiness and simplicity of character, and who is in every way prepared for his responsible office. No one understands more fully than he the purpose of this peerless university—this tower of Truth, from whose summit Science and Religion are discerned as kindred and complementary rays from the same eternal Sun; this tower of Truth, whose gates are open to make answer to the awful interrogations of travailing souls. The wide-spread movement for the increase of culture must eventually bring about the complete disintegration of Protestantism. Then must non-Catholic America be confronted by the choice between the inchoate darkness of agnosticism and the unfailing light of infallible authority. Numerous signs of this coming alternative are visible at the great educational centres, among which the National Capital is predestined to have the ascendency.

STATUE OF LEO XIII. IN CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.



TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

Thoughts and Theories of Life and Education, by J. L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria.*—In the six chapters of this little book Dr. Spalding gives, in a condensed form and with great force, the result of wide reading and much thought. The reader will be at once reminded of some of Carlyle's writings by the form into which the author's reflections and judgments are cast. They strike one like aphorisms, each thought clearly marked, defined, separated; you have a rich sentiment or a profound truth in your possession, and you possess it as if it came like an intuition which grasps at once the whole idea, whether it be a truth strictly so-called or a sentiment. The resemblance to Carlyle is on the surface, however. Dr. Spalding is under his aphorisms; Carlyle too often was only remade clothes with ill-assorted cloth patching the threadbare parts, or the whole so badly dyed that in a little time they looked worse than in their old beggarly state. The fact is, that Dr. Spalding is an able man who had been trained to think in the only school of thought, the Catholic Church; Carlyle was a bundle of uncontrolled passions and calculated eccentricities, who fell in love with his words, mistook them for thoughts, and philosophized from them as if they were eternal "verities," as he would say in his own jargon. Dr. Spalding is an honest man, Carlyle a wordy impostor.

The contrast between both can be seized when looking at their views of labor and study. Both acknowledge in words the usefulness of labor as a training for the development of the moral nature. That is to say, the dignity of labor is recognized by both. Study, as a means towards the perfection of nature, is insisted upon by Carlyle; and of study and of labor generally he has to say, with the laborious monks, "Laborare est orare." But no suspicion that a duty to labor precedes labor is hinted by Carlyle anywhere except in that quotation.

*Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

That some must work and some rule, he takes as the inevitable social law, and reconciles it with the quotation thus: the rulers are workers because they protect industry; but why should the particular "some" be "underlings"? Analyze it, and you find that the miseries of life which cause discontent with one's lot are not because the stars have shaped men's destinies, but because men are "underlings." He had no conception of the duty which preceded and sanctified labor; if he had, he would not have deified conscienceless strength of will by a philosophy which found the divine in a man whenever he engaged in any work that could be loudly talked about. To take advantage of the weakness of an ally, to seize territory even at the cost of rousing the world to arms, was the movement of the divine in Frederick. We must work because God has so ordained it; this being the author's position, he soundly philosophizes; as, for instance, when he says with reference to genius —which after all is the capacity for the highest work in a department of labor—that "for whoever loves purely, or strives bravely, or does honest work, life's current bears fresh and fragrant thoughts."

In this assurance, to which any one will assent, we have the expression in a word or two of all that philosophy has taught the most virtuous intellects. Tennyson caught one part of it when he said:

> "Better to have loved and lost
> Than never to have loved at all,"

for surely the employment of the affections, whether within the home or in the intercourse of friendship beyond it, is one of those pleasures which bear testimony to the beauty of that nature which God has given to man. It may be that they have been bestowed on objects unworthy of them, but the badness of a son's conduct can never deprive a parent of the gratification he has once enjoyed. It is not true, in Tennyson's sense, that a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things, though it is true in the higher sense of striving bravely, which is that higher striving of sacrifice to which our author in part has granted the reward of fresh and fragrant thoughts. The whole measure of striving must include endurance, which, in the shape of fortitude, is the discipline of life and the expression of disciplined life.

So, speaking of the "educator," he says his whole aim is to foster life, but that is to deal with each individual so as to increase his power of life and to heighten his quality of life. This theory of education is an arraignment of any system which only takes account of the intellect, and fashions men into money-making machines. It arraigns those systems which prevent the expansion of the heart, which find no room for that sympathy which if not love is an effluence of love. To make the intellect the seat of truth and the will the executive officer of justice is the office of education. When faithfully pursued by the teacher, he may hope that some of his disciples will realize in their lives the mercy inseparable from truth and justice, because they shall feel how much mercy they require themselves, how little they know of the thousand influences that co-operate in producing, and therefore qualifying, the worst acts of others.

Indeed, the many beautiful thoughts to be found in this work will elevate the reader and enrich him. If literature is a support in the troubles of life, if it be a solace for mental pain, a relief from physical pain, it is mainly because it opens realms into which pain does not enter. It is not the mere distraction which reading affords from the immediate pressure of suffering that causes one to forget it for the time; that would be a transfer from the rack to the chamber of little ease; but it is the positive pleasure to the intellect and heart which reading offers that supplies the elixir. Wise and beautiful thoughts in the store-house of the mind will produce something of the effect of reading when the eye and ear will not exercise their functions. Such thoughts we have in the book before us. In the same way that proverbs are said to be the condensed wisdom of the ages of mankind, so the thoughts here, clearly cut as crystal, can be said to be the essence of a wide and varied knowledge.

Some Scenes from the Iliad, by William Dillon, LL.D.*—Mr. Dillon, in a lecture delivered last July before the Columbian Catholic Summer-School, at Madison, Wis., gave to the public his estimate of the quality of Homer's genius. This lecture has since been published in separate form and is the little book before us. He opens his lecture by a plea for classical studies. We regret to say this was needed. Their influence is not now what it used to be in the English Parliament; felicitous quotations from the Greek and Roman classics no longer reveal in a flash the spirit of a speech. The late Mr. Butt was the last of the Romans; Mr. Gladstone is the last of the Greeks. Of course we do not mean that the value of these studies consisted in enabling a man to give an appearance of classical learning to his addresses in Parliament or at the Bar; it was the tone of mind, the character of taste they were so instrumental in forming, which constituted their chief value; and such quotations as we allude to only came in as incidental evidences of the reality of the speaker's culture. But when those pursuits of elegant leisure have lost their power in England, it is not surprising that in the rush of business which is the characteristic of American activity they should be somewhat undervalued. We had occasion some time ago, in noticing a book, to remark that there was a tendency to return to those studies, and we take Mr. Dillon's lecture as another instance of the kind.

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* Chicago and New York: D. H. McBride & Co.

Though very short, this little study of Homer is interesting. Mr. Dillon was obliged, owing to his limits, to state opinions rather than to open the grounds of them, to suggest rather than dissect; but he has done his work admirably, for he has excited curiosity in every mind which is not satisfied with having its thinking done for it. By the way, we cannot confirm a statement of his—we say this in passing—that boys for the most part consider the *Iliad* stands first among books for difficulty, stupidity, and "cussedness," with the *Anabasis* a good second in these distinguishing characteristics. It is notorious—at least it is so if we are not dreaming—that boys devour the *Iliad*, even through the medium of wretched translations, in corners of the playground, and even under their desk-lids, when they should be at their Asses' Bridge or at their surds—and they do this with fair risks of a flogging. We have hardly ever known a boy whose young heart did not shine in his eyes, as he recollected the shout of the remnant of the Ten Thousand when they saw the "sea" and felt the hope it inspired that they should reach their homes at last.

The view which Mr. Dillon expresses, that Homer is the national poet of Greece in a sense that no great poet of any other people is their national poet, is one we can hardly follow. He cites Professor Webb as an authority—not, indeed, if we understand him rightly, that he has taken the opinion from Mr. Webb, but as a support to his own view. Of course no one can question the scholarship of the latter; we would take him as high authority on a reading or an interpretation, but (classical) scholarship pure and simple is not conclusive in comparative estimates based on political, social, and ethnological differences, and the influence of these differences in determining the quality called national. For instance, take Shakspere, as Mr. Dillon does. He says that Shakspere is cosmopolitan. We ask, in what way is Shakspere this that Homer is not? Our own poor opinion is, that Shakspere is the product of England, and could be that of no other country. The magnificent equity of his judgments, his superiority to all motives of fear or favor or affection, reflect in highly idealized form the habitual reverence for law which distinguishes the Englishman at home. It used to be the fashion of superficial but clever criticism to say that in the Historical Plays he held a brief for the House of Lancaster. What solid evidence of this can be adduced? Test it, and it resolves itself into the hoary hunchback that walks the stage and does his murders as Richard III.; but we know that Richard was in the prime of life at the time, and so on. Not a particle of Lancastrian prejudice is in the conception; why, an Englishman's contempt for foreigners breaks out in Richard, the fearless heart of the man lifts him above the craft and treachery that marked the assassinations of Italian statesmanship in those days. The Richard of the Chronicles had infused into him the policy of Southern Europe by the great master, but when infusing it he stamped it with an English seal.

We should have liked to say more on topics suggested in this lecture. The appreciation of Greek eloquence in the speeches is perfect, the specimens selected are those which in an especial manner would give the English reader an idea of the power which Homer possessed over the sources of feeling, and in which his only rival is Shakspere. However, we cannot refrain from mentioning the happy hit which Mr. Dillon gives —an instance from the ninth book of the *Iliad*—to controvert Lord Sherbrooke's position: that you can count upon a man's conduct to a nicety when you place his ear within the ring of pounds, shillings, and pence. The heart of the whole world would bear testimony to Homer's truth to nature in making Achilles' pride and anger superior to the consideration of interest. There are men alive who have some passion or some motive against whose power wealth would be offered in vain. Lord Sherbrooke was a political economist; he was not a man of this kind. His principles led him to a cave of Adullam—perhaps there were concealed treasures there—and they led him out of it, that he might become chancellor of the exchequer. They led him to what Mr. Disraeli happily called "ermined insignificance," and afterwards to desert the man who had ennobled him. A man, no doubt, may betray every one who trusted him and at the same time offer sound opinions on economics, but when he bases his opinions on "human nature" we ask: Is it on Iago's or Kent's that they stand?

We promise our readers a pleasant and profitable half-hour with William Dillon's *Scenes from the Iliad.*

The Chatelaine of the Roses, by Maurice Francis Egan.* —There are four stories in the book which bears the title to this notice—one the title story itself, in six chapters; the others are very much shorter; all are good. They are written for young people between the ages of ten and fifteen. It is not easy to write in such a manner as to please and interest the average boy and girl of that period of life. Some are so precocious at the age of ten that Scott's novels are their food in fiction, some so much more than precocious that from ten to fifteen they have risen from the demi-monde of Ouida to the three-quarters world of Balzac. If those clever boys who affect to be *blasé* at the age of fifteen are not putrid in mind as well as corrupt in morals, they can enjoy the stirring scenes, the admirably designed situations, and the polished writing of the first story. We think Dr. Egan, if he exerted his power to the utmost, would take a leading place in romantic literature. There will be always a demand for it, which even a depraved taste for gross realism cannot overcome, provided that ability of a high order is enlisted in its service. Such ability Dr. Egan possesses, and this means a great deal. It means the power of carrying away men from sordid and paltry motives, which are called practical views, to a life where justice and self-sacrifice are ruling influences; of placing women in the sphere of duty where they sit enthroned in the hearts of brave and honorable men and administer the moralities of the parental board; of producing conversations full of gaiety and courtesy or touched with the gentleness of sorrow and sympathy, and not dialogues of bald insolence called cynicism, of vicious vulgarity called humor; of displaying the incidents of pure life in the world of the home, and not the chronicles of the divorce court and the criminal court as its reflex. To bring the higher novel back to its place, ability and no common knowledge are required. We think even if one were to fail it would be worth the trial. As Quintillian says, It is a noble thing to fail in noble undertakings. For the novel of the day no talent is needed; a stable-boy's knowledge of mankind or the promptings of a foul imagination are sufficient. To prurient minds Mr. Grant Allen is always as welcome as a Holywell-street advertisement; and as in the advertisement so in Mr. Grant Allen's novels, it is hard to say which is the more astonishing, the badness of the morals or of the grammar, so often do illiteracy and grossness go together! We wish Dr. Egan would try his hand on such work as made the fame of Scott, and which would have made a name for Gerald Griffin if circumstances had not been too strong for him.

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* Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co.

Our Lady of America, by Rev. G. Lee, C.S.Sp.,* is a little work on the Miracle of Holy Mary of Guadalupe and the devotion which has proceeded from it. We do not remember having read anything for a long time which has affected us so much as this account of Our Lady's appearance to the Indian neophyte Juan Diego on the blessed hill of Tepeyac. The simplicity and directness of Father Lee's manner may have had its influence in moving us, his intense conviction may have contributed to the effect, and his careful proofs for the apparitions and all connected with them, culminating, as they do, in the letter of the present Holy Father inculcating devotion to our Lady of America, may have borne their share in moving us. But something remains for which the book, excellent as it is, does not altogether account. When the author says, in a note which serves as a motto, "I believe that the Mother of God appeared on this continent and spoke to its people and left them a wondrous memorial of her visit," he supplies us with the element wanting to the explanation of the effect produced by reading his book. Not by any means that we mean his own conviction caused ours, but we have such a conviction as he has; and the effect is an unspeakable encouragement and consolation. Therefore, in recommending the work there is much more than a mere reviewer's approval.

Indeed, with regard to private revelations, while there is a great deal that is unsatisfactory in the way in which they are regarded by the critical among the faithful, there is much to cause caution in the readiness to accept them on the part of the great body of the faithful. But this willingness is as far from being a product of superstition as the highest moral effect

* Baltimore and New York: John Murphy & Co.

of the highest mental process. It is in the highest degree logical. If once we accept the supernatural, there can be no more reason why angels should not appear to men to-day than when they appeared to Abraham, no more reason why saints should not appear as that angels have appeared. We should call it superstition in a man of intellect and information to dread something bad happening to him the day he failed to touch every lamp-post on his morning walk in Fleet Street. We see no connection between the touching of the lamp-posts and the events of the day. But the readiness to accept statements that the servants of God in heaven have appeared to people on earth has its root in all the elements within us which constitute man's desire for union with God.

Putting aside the question of fraud, which has really no bearing on the matter, the only objection to this readiness of acceptance is that it proceeds from insufficient data. How? The insufficiency of the data can only be with regard to a particular apparition. It may be that enthusiasm carried to the extent of madness may have fancied visits or seen visions that never occurred. But the test is always easy. Madness gambols from constant matter, you soon discriminate religious mania from the intense and humble conviction of piety which is at the same time appalled by favors granted. Looking at the subject in this manner, one is almost tempted to regard the action of Rome in the case of apparitions and similar interventions with impatience.

It is said that a celestial visitor has appeared at such a place. After a time the people of the place begin to think there is something in it. The priest shakes his head. A little later the people are convinced; the priest refuses to move. Strangers from more distant places throng there and go away with the conviction that a great favor has been vouchsafed. Opinion becomes too strong for the local priest; he consults his brethren, but receives scant countenance. Then he enters on a period of martyrdom, if he has become satisfied himself; for where he should have looked for sympathy and support he finds none; his severest critics are his brethren. Later on there is such strong evidence that the priests put away their doubts, bishops give way, and a petition is sent to Rome for approval. This is the place where faith is needed. A cold sceptical spirit examines everything, and if in addition it be put forth that miracles have taken place, we doubt if Mr. Hume himself would have entertained the evidence with one-tenth of the distrust with which it would be regarded by the Roman authorities. Finally, if Rome is satisfied—and in saying what we have advanced we do not question the piety of the men charged with investigating such claims—the decree made is so guarded in its character that a person might be excused for thinking it had not been satisfied and that the decree is only a conditional order.

In a sense, no doubt, this is so, for the Supreme Pontiff, though in private he may have shed tears of happiness over the manifestation, must leave it to the personal devotion of each one to accept it or not, as he pleases.

The cult which is the subject of this book has passed through all the difficulties we have mentioned, and far greater ones, before it obtained sanction. Every objection that could be thought of had been urged, every opposition stood in its way. Italian jealousy displayed itself, the malignity of Spanish Liberalism said all it could say; and like Italian jealousy, the contempt of the English-speaking races bore a part in discrediting it; but the devotion triumphed and is now a powerful influence in purifying and elevating life in Mexico. Its first assailant was a priest in the year 1556—twenty-five years after the apparitions—so that the devotion passed through an ordeal which must satisfy any fair mind outside the church, while to all Americans within the church it should come with the power of an exceptional instance of divine favor. "Non fecit taliter omni nationi." Our readers, with this little book in their hands, will be lifted to a realm from which they will behold in a remarkable way the worthlessness of the world in which we live. All it means, with its petty cares and criminal ambitions, its periods of suffering and trial, will be not merely made clear—for it is that already except to those who put out the eyes of the mind—but brought before us with that vivid perception which is the sustaining motive for conduct.

Wayfaring Men,* by Edna Lyall.—*Wayfaring Men* is one of the best stories we have come across for a long time. It is mainly concerned with a company of actors who did their work in the provinces under a manager, himself a great actor, who possessed a stern and wholesome regard for the legitimate drama. He is a man of high ideals, and his life was sadly bound up with that of a successful actress who, in plain terms, had thrown him over to make a fashionable marriage with a middle-aged baronet. This marriage was a failure from the first. The baronet was a domestic tyrant, who abused his wife and servants without any better reason than that supplied by the temper of a costermonger. He did not strike his wife, but his sarcasms and the looks of contempt which accompanied them made him a greater blackguard than the brute who, in the slums of London, is the typical wife-beater. She did not leave him on account of this "cruelty," though the author seems to find fault with the view of the law which does not regard as "cruelty" what is usually called incompatibility of temper, though perhaps in this case, as all the suffering was on one side and the infliction on the other, it might have been the keenest cruelty to which a person of refinement could be subjected. However, there was a way out of the difficulty. The baronet, while on a visit at a relative's in the country, seduced the young wife of one of the game-keepers, and was well thrashed by the injured husband. What we think should have been done by the author, to bring about certain adjustments to which the novel seemed ever tending and failing to accomplish, was to have made the game-keeper take an action of *crim. con.* against the seducer of his wife. Instead of this, the baronet's wife files a petition for divorce on the usual grounds, with the result that she obtained a judicial separation, or what is technically called a divorce *a mensa et toro.* The marred life of her old flame remains in its hopelessness, and her own disappointed life unrepaired; they are full of tenderness for each other now, the man in his constant love, she in her experience of its value, to the end; he, particularly, loyal to the law which would make their marriage bigamous, she for a moment so broken by defeat and loneliness and the oppressive consciousness of her unprotected situation as to ask him to put away his reverence for the blind fetich of the law. Yet there is nothing purposelessly wrong in this, not the slightest suggestion of sinfulness; it is only a great moral mistake, beginning with the idea that our Lord tolerated divorce for adultery, necessarily leading to the effacement of the Christian view of marriage and to the rupture of family life.

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* New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

This, however, is only a current running within the broad flood of the story; the adventures of a young actor and the companion of his childhood, whom he marries, are the subject, and in every respect, direct and incidental, full of life and interest. For instance, the young actor in question and the girl are both wards of a man of title—we do not know whether he is a knight or baronet, but he is a promoter of companies on a gigantic scale—and came to know each other as children in his house. The young lady is an heiress; and her guardian—a great philanthropist, by the way—is also trustee of her fortune. Of course he speculates with and loses it. The father of the other ward had been the life-long friend of the guardian; he advises his friend to trust his money in one of the speculations he promoted. This, of course, turns out disastrously, and the friend is ruined and dies broken-hearted.

But though realizing the treachery of his friend, the great promoter, the dying victim of the fraud entrusts the care of the boy's future to this hypocrite. The latter will in this way have an opportunity to make some atonement for the ruin brought upon the father, or it may be there is a spell in old friendship which accounts for it. But examined critically it seems sketchy, ill-digested, and improbable; yet there is such an admirable power in the interrelations of events and such a reality in the interactions of character, that both combined capture the reader with the force of life and truth to nature. The sketchiness is filled up by bitterness, selfishness, and passion, while the seemingly improbable is by the strength of circumstances lifted to the actual. We have not seen anything more vigorous for some time; and the only censure we can pronounce is that there is carelessness of execution.

There is a good deal of pleasant life in the book—a charming Irish family, a charming French one. The discrimination of character is good, and in saying this we mean high praise; for very few, except men of the highest genius or men possessed of that power of taking pains which has so suggestively been called genius, could handle such a number of characters without confusing the outlines. Our meaning may be better understood when we say that Lord Beaconsfield's characters are only distinguishable by their names; this is to some extent true of Bulwer-Lytton, careful as he was, and we venture to say in that vast catalogue of male and female names which might be filled from the novels of Thackeray the distinguishable characters might be counted on the fingers of one hand—Lord Steyne, Becky Sharpe, and perhaps Major Pendennis, in one group of books, the younger brother in the *Virginians* perhaps, and perhaps Dr. Philip's father in the *Adventures of Philip*. They are all sketches and caricatures, made very pleasant by Thackeray's gossiping, self-possessed way of buttonholing the reader, but not possessing a particle of life. For a moment we get a sharp fact like Sir Hector O'Dowd's eating his luncheon seated on the carcass of his dead charger with all the coolness of Major Dalgetty, and think we have a real man, but we have only a telling incident. Now, Dalgetty is a man every inch of him, not one bit of him a sketch.

We are glad to add *Passion Flowers* * to our small collection of really helpful devotional verse. We look forward to the author's promised volume—*Mariæ Corolla.* We are not anxious for him to publish *Poems of Affection and Friendship*, for we cannot believe that the beauty of his "Passion-colored" poems could be reproduced in any more secular book by Father Edmund. These are a part of his spiritual life as Passionist and client of the Heart of Mary—as he says himself, "the beauties of our holy Faith set forth in poetic raiment." More than that, they are, as their title indicates, a weaving together of those special phases of beauty by virtue of whose personal appeal to him he is a Passionist and not a Jesuit or a Paulist or a Marist. Our disinclination that he should change his theme is not to be construed as scepticism of the versatility of his powers, but rather as the expression of a strong conviction that *Passion Flowers* is so thoroughly a part of the author's true self that a volume of different character will be more or less artificial. His mastery of form is so perfect that one is not even diverted from the thought of his verse by its music, as often happens. Indeed, only in a few cases do we stop to notice that the phrases and epithets which so precisely voice the soul are "original"—as in "Sweet Wounds, then home me!" and the exquisite yet strong lines in "Professed":

"'Christo confixus cruci'—nail for nail:
By three strong vows death-wedded to my Lord.
And by the fourth—of faithful, tender wail,
Transfixus too with Mary's very sword."

Even were his soul-history less well known, we think one would almost recognize the rapture with which the convert alone seems to rest in those tenets which make the Church the one refuge for the sorrowing, as he sings:

"O that faith! How fair is sorrow, Passion-colored by its light!
Beauteous as the dawn of Easter when it broke thy vigil's night.
And how *merit-strong affliction*, wedded to thy dying Son!
Every pang a plea availing, every woe a triumph won."

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* *Passion Flowers.* By Father Edmund of the Heart of Mary, C.P. (Benjamin D. Hill). New York: Benziger Brothers.

Notes on the Baptistery, by Father Prendergast, S.J., is a most deceptive little volume. We took it up expecting to find certain items of information, artistic and archæological, of more or less interest according as one was or was not concerned in the progress of ecclesiastical architecture in America. We laid it down wondering how best to promote its circulation as a meditation book, likely to be especially helpful to converts and inquirers. The whole Baptistery Chapel of the new Church of St. Ignatius Loyola is one exquisite sermon in symbol; and in this guide-book these symbols are expanded, one by one, with "a little theology, controversy, commentary, criticism, art, even preachment (alas!), all jostling each other unconventionally."

From the pavement sea, breaking in mosaic ripples at the foot of the altar, to the medallions above—St. John the Baptist crowned in glory, with the Ruler and the Lover Apostles on either hand—the reader is led by ways of color and form over nearly every fundamental point of Christian dogma, with a tender art born only of intense love for souls. One turns the pages with a yearning for a long day to pray in that chapel, rather than with great curiosity to study its wonders of mosaic and Favrile glass.

The sections on the Christian Sacraments, the Priesthood, Invocation, Purgatory and Heaven are the best we have yet found to place before inquirers of the class whose number is happily all the time increasing in this country. Many incipient converts care little for historical and theological proofs of the divine authority of the church, but fighting their way by the sole grace of prayer to a certain knowledge of and union with God, see dimly that far greater possibilities are pictured in the lives and works of Catholic saints. Such are often, as they draw nearer, repelled by what they call our "stress on externals" and by fear lest "the material" crowds out "the spiritual" in every-day Catholic life. They miss, in the ordinary hand-books given them, the fervor, the heat of expression to which they are accustomed in their own manuals. They fear spiritual frost. Father Prendergast has, in his *Notes*, put the warmth and color and life which make their power over Catholic hearts into dogmas whose dry bones are too generally presented to catechumens.

The *Sketch of the Madura Mission*,* just issued by one of the Jesuit Fathers in charge of the mission, was written, we are told in the preface, in the hope of securing both men and money for the work in India. It ought to attain its object. Indian daily life and thought are sketched in a rapid, popular style ; while the reasons for the admitted failure of Protestant missions in this part of the country stand out so obviously therefrom that the most bigoted reader—if bigoted folk ever read straightforward statements of the opposing party—can find nothing harsh in Father Whitehead's terse presentation of the facts. The accounts of every-day missionary work are fascinating. Toil and hardship and loneliness must be steadily recompensed by the delightful thoroughness with which the *Swämy* is able to regulate the conduct of his flock, who regard him as arbiter in all matters, temporal as well as spiritual. We recommend especially the carefully detailed account given of a native Christian marriage, as showing the wonderful skill with which the Fathers of the Society of Jesus have managed to retain and supernaturalize every dear and innocent custom of the people whom they are sent not to Westernize but to Christianize, and how worthily they have maintained the spirit of Fathers Nobili and Da Costa, who, in 1606, took on themselves the burden of Brahmin and Pariah souls respectively and lived each—in all matters not idolatrous—after the strictest rule of his chosen caste.

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* *India: A Sketch of the Madura Mission.* H. Whitehead, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Miss Nixon's new book of travels is entitled *With a Pessimist in Spain.** The Pessimist certainly journeyed with an Impressionist, for the author's account of sights and incidents is exceedingly sketchy even in these days of hurried journeys and more hurried chroniclings. Happily the dozen half-tone illustrations, unlike the letter-press, are clear and highly finished. The style of the book is pleasant and conversational, and it will be of use and interest to people who have been in the towns it portrays or who are about to visit them—who are, after all, the only people who ever read works of travel !

We rejoice that Dr. Allen's little book, *Our Own Will,*† has reached its fourth edition, for this means that although primarily written for religious, it has had wide circulation among people struggling after perfection in the world, who have much more need of it. The constant monitions of novitiate and chapter are not paralleled for them by the care of the most watchful director, while it seems practically impossible for the best-intentioned to detect the ramifications of self-will through our best actions, without the external aid of a monitor or a book. Probably were any friend so plain-spoken as this little book, we should give him but one opportunity to be of use to us; whereas even if the book were thrown across the room, it *must* be picked up again to confront us! Social life will be happier as well as better for those of us who absorb the spirit of the chapter on "Our Own Will Disquieted by Suspicions," and accept the fact that "self-will and a strong inclination to suspicions and unjust judgments must always go together." There is something deliciously *naïve* about Dr. Allen's simplicity of statement—as when he says that "if our pet idea is opposed, we experience a disagreeable sensation, something similar to the act of reason by which we renounce sin." Hence, by the law of association, whatever is opposed to our own wishes suggests itself to us as probably sinful!

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* *With a Pessimist in Spain.* By Mary F. Nixon. Chicago : A. C. McClurg & Co.

† *Our Own Will and How to detect it in Our Actions.* By Rev. J. Allen, D.D., Chaplain of the Dominican Convents in King Williamstown and East London, South Africa. New York : Benziger Brothers.

His book is not one of those distressing manuals which only diagnose a disease, indicate the remedy in general terms, and leave us questioning as to how it can possibly be applied—whether externally or internally, as draught, poultice, or plaster. For example, after explaining that depression is a mode of self-will, he says: "This is a fine opportunity for us to show that we have really no care for anything but the accomplishment of the will of God. We must conquer the depression as far as possible, and then fully convince ourselves that if the worst thing we dread were really to happen, we should have grace and strength to support it."

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I.—MEMOIR OF GENERAL THOMAS KILBY SMITH.*

Walter George Smith has given the public an interesting narrative of his father's military career in the Western campaigns of the War of the Rebellion. As a contribution to our war records the book is valuable, and some parts are of absorbing interest to the general reader. It often happens that a soldier's words as well adorn his manhood as his deeds, and this is true of the late General Kilby Smith. Many of his letters graphically describe scenes which can never be described too often, scenes in which he bore an active part, sometimes an heroic one. The author has added to the memoir and letters a character sketch of the general by his son, Theodore D. Smith, a member of the Order of Passionists, whose death a few years ago in South America was so sincerely mourned by all who knew him—a touching tribute to a noble father by a saintly son.

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* *Life and Letters of Thomas Kilby Smith, Brevet Major-General, U. S. Volunteers.* New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

2.—SAINT ANTHONY.*

The lives of the saints are messages from God—reiterations of his affectionate will to children whom he has instructed in other ways. They have been neglected if they are not retold by every good story-teller. They challenge the highest art and reward the humblest. With each new telling they are new, a perennial benediction to him who gives and to him who receives. *The Wonder-Worker of Padua*, by Charles Warren Stoddard, aside from its intrinsic excellence, deserves praise because it is an example of what every gifted writer ought to do, for the love of God and his fellow-men.

Mr. Stoddard's work is simple, ingenuous, and artistic at once. It emphasizes the human charm of the saint; it makes the supernatural credible because beautiful; it links past acts with modern needs, and this is the true fascination and profit of history. It is good to know St. Anthony more vividly and to love him more sincerely, as those who read the book will thank Mr. Stoddard for helping them to do; but in the face of present demands it is almost a deeper gratification to see the right thing in literature done so well. For special admirers of Mr. Stoddard's writing—among whom Stevenson and Howells and Holmes have inscribed themselves—this newest book contains characteristic treasures. For example:

"From the windows I saw the lofty walls of Il Santo—the Basilica of San Antonio—towering against the sunset. There is nothing finer than the proportions of this wondrous structure. A hundred gables toss like a broken sea; clusters of delicate spires spring into space like frozen fountains, and over all rise seven splendid domes that seem to be floating in mid-air. One almost fears that the whole will melt away in the twilight and leave only the spot that it once glorified—like an Arabian tale that is told. Surely its creation was magical. Some genie, sporting with the elements, made marble soluble; and, dreaming of the fabulous East, he blew this pyramid of gigantic bubbles and had not the heart to let them break and vanish. Or is it but another miracle of the beloved saint?"

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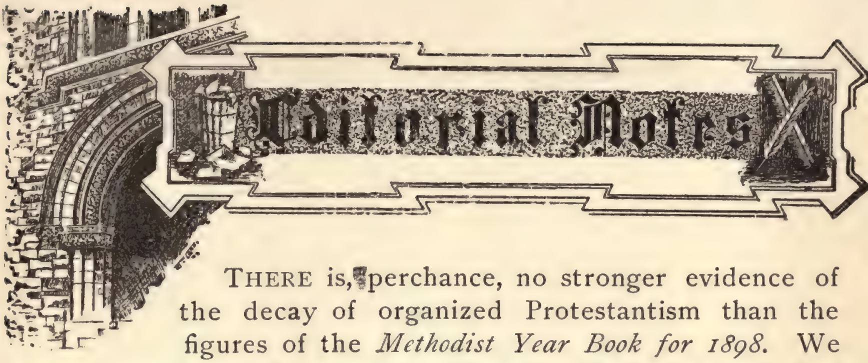
* *The Wonder-Worker of Padua.* By Charles Warren Stoddard. Notre Dame, Indiana: The *Ave Maria.*



Editorial Notes

THERE is, perchance, no stronger evidence of the decay of organized Protestantism than the figures of the *Methodist Year Book for 1898*. We have always been of the opinion that the Methodist body had a firmer grip on its people than any other Protestant denomination, but the *Methodist Year Book for 1898* shows that the net gain of communicants for 1897 was only 19,738, as against an average net increase each year for the last decade of 76,270. The net gain in communicants in 1894 was 157,586.

The Presbyterian Church is again on the verge of a heresy trial, and the heresy-hunters of the New York Presbytery will not rest, presumably, until they bring Dr. McGiffert to book. The learned doctor has his face turned toward Unitarianism and is joining the band of the rationalists who are washing the supernatural out of Christianity.

The Catholic Missionary Union, in a special meeting held February 12, placed another missionary in the home mission field, whose energies will be employed in the field of North Carolina.

The great non-Catholic mission just closed at the Paulist Church in New York has doubled the score of former years in its list of converts. Ninety-one persons were registered in the Inquiry Class at the close of the mission.

This mission had been preceded by a four weeks' mission to the Catholics, and the splendid results of the non-Catholic mission prove again that the Catholic mission should always be the herald of the non-Catholic one.

Among other notable articles published in this number we draw special attention to the masterly article, entitled "America as seen from Abroad," by Archbishop Keane.

LIVING CATHOLIC MEN OF SCIENCE.

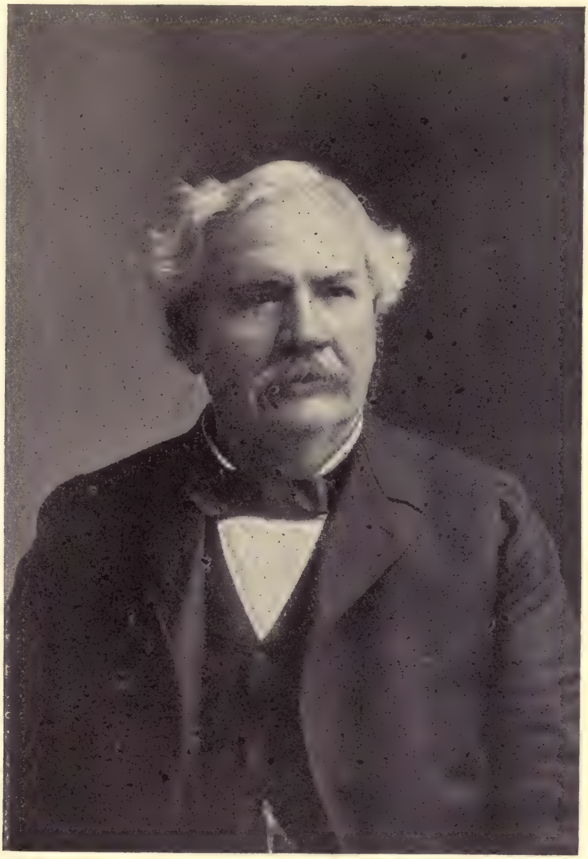
CHARLES ANTHONY GOESSMANN, Ph.D., LL.D., son of Henry Goessmann, M.D., was born in Naumburg, Hessen Cassel, Germany, on June 13, 1827. He received his education at the Latin School in Fritzlar and the University of Göttingen. He entered the university in 1850, where he studied chemistry under Wöhler, physics under Weber, botany under Bartling, mineralogy and technology under Hausmann, and geology under Walterhausen. In 1853 he graduated, receiving the degree of Ph.D. From 1852 to 1857 he occupied the position as assistant in the Royal Chemical University Laboratory under the direction of his distinguished teacher, Father Wöhler. In 1855 he was appointed Privat-Docent in the philosophical faculty of the university, with the permission to lecture in chemistry and pharmacy. At the close of 1856 he secured, by request, a three years' leave of absence from the government for the purpose of studying the chemical industries of France, England, and the United States. In 1857 he accepted the position of chemist, and subsequently that of manager, of a sugar refinery in Philadelphia. At the close of this engagement, in 1860, he visited the Island of Cuba to study the agricultural industries of the West Indies.

Soon after his return to New York City, in 1861, he accepted the position as chemist to the Onondaga Salt Co. of Syracuse, N. Y., to investigate contemplated improvements in the manufacture of salt. He closed this engagement in December, 1868, to accept the professorship of chemistry at the Massachusetts Agricultural College in Amherst. During his residence in Syracuse, N. Y., he filled the position of professor of chemistry in the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute at Troy, N. Y., for two years, and studied the salt resources of Canada, Michigan, Ohio, and Louisiana, visiting these localities for that purpose.

Since 1869 he has filled the position of professor of chemistry in the Massachusetts Agricultural College at Amherst. In 1873 he was elected chemist to the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture and also State inspector of commercial fertilizers, and subsequently an analyst to the State Board of Health; positions which he still holds. He declined, in 1880, an election to the directorship of the North Carolina State Agricultural Experiment Station at Chapel Hill, but in 1882 was appointed director of the Massachusetts State Agricultural Experiment

Station, an office he filled during the entire existence of that institution, for twelve years.

The results of his scientific investigations are published in a series of articles in German and American periodicals and official public documents. His earlier publications treat of some new organic acids, discovered by him, and of a new mode of producing organic alkaloids and amido-compounds. His later contributions to chemical literature treat mainly of investigations in various branches of chemical industry, and of the uses of chemistry in agriculture. Prominent among the latter are his observations regarding the cultivation of sugar-cane upon the Island of Cuba and in the State of Louisiana, and of the sorghum and sugar-beet as sugar-producing plants for home consumption; the chemistry of brines and the character of the salt resources of the United States and Canada, with the in-



CHARLES ANTHONY GOESSMANN, PH.D., LL.D.

fluence of special systems of feeding plants to improve their composition for industrial purposes. Dr. Goessmann has received many honorary appointments: those of member of the Physico-Medico Society of the University of Erlangen, Bavaria; of honorary LL.D. of Amherst College, fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, president of the American Chemical Society, chairman of the American Association of Official Chemists, and foreign member of the committee of judges during the Universal Exhibit of Rural Economy and Forestry at Vienna, Austria, in 1880, etc.

During his residence at Syracuse, N. Y., he married Miss M. A. Kinny, of that city, and enjoys a family of five children, three being daughters and two sons. Miss Helena Goessmann is well known as a lecturer who is growing in popularity.

DR. WILLIAM SETON, LL.D., would probably prefer to be classified as a devoted student of natural history rather than as a man of science, such is his reverence for the pursuit of natural science, to which he says he "did not take seriously and wholly till twelve years ago." But his name is rapidly becoming well known in Catholic circles as that of one who is doing much to "popularize" the discoveries of natural science in the sense of putting them into clear and interesting English, free from ultra-technicality; and that ability proves always that its possessor has a firm and comprehensive grasp of his subject which passes the knowledge of the amateur.

Dr. Seton's father was Captain William Seton, of the United States Navy. He began his education at St. John's College, Fordham, afterward passing to Mount St. Mary's, Emmitsburg, Md. When he left the "Mountain," it was to study at the University of Bonn. Returning to New York, he entered the law-office of Thomas James Glover and passed his examination for the bar just before the breaking out of the Civil War. That checked his individual career for a time, as it did that of so many other gallant young men, for he volunteered, and became successively sergeant, lieutenant, and captain in the Forty-first New York Volunteers, French's Division, Sumner's Corps.

After the war he returned to his legal work, but also wrote several works of fiction—*Romance of the Charter Oak*, *Pride of Lexington*, *Rachel's Fate*.

Very soon after returning to his civilian life, he was married to Miss Sarah Redwood Parrish, of Philadelphia. Mrs. Seton belongs to the class of converts of whom an archbishop of great experience has said that they make "the very best kind of Catholic," being a convert from the Society of Friends.

About twelve years ago Dr. Seton went abroad to give himself up seriously to the studies which had always fascinated him. He studied palæontology under Professor Albert Gandry at the Jardin des Plantes, Paris, and psychology and hypnotism under Charcot. Père Leroy, whose writings on evolution have made him famous, and Professor De Lapparent are intimately known to him, and he passes the greater part of each year in Paris for the better pursuit of his studies. Dr. Seton's life thus far affords a striking example of the powerful influence of a mental attraction in overcoming opposing educational environment. Certainly the law-school and the battle-field were not promising centres of influence whence to mould the mind of an ardent student of science. He has lately published a scientific work entitled *A Glimpse of Organic Life, Past and Present.* We hope that he may still have many fruitful years of toil and investigation before him.

WILLIAM SETON, LL.D.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

AS a means of promoting Catholic sociability the *Midland Review*, of Louisville, Ky., edited by Charles J. O'Malley, urges the formation of more Reading Circles. This proposal is approved by the *Catholic Columbian* because of the evident need of greater sociability among Catholics of average intellect, and those who think they belong to a class somewhat higher. It is stated that if there were more opportunities for social enjoyment there would be fewer mixed marriages and a tenderer humanity in every way. The charge is also made that in some parts of the country Catholic women neglect those who come into the church from other forms of belief. Of all people the convert should get a warm welcome and an intellectual atmosphere in the household of the true church. Reading Circles would prove a mighty help under such circumstances, besides providing many useful topics for conversation. Thus far the members of Reading Circles have sought chiefly for means of self-improvement, to which may be joined various practical plans of missionary work among the rapidly increasing number of converts in the United States.

* * *

The Borough of Manhattan in New York City can point to a new centre of culture lately organized under the title of the Châteaubriand Reading Circle of St. Stephen's Church. It meets alternate Tuesdays at the Young Men's society club-house, 140 East Twenty-ninth Street. The Circle has about twenty members, and the officers are: Rev. J. P. Donohue, moderator; Miss M. M. Grady, president; Miss M. J. Treacy, vice-president; Miss C. O'Beirne, secretary; Miss M. Lavelle, treasurer. A course of study of the Elizabethan Era in literature was commenced in January. At that meeting the drama was discussed. At the following meeting the study was on the Influence of Protestantism on Literature. Reference was made to Sir Philip Sidney, his life and early training, and the nature of his works. Arrangements are made for a study of Edmund Spenser. His personal history and the names of the best among his works will be mentioned. A course of church history was begun which will continue until June, and embraces church history from the Early Persecutions of the Church to Nestorianism. The Persecution of Diocletian, the Heresies of the Apostolic Age, and the Gnostic and Manichæan Heresies were among the topics discussed.

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Since the plan to make a large addition of modern literature to the library of the Catholic Club of New York City was presented, at the October meeting, the response has been generous. The number of books added is 259. Most of the popular and best-known writers of the present day are represented in the collection—many of them by their complete works. Hon. William L. Strong has donated to the library seven volumes of the Records of New Amsterdam. This is a very valuable publication and of great interest to the student of our city and our country's history, and is a most generous and agreeable expression of courtesy and friendly feeling toward the club on the part of the ex-mayor.

Over the signature Ex-Attache an article has appeared in many of the daily papers which contains the statement that Pope Leo XIII. has often pointed out that the Jews at Rome, from time immemorial, have enjoyed the special protection of the popes, who invariably stood between them and the populace whenever any attempt was made by the latter to seek the Ghetto. The mission of the

Catholic Church is to defend the persecuted, and to protect the weak, and to combat errors of faith, not by violence but by fraternal persuasion. How thoroughly the utterances of the Pontiff are in keeping with the views of his predecessors in the chair of St. Peter may be seen from the fact that the first member of the Hebrew race who ever obtained a European title of nobility received it at the hands of a pope. He took the name of Perleoni, and was ennobled in the year 1116. Before his death he filled the high office of prefect of Rome. One of his sons, who had become converted to the Roman Catholic Church, ascended the papal throne toward the middle of the twelfth century under the title of Anacletus II., while a sister of this pontiff, named Alberia, married King Roger of Sicily, to whom almost every one of the now reigning houses of Europe can trace its ancestry.

From this it will be seen that anti-Semitism is without any logical basis, since in some countries it is endorsed by the masses and opposed by the classes, whereas in others it is favored by the classes and combated by the masses. In some states it forms part and parcel of the conservative creed, and in others of the liberal platform. Indeed, it may be described as an unscrupulous appeal to the unreasoning passion of jealousy and discontent, caused by the sight of prosperity. Moreover, economically, it is all wrong. For the Jews, far from beggaring the people among whom they live, diffuse and develop prosperity. Spain and Portugal were two of the greatest powers in Europe until they made the fatal mistake of expelling the Jews, a blow to their prosperity and to their grandeur from which they have never recovered. The terrible famine of a few years ago in Russia was traceable to the policy of the late czar in driving his Jewish subjects out of the country, thereby throwing the entire system of trade and industry into disorder, while the two powers which display the greatest amount of liberality toward the Hebrew race, conceding to its members identically the same rights and privileges as ordinary citizens, are the United States and Great Britain, the two most important commercially and most prosperous nations of the globe.

* * *

Dr. Austin O'Malley, professor of English literature at Notre Dame University, Ind., gave in a recent lecture some useful information gathered during his travels in Italy. He stated that from the death of Dante, in 1321, only fifty-two years passed when Florence instituted a chair of the *Divina Commedia*, and Boccaccio was appointed professor. Since then the study has gone on, fluctuating from enthusiastic devotion in epochs of great culture to distant respect in days of ignorance, until in our own time Professor Ruskin has grown bold enough to say that Dante is the central man of the world, as representing in perfect balance the imaginative, moral, and intellectual faculties all at their highest. This praise is offered by many men and it would be no easy task to disprove what it asserts. Shakspere and Homer are the only poets that we compare with him. He fell short of Shakspere's and Homer's sense of humor, a gift necessary as the first requirement of self-knowledge, though Dante also gives grim, direct evidence of a fitful sense of the incongruous, but his subject-matter concealed proof of this faculty. That he possessed the power is established by the fact that he is never absurd, for only an abiding sense of humor saves a man from the error of absurdity.

The world has had no dramatist that equalled Shakspere, especially in the crowning gift, characterization; but Dante's imagination possessed his creation like a vivifying soul, as thoroughly as do the imaginations of either Shakspere or Homer. In absolute precision of intellect, which afterwards appeared as the poet's chief grace, he equalled either the English or the Greek. Carlyle compares Dante with Shakspere. As Dante, the Italian, was sent into our world to embody musically the religion of modern Europe, as shown by the inner life, so Shakspere embodied for us the outer life of Europe—the chivalries, courtesies, the practical way of thinking, acting, looking at the world, men then had. Dante has given us the faith or soul; Shakspere in a not less noble way has given us the practice or body.

Perhaps it would be more exact to say that Dante is an embodiment of the Middle Ages of Europe. All modern art was in Dante as its source. He divided the old classical world from the modern romantic world. He it was that first looked inward. He could sublime the type from the individual as well as did the Greeks, but he went under the surface as no Greek could go.

Dante is revered by the Thomists because he was one of them. He placed St. Thomas Aquinas high in heaven. Indeed, the *Summa* of Thomas Aquinas may be considered a foundation for the work of Dante. It is literally true, as Hettinger says, that the entire system of Catholic theology could be gathered from Dante's trilogy if all other works on theology were lost. In metaphysics men must yet go back to Aristotle, and Thomas Aquinas was the greatest expounder of Aristotle. He gave to scholasticism precision of expression, and this scholastic precision is one of the great characteristics of Dante. Dante was as great a moralist as he was a poet. Indeed, to properly understand Dante, we must understand his theology, and Dante's theology was the theology of the church as expounded by such lights as Albertus Magnus, Thomas Aquinas, and St. Bonaventure.

* * *

From Catholic sources many words of praise have been given to the Eclectic School Reading, published by the American Book Co., which is a collection of original reading matter of the widest scope and of the finest literary quality—at once interesting and highly instructive. The books are written by some of the best known and most skilful writers for the young in America. They are carefully graded, and are so designed as to cover the chief departments of supplementary reading, such as famous tales and folk-lore, history and nature study. The reading of such works is a preparation of the utmost value for an intelligent comprehension of higher literature and history later in the school course. The books are profusely illustrated with reproductions of famous paintings and with original drawings by the best American artists. The following are the titles of the works thus far published in this series:

Mrs. C. A. Lane's Stories for Children. First Reader Grade. This contains simple stories dealing with animals and familiar objects, a few fables from Æsop, and bits of simple prose and verse from Bunyan, Stevenson, Émilie Poulsson, Coleridge, and others.

James Baldwin's Fairy Stories and Fables. Second Reader Grade. All the best nursery tales and many of Æsop's fables are here narrated in a simple and fascinating manner.

James Baldwin's Fifty Famous Stories Retold. Second Reader Grade. In this collection are the most famous semi-historical tales of ancient and modern times, such as those of Alexander and Bucephalus, Socrates and his House, King Alfred and the Cakes, Robin Hood, Wilhelm Tell, the Black Douglas, Dick Whittington.

James Baldwin's Old Greek Stories. Third Reader Grade. These stories are drawn wholly from Greek mythology, and are told in an exceptionally charming way, simply as stories. Proper names are used sparingly and the pronunciation of each is fully indicated.

Defoe's Robinson Crusoe. Adapted for School Purposes by Miss Kate Stephens. Fourth Reader Grade. In this edition of Defoe's famous classic such judicious omissions are made as will adapt it for class-room reading. There are excellent notes at the foot of the page giving all needed information.

Edward Eggleston's Stories of Great Americans for Little Americans. Second Reader Grade. The subjects include not only great warriors and statesmen, but also scientists, inventors, explorers, and authors—representative Americans of all sections and of all eras of the nation's development.

Edward Eggleston's Stories of American Life and Adventure. Third Reader Grade. Tales of Indian Life, frontier peril and escape, adventures with pirates of Colonial times, daring Revolutionary feats, whaling voyages and exploring expeditions, are here narrated, with many valuable details relating to manners, dress, and customs.

Guerber's Story of the Greeks. Fourth Reader Grade. This is an elementary history of Greece, from its legendary beginnings down to the time when it became a Roman province. The events are told as far as possible in the form of stories about historical characters, and the work is thus, through its biographical form, rendered particularly attractive to children.

Guerber's Story of the Romans. Fourth Reader Grade. The history of Rome from its foundation to the fall of the Western Empire is here told, largely in biographical form, and in a style full of charm and interest.

Mrs. M. A. B. Kelly's Stories of Our Shy Neighbors. Third Reader Grade. By means of stories about imaginary walks afield and in the garden a great amount of very interesting and valuable information is conveyed concerning common facts in nature, and the child makes intimate acquaintance, in a friendly way, with the common insects, birds, domestic fowls, and a few wild animals.

Mrs. William Starr Dana's Plants and Their Children. Illustrated by Alice Josephine Smith. Fourth Reader Grade. This is a series of lessons on the wonders of plant life, written in so charming a manner as to make them as entertaining as stories.

* * *

Miss Louise Imogen Guiney's recent volume, entitled *Patrins*, published by Copeland & Day, has won many favorable opinions. The word Patrin is explained as a gypsy trail, a handful of leaves or grass thrown on the road for the guidance of the friends who are following. One of the critics has declared that in these "little leisurely adventures in prolonged fair weather" Miss Guiney proves to be a very pleasant guide. She wanders into by-paths and quiet places, away from the noise and dust of the high-road, chatting cheerily of many things, from pictures to Newfoundland puppies, peppering her discourse with innumerable quotations from quaint and curious sources, and exhibiting a knowledge of many almost forgotten authors that soon shows the reader that the Boston "Romanys" are an erudite and by no means ordinary tribe of strollers. "An Inquirendo into the Wit and Other Good Parts of His Late Majesty King Charles the Second" is the title of the longest of these papers, but perhaps the pleasantest is that which she calls "Reminiscences of a Fine Gentleman," in which she tells effectively a simple tale and at the same time has some fun with the reader.

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No Reading Circle should neglect to provide for the study of the *Life Story of Brother Azarias*, by the Rev. John Talbot Smith, LL.D., published by William

H. Young Co., 31 Barclay Street, New York City. For Catholics it should be a matter of pride to make themselves better acquainted with one of the ablest defenders of their convictions, who represents them to the world at large as a type of their highest culture, and a brilliant exponent of their educational system. Students of American life and educators of all denominations will find much to admire in the biography of the man who was the first to expose the blunders of Compayre in dealing with the history of education; who gave Emerson a just allowance of praise without exaggeration, and endeavored to banish bigotry and sectionalism from the tribunal of literary criticism.

M. C. M.

NEW BOOKS.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
For a King! By T. S. Sharswood. *Retreat Conferences for Convents.* By Rev. Charles Cox, Oblate of Mary Immaculate. *India: A Sketch of the Madura Mission.* By H. Whitehead, S.J. *Life of Dom Bosco.* Translated from the French of J. M. Villefranche, by Lady Martin. *Imitation of the Most Blessed Virgin: On the Model of the Imitation of Christ.* Translated from the French by Mrs. Bennet-Gladstone. *The Catholic Father: A Manual of Instruction and Devotion for Catholic Fathers in Modern Times.* By Right Rev. Augustine Egger, D.D.

CATHOLIC ART AND BOOK CO., San Francisco:
Quotations: Catholic, Patriotic, Miscellaneous. For the use of Catholic Schools.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:
Life and Letters of Thomas Kilby Smith, Brevet Major-General of United States Volunteers, 1820–1887. By his son, Walter George Smith.

EDITOR PUBLISHING CO., Cincinnati:
Idle Songs and Idle Sonnets. By Harrison Conrard.

THE AUTHOR, Springdale, Conn.:
The Chords of Life. By Charles H. Crandall.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., London and New York:
A Child's History of Ireland. By P. W. Joyce, LL.D. *A Vindication of the Bull "Apostolicæ Curæ": A Letter on Anglican Orders.* By the Cardinal Archbishop and Bishops of the Province of Westminster.

THE AVE MARIA, Notre Dame, Ind.:
Fairy Gold. By Christian Reid.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London (CATHOLIC BOOK EXCHANGE, 120 West 60th Street, N. Y.):
The Divine Redeemer in His Church. By Rev. Edward Douglas, C.SS.R. Preface by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. *The Holy Gospel according to St. Luke.* With Introduction and Notes by Right Rev. Monsignor Ward. *Carmen's Secret.* By Baroness Pauline von Hügel. *Under the Red King: A Tale of the Times of St. Anselm.* By C. M. Home. *A Bible Picture Book for Catholic Children.* By Lady Amabel Kerr. *Wayside Tales.* Third series, paper. By Lady Herbert. *Deacon Douglas, or Talks with Nonconformists.* By Rev. G. Bampfield. *Catholics and Nonconformists.* II. By the Bishop of Clifton. *Confessio Viatoris.* By C. Kegan Paul. *Pilgrimages—St. Francis of Assisi* (Magic Lantern Lecture).

MACMILLAN BOOK CO., New York:
A New Astronomy. By David P. Todd, M.A., Ph.D.

GEORGE RICE & SONS, Los Angeles, Cal.:
National and Municipal Questions. O. A. Myers.

JOHN MURPHY & CO., Baltimore and New York:
The Little Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary, according to the Roman Breviary.

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